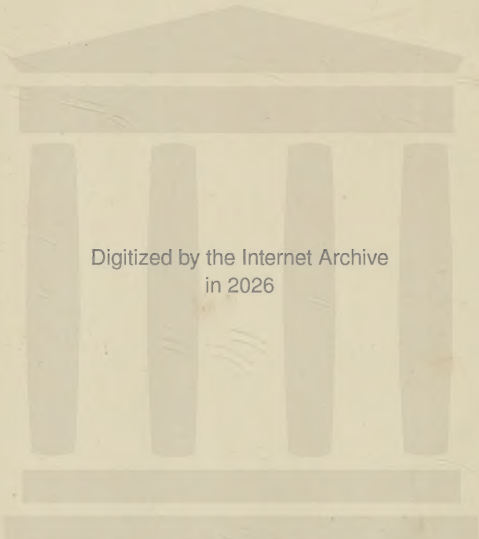


2 VOLS

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THE WARWICK EDITION

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THE WARWICK EDITION

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

VOL. II.

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GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

"OUR FINEST HOPE IS FINEST MEMORY"

VOL. II

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

AS RELATED IN HER LETTERS AND
JOURNALS

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HER HUSBAND

J. W. CROSS

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MCMII

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GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

July 1.—We found ourselves at home again, after three months of delightful travel. From Berne we brought our eldest boy Charles, to begin a new period in his life, after four years at Hofwyl. During our absence ‘The Mill on the Floss’ came out (April 4), and achieved a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3600 (the number originally printed was 4000); and shortly after its appearance, Mudie having demanded a second thousand, Blackwood commenced striking off 2000 more, making 6000. While we were at Florence I had the news that these 6000 were all sold, and that 500 more were being prepared. From all we can gather, the votes are

Journal,
1860.

Journal,
1860.

rather on the side of ‘*The Mill*’ as a better book than ‘*Adam*.’

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
1st July
1860.

We reached home by starlight at one o’clock this morning; and I write in haste, fear, and trembling lest you should already be gone to Surrey. You know what I should like—that you and your husband should come to us the first day possible, naming any hour and conditions. We would arrange meals and everything else as would best suit you. Of course I would willingly go to London to see *you*, if you could not come to me. But I fear lest neither plan should be practicable, and lest this letter should have to be sent after you. It is from your note only that I have learned your loss.¹ It has made me think of you with the sense that there is more than ever a common fund of experience between us. But I will write nothing more now. I am almost ill with fatigue, and have only courage to write at all, because of my anxiety not to miss you.

Affectionate regards from both of *us* to both of *you*.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 2d
July 1860.

I opened your letters and parcel a little after one o’clock on Sunday morning, for that was the unseasonable hour of our return from our long, long journey. Yesterday was almost entirely employed in feeling very weary indeed, but this morning we are attacking the heap of small duties that always lie before one after a long absence.

¹ Death of Madame Bodichon’s father.

It is pleasant to see your book¹ fairly finished after all delays and anxieties ; but I will say nothing to you about *that* until I have read it. I shall read it the first thing before plunging into a course of study which will take me into a different region of thought.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 2d
July 1860.

We have had an unspeakably delightful journey—one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in two, by the new ideas they suggest and the new veins of interest they open. We went to Geneva, and spent two days with my old kind friends the D'Alberts—a real pleasure to me, especially as Mr Lewes was delighted with “Maman” as I used to call Madame D'Albert. She is as bright and upright as ever : the ten years have only whitened her hair—a change which makes her face all the softer in colouring.

We did not reach home till past midnight on Saturday, when you, I suppose, had already become used to the comfort of having fairly got through your London season. Self-interest, rightly understood of course, prompts us to a few virtuous actions in the way of letter-writing to let the few people we care to hear from know at once of our whereabouts ; and you are one of the first among the few.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
July 1860.

At Berne Mr Lewes supped with Professors Valentin and Schiff, two highly distinguished phy-

¹ ‘Thoughts in Aid of Faith.’

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
July 1860.

siologists, and I was much delighted to find how much attention and interest they had given to his views in the 'Physiology of Common Life.'

A French translation of 'Adam Bede,' by a Genevese gentleman¹ well known to me, is now in the press; and the same translator has undertaken 'The Mill on the Floss.' He appears to have rendered 'Adam' with the most scrupulous care. I think these are all the incidents we gathered on our homeward journey that are likely to interest you.

Letter to
Madame
D'Albert, 3d
July 1860.

Here, then, is the lock of hair which, now it is severed from its companions, may be mistaken for a lock from some youthful head, full of brightest hopes. My hopes, you know, were never very bright, even in my youthful days, and it was always my *fears* that painted my future for me. That has, at least, saved me from some disappointment and has brought me some unexpected joys in life. For instance, I had never ventured to hope that you would bear me so tenderly in your mind through long years, and gladden my heart by such strong sympathy as your eyes and voice assured me of during our short stay with you.

Very few things have happened to me, apart from my domestic life, that have cheered me more than the feeling that you and M. D'Albert are woven into my outward practical existence, no longer

¹ M. D'Albert.

as mere memories, however cherished, but as actual breathing friends, ready to share my thoughts and help me with your encouraging words. I will say nothing to you on the subject of Mr Lewes's letter to M. D'Albert, because I am sure you know all the feeling that is implied in the wish he has expressed on behalf of us both. I am rather weighed down with anxiety now, dear Maman, and find life, even in the middle of my many blessings, still a difficult and sometimes a toilsome journey. I have always to struggle against a selfish longing for repose.

Letter to
Madame
D'Albert, 3d
July 1860.

You will write to me, I know, and tell me now and then how it fares with you. It is doubly pleasant to read details about a friend's life, when we know just how she looks, and where she sits through long, quiet days.

I fear I gave very feeble signs of the gratitude I felt towards you for your affectionate reception of me and mine, and all the delicate attentions you showed us. All speech was difficult to me just then, and especially on matters of feeling. Nevertheless, I have confidence that you interpreted me more kindly than any even of my unexpressed feelings deserved, and that you believe in me as you always true and grateful.

I have finished my first rather rapid reading of your book, and now I thank you for it: not merely for the special gift of the volume and inscription,

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
July 1860.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
July 1860.

but for that of which many others will share the benefit with me—the “thoughts” themselves.

So far as my reading in English books of similar character extends, yours seems to me quite unparalleled in the largeness and insight with which it estimates Christianity as an “organised experience”—a grand advance in the moral development of the race.

I especially delight in the passage, p. 105, beginning, “And how can it be otherwise,” and ending with, “formal rejection of it.”¹ On this and other supremely interesting matters of thought—perhaps I should rather say of experience—your book has shown me that we are much nearer to each other than I had supposed. At p. 174, again, there is a passage beginning, “These sentiments,” and

“And how can it be otherwise than real to us, this belief that has nourished the souls of us all, and seems to have moulded actually anew their internal constitution, as well as stored them up with its infinite variety of external interests and associations! What other than a very real thing has it been in the life of the world—sprung out of, and again causing to spring forth, such volumes of human emotion—making a current, as it were, of feeling, that has drawn within its own sphere all the moral vitality of so many ages! In all this reality of influence there is indeed the testimony of Christianity having truly formed an integral portion of the organic life of humanity. The regarding it as a mere excrescence, the product of morbid fanatical humours, is a reaction of judgment, that, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen on all hands to be in no way implied of necessity in the formal rejection of it.”—‘Thoughts in Aid of Faith,’ p. 105.

ending with "heroes,"¹ which, for me, expresses the one-half of true human piety. That thought is one of my favourite altars where I oftenest go to contemplate, and to seek for invigorating motive.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
July 1860.

Of the work as a whole I am quite incompetent to judge on a single cursory reading. I admire—I respect—the breadth and industry of mind it exhibits; and I should be obliged to give it a more thorough study than I can afford at present before I should feel warranted to urge, in the light of a criticism, my failure to perceive the logical consist-

¹ "These sentiments, which are born within us, slumbering as it were in our nature, ready to be awakened into action immediately they are roused by hint of corresponding circumstances, are drawn out of the whole of previous human existence. They constitute our treasured inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being who has trod the earth and laid himself to rest, with all his mortal burden, upon her maternal bosom, has failed to add his contribution. No generation has had its engrossing conflict, sorely battling out the triumphs of mind over material force, and through forms of monstrous abortions concurrent with its birth, too hideous for us now to bear in contemplation, moulding the early intelligence by every struggle, and winning its gradual powers,—no single soul has borne itself through its personal trial,—without bequeathing to us of its fruit. There is not a religious thought that we take to ourselves for secret comfort in our time of grief that has not been distilled out of the multiplicity of the hallowed tears of mankind; not an animating idea is there for our fainting courage that has not gathered its inspiration from the bravery of the myriad armies of the world's heroes."—*'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,'* p. 174.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
July 1869.

ency of your language in some parts with the position you have adopted in others. In many instances your meaning is obscure to me, or at least lies wrapped up in more folds of abstract phraseology than I have the courage or the industry to open for myself. I think you told me that some one had found your treatment of great questions "cold-blooded." I am all the more delighted to find, for my own part, an unusual fulness of sympathy and heart experience breathing throughout your book. The ground for that epithet perhaps lay in a certain professorial tone which could hardly be avoided, in a work filled with criticism of other people's theories, except by the adoption of a simply personal style of presentation, in which you would have seemed to be looking up at the oracles, and trying to reconcile their doctrines for your own behoof, instead of appearing to be seated in a chair above them. But you considered your own plan more thoroughly than any one else can have considered it for you; and I have no doubt you had good reasons for preferring the more impersonal style.

Mr Lewes sends his kind regards, and when Du Bois Reymond's book on Johannes Müller, with other preoccupations of a like thrilling kind, no longer stand in the way, he will open *his* copy of the 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith.' He has felt a new interest aroused towards it since he has learned

something about it from me and the reviewer in the 'Westminster.'

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
July 1860.

Madame Bodichon, who was here the other day, told me that Miss Nightingale and Miss Julia Smith had mentioned their pleasure in your book; but you will hear further news of all that from themselves.

I return Sir Edward Lytton's critical letter, which I have read with much interest. On two points I recognise the justice of his criticism. First, that Maggie is made to appear too passive in the scene of quarrel in the Red Deeps. If my book were still in MS. I should—now that the defect is suggested to me—alter, or rather expand, that scene. Secondly, that the tragedy is not adequately prepared. This is a defect which I felt even while writing the third volume, and have felt ever since the MS. left me. The *Epische Breite* into which I was beguiled by love of my subject in the two first volumes, caused a want of proportionate fulness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 9th
July 1860.

The other chief point of criticism—Maggie's position towards Stephen—is too vital a part of my whole conception and purpose for me to be converted to the condemnation of it. If I am wrong there—if I did not really know what my heroine would feel and do under the circumstances in which I deliberately placed her—I ought not to have written this book at all, but quite a different book, if any. If the ethics of art do not admit the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 9th
July 1860.

liable to great error — error that is anguish to its own nobleness—then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened to correspond with a widening psychology.

But it is good for me to know how my tendencies as a writer clash with the conclusions of a highly accomplished mind, that I may be warned into examining well whether my discordance with those conclusions may not arise rather from an idiosyncrasy of mine, than from a conviction which is argumentatively justifiable.

I hope you will thank Sir Edward on my behalf for the trouble he has taken to put his criticism into a form specific enough to be useful. I feel his taking such trouble to be at once a tribute and a kindness. If printed criticisms were usually written with only half the same warrant of knowledge, and with an equal sincerity of intention, I should read them without fear of fruitless annoyance.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
10th July
1860.

The little envelope with its address of "Marian" was very welcome, and as Mr Lewes is sending what a Malapropian friend once called a "missile" to Sara, I feel inclined to slip in a word of gratitude —less for the present than for the past goodness, which came back to me with keener remembrance than ever when we were at Genoa and at Como—the places I first saw with you. How wretched I was then—how peevish, how utterly morbid! And how kind and forbearing you were under the oppression of my company. I should like you now and then to feel happy in the thought

that you were always perfectly good to me. That I was not good to you, is my own disagreeable affair: the bitter taste of that fact is mine, not yours.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
10th July
1860.

Don't you remember Bellagio? It is hardly altered much except in the hotels, which the eleven years have wondrously multiplied and bedizened for the accommodation of the English. But if I begin to recall the things we saw in Italy, I shall write as long a letter as Mr Lewes's, which, by-the-bye, now I have read it, seems to be something of a "missile" in another sense than the Malapropian. But Sara is one of the few people to whom candour is acceptable as the highest tribute. And private criticism has more chance of being faithful than public. We must have mercy on critics who are obliged to make a figure in printed pages. They must by all means say striking things. Either we should not read printed criticisms at all (*I don't*), or we should read them with the constant remembrance that they are a fugitive kind of work which, in the present stage of human nature, can rarely engage a very high grade of conscience or ability. The fate of a book, which is not entirely ephemeral, is never decided by journalists or reviewers of any but an exceptional kind. Tell Sara her damnation—if it ever comes to pass—will be quite independent of Nationals and Westminster. Let half-a-dozen competent people read her book, and an opinion of it will spread quite apart from either praise or blame in reviews and newspapers.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
Tuesday
evening,
July 1860.

Our big boy is a great delight to us, and makes our home doubly cheery. It is very sweet as one gets old to have some young life about one. He is quite a passionate musician, and we play Beethoven duets with increasing appetite every evening. The opportunity of hearing some inspiring music is one of the chief benefits we hope for to counterbalance our loss of the wide common and the fields.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
14th July
1860.

We shall certainly read the parts you suggest in the *'Education of the Feelings,'*¹ and I daresay I shall read a good deal more of it, liking to turn over the leaves of a book which I read first in our old drawing-room at Foleshill, and then lent to my sister, who, with a little air of maternal experience, pronounced it "very sensible."

There is so much that I want to do every day—I had need cut myself into four women. We have a great extra interest and occupation just now in our big boy Charley, who is looking forward to a Government examination, and wants much help and sympathy in music and graver things. I think we are quite peculiarly blest in the fact that this eldest lad seems the most entirely lovable human animal of seventeen and a half that I ever met with or heard of: he has a sweetness of disposition which is saved from weakness by a remarkable sense of duty.

We are going to let our present house, if possible—that is, get rid of it altogether on account of its inconvenient situation: other projects are still

¹ *'Education of the Feelings.'* By Charles Bray. Published 1839.

in a floating, unfixed condition. The water did not look quite so green at Como — perhaps, as your remark suggests, because there was a less vivid green to be reflected from my personality as I looked down on it. I am eleven years nearer to the sere and yellow leaf, and my feelings are even more autumnal than my years. I have read no reviews of the ‘*Mill on the Floss*’ except that in the ‘*Times*’ which Blackwood sent me to Florence. I abstain not from superciliousness, but on a calm consideration of the probable proportion of benefit on the one hand, and waste of thought on the other. It was certain that in the notices of my first book, after the removal of my *incognito*, there would be much *ex post facto* wisdom, which could hardly profit me since *I* certainly knew who I was beforehand, and knew also that no one else knew who had not been told.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
14th July
1860.

We are quite uncertain about our plans at present. Our second boy, Thornie, is going to leave Hofwyl; and to be placed in some more expensive position, in order to the carrying on of his education in a more complete way, so that we are thinking of avoiding for the present any final establishment of ourselves, which would necessarily be attended with additional outlay. Besides, these material cares draw rather too severely on my strength and spirits. But until Charlie’s career has taken shape we frame no definite projects.

Letter to
Chas. Bray,
18th July
1860.

If Cara values the article on Strikes in the ‘*Westminster Review*,’ she will be interested to know — if she has not heard it already — that the writer

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Aug. 1860.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Aug. 1860.

is blind. I dined with him the other week, and could hardly keep the tears back as I sat at table with him. Yet he is cheerful and animated, accepting with graceful quietness all the minute attentions to his wants that his blindness calls forth. His name is Fawcett, and he is a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I am sitting for my portrait—for the last time, I hope—to Lawrence, the artist who drew that chalk-head of Thackeray, which is familiar to you.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Friday, Aug.
1860.

I know you will rejoice with us that Charley has won his place at the Post Office, having been at the head of the list in the examination. The dear lad is fairly launched in life now.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Saturday
evening,
Aug. 1860.

I am thoroughly vexed that we didn't go to Lawrence's to-day. We made an effort, but it was raining too hard at the only time that would serve us to reach the train. That comes of our inconvenient situation, so far off the railway; and alas! no one comes to take our house off our hands. We may be forced to stay here after all.

One of the things I shall count upon, if we are able to get nearer London, is to see more of your schools and other good works. That would help me to do without the fields for many months of the year.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th Aug.
1860.

I am very sorry that anything I have written should have pained you. *That*, certainly, is the result I should seek most to avoid in the very slight communication which we are able to keep up—necessarily under extremely imperfect acquaintance with each other's present self.

My first letter to you about your book, after having read it through, was as simple and sincere a statement of the main impressions it had produced on me, as I knew how to write in few words. My second letter, in which I unhappily used a formula in order to express to you, in briefest phrase, my difficulty in discerning the justice of your *analogical* argument, *as I understood it*, was written from no other impulse than the desire to show you that I did not neglect your abstract just sent to me. The said formula was entirely deprived of its application by the statement in your next letter, that you used the word "essence" in another sense than the one hitherto received in philosophical writing, on the question as to the nature of our knowledge; and the explanation given of your meaning in your last letter shows me—unless I am plunging into further mistake—that you mean nothing but what I fully believe. My offensive formula was written under the supposition that your conclusion meant something which it apparently did *not* mean. It is probable enough that I was stupid; but I should be distressed to think that the discipline of life had been of so little use to me, as to leave me with a tendency to leap at once to the attitude of a critic, instead of trying first to be a learner from every book written with sincere labour.

Letter to:
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th Aug.
1860. 05

Will you tell Mr Bray that we are quitting our present house in order to be *neurer* town for Charlie's sake, who has an appointment in the Post Office, and our time will be arduously occupied during the next few weeks in arrangements to that

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th Aug.
1860

end, so that our acceptance of the pleasant proposition to visit Sydenham for a while is impossible. We have advertised for a house near Regent's Park, having just found a gentleman and lady ready to take our present one off our hands. They want to come in on quarter-day, so that we have no time to spare.

I have been reading this morning for my spiritual good Emerson's 'Man the Reformer,' which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning. My heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I daresay is smiling on some one as beneficently as it one day did on me years and years ago.

Do not write again about opinions on large questions, dear Sara. The liability to mutual misconception which attends such correspondence—especially in my case, who can only write with brevity and haste—makes me dread it greatly; and I think there is no benefit derivable to you to compensate for the presence of that dread in me. You do not know me well enough as I *am* (according to the doctrine of development which you have yourself expounded), to have the materials for interpreting my imperfect expressions.

I think you would spare yourself some pain if you would attribute to your friends a larger comprehension of ideas, and a larger acquaintance with them, than you appear to do. I should imagine that many of them, or at least *some* of them, share with you, much more fully than you seem to suppose, in the interest and hope you derive from the doctrine of development, with its geometrical

progression towards fuller and fuller being. Surely it is a part of human piety we should all cultivate, not to form conclusions, on slight and dubious evidence, as to other people's "tone of mind," or to regard particular mistakes as a proof of general moral incapacity to understand us. I suppose such a tendency (to large conclusions about others) is part of the original sin we are all born with, for I have continually to check it in myself.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th Aug.
1860.

I think I must tell you the secret, though I am distrusting my power to make it grow into a published fact. When we were in Florence, I was rather fired with the idea of writing a historical romance - scene, Florence; period, the close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. Mr Lewes has encouraged me to persevere in the project, saying that I should probably do something in historical romance rather different in character from what has been done before. But I want first to write another English story, and the plan I should like to carry out is this: to publish my next English novel when my Italian one is advanced enough for us to begin its publication a few months afterwards in 'Maga.' It would appear without a name in the Magazine, and be subsequently reprinted with the name of "George Eliot." I need not tell you the wherefore of this plan. You know well enough the received phrases with which a writer is greeted when he does something else than what was expected of him. But just now I am quite without confidence

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 28th
Aug. 1860.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 28th
Aug. 1860.

in my future doings, and almost repent of having formed conceptions which will go on lashing me now until I have at least tried to fulfil them.

I am going to-day to give my last sitting to Lawrence, and we were counting on the Major's coming to look at the portrait and judge of it. I hope it will be satisfactory, for I am quite set against going through the same process a second time.

We are a little distracted just now with the prospect of removal from our present house, which some obliging people have at last come to take off our hands.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Sept.
1860.

My fingers have been itching to write to you for the last week or more, but I have waited and waited, hoping to be able to tell you that we had decided on our future house. This evening, however, I have been reading your description of Algiers, and the desire to thank you for it moves me too strongly to be resisted. It is admirably written, and makes me *see* the country. I am so glad to think of the deep draughts of life you get from being able to spend half your life in that fresh grand scenery. It must make London and English green fields all the more enjoyable in their turn.

As for us, we are preparing to renounce the delights of roving, and to settle down quietly, as old folks should do, for the benefit of the young ones. We have let our present house.

Is it not cheering to have the sunshine on the corn, and the prospect that the poor people will not have to endure the suffering that comes on them from a bad harvest? The fields that were so sadly beaten

down a little while ago on the way to town are now standing in fine yellow shocks.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th Sept.
1860.

I wish you could know how much we felt your kindness to Charley. He is such a dear good fellow that nothing is thrown away upon him.

Write me a scrap of news about yourself, and tell me how you and the doctor are enjoying the country. I shall get a breath of it in that way. I think I love the fields and shudder at the streets more and more every month.

Sept. 27.—To-day is the third day we have spent in our new home here at 10 Harewood Square. It is a furnished house, in which we do not expect to stay longer than six months at the utmost. Since our return from Italy I have written a slight tale, ‘Mr David Faux, Confectioner’ (‘Brother Jacob’)—which G. thinks worth printing.

Journal,
1860.

The precious cheque arrived safely to-day. I am much obliged to you for it, and also for the offer to hasten further payments. I have no present need of that accommodation, as we have given up the idea of buying the house which attracted us, dreading a step that might fetter us to town, or to a more expensive mode of living than might ultimately be desirable. I hope Mr Lewes will bring us back a good report of Major Blackwood’s progress towards re-established health. In default of a visit from him, it was very agreeable to have him represented by his son,¹ who has the happy talent of making a morning call one of the easiest, pleasantest things in the world.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
Sept. 1860.

¹ Mr William Blackwood.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
Sept. 1860.

I wonder if you know who is the writer of the article in the 'North British,' in which I am reviewed along with Hawthorne. Mr Lewes brought it for me to read this morning, and it is so unmingled in its praise, that if I had any friends I should be uneasy lest a friend should have written it.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 16th
Oct. 1860.

Since there is no possibility of my turning in to see you on my walk as in the old days, I cannot feel easy without writing to tell you my regret that I missed you when you came. In changing a clearer sky for a foggy one, we have not changed our habits, and we walk after lunch as usual; but I should like very much to stay indoors any day with the expectation of seeing you, if I could know beforehand of your coming. It is rather sad not to see your face at all from week to week, and I hope you know that I feel it so. But I am always afraid of falling into a disagreeable urgency of invitation, since we have nothing to offer beyond the familiar well-worn entertainment of our own society. I hope you and Mr Congreve are quite well now and free from cares. Emily, I suppose, is gone with the sunshine of her face to Coventry. There is sadly little sunshine except that of young faces just now. Still we are flourishing in spite of damp and dismalness. We were glad to hear that the well-written article in the 'Westminster' on the "Essays and Reviews" was by your friend Mr Harrison.¹ Though I don't quite agree with his view of the case, I admired the tone and style of the writing greatly.

¹ Mr Frederic Harrison, the now well-known writer, and a member of the Positivist body.

There is no objection to Wednesday but this—that it is our day for hearing a course of lectures, and the lecture begins at eight. Now, since you can't come often, we want to keep you as long as we can, and we have a faint hope that Mr Congreve might be able to come from his work and dine with us and take you home. But if that were impossible, could you not stay all night? There is a bed ready for you. Think of all that, and if you can manage to give us the longer visit, choose another day when our evening will be unbroken. I will understand by your silence that you can only come for a shorter time, and that you abide by your plan of coming on Wednesday. I am really quite hungry for the sight of you.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 19th
Oct. 1860.

I agree with you in preferring to put simply "New Edition"; and I see, too, that the practice of advertising numbers is made vulgar and worthless by the doubtful veracity of some publishers, and the low character of the books to which they affix this supposed guarantee of popularity. *Magna est veritas*, &c. I can't tell you how much comfort I feel in having publishers who believe that.

Letter to
John Blackwood, 2d
Nov. 1860.

You have read the hostile article in the 'Quarterly,' I daresay. I have not seen it; but Mr Lewes's report of it made me more cheerful than any review I have heard of since 'The Mill' came out. You remember Lord John Russell was once laughed at immensely for saying that he felt confident he was right, because all parties found fault with him. I really find myself taking nearly the same view of my position, with the Freethinkers angry with me

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 2d
Nov. 1860.

on one side and the writer in the 'Quarterly' on the other *not* because my representations are untruthful, but because they are impartial—because I don't *load* my dice so as to make their side win. The parenthetical hint that the classical quotations in my books might be "more correctly printed," is an amusing sample of the grievance that belongs to review-writing in general, since there happens to be only *one* classical quotation in them all—the Greek one from the Philoctetes in "Amos Barton." By-the-by, will you see that the readers have not allowed some error to creep into that solitary bit of pedantry?

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Nov.
1860.

I understand your paradox of "expecting disappointments," for that is the only form of hope with which I am familiar. I should like, for your sake, that you should rather see us in our *own* house than in this; for I fear your carrying away a general sense of *yellow* in connection with us—and I am sure that is enough to set you against the thought of us. There are some staring yellow curtains which you will hardly help blending with your impression of our moral sentiments. In our own drawing-room I mean to have a paradise of greenness. I have lately re-read your 'Thoughts,' from the beginning of the "Psychical Essence of Christianity" to the end of the "History of Philosophy," and I feel my original impression confirmed—that the "Psychical Essence" and "General Review of the Christian System" are the most valuable portions. I think you once expressed your regret that I did not understand the analogy you

traced between Feuerbach's theory and Spencer's. I don't know what gave you that impression, for *I* never said so. I see your meaning distinctly in that parallel. If you referred to something in Mr Lewes's letter, let me say, once for all, that you must not impute *my* opinions to *him* nor *vice versa*. The intense happiness of our union is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he—that difference of opinion rouses no egoistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger the moment his intellect recognises it. I am glad to see Mr Bray contributing his quota to the exposure of that odious trickery—spirit-rapping. It was not headache that I was suffering from when Mr Bray called, but extreme languor and unbroken fatigue from morning to night—a state which is always accompanied in me, psychically, by utter self-distrust and despair of ever being equal to the demands of life. We should be very pleased to hear some news of Mr and Mrs Call. I feel their removal from town quite a loss to us.

Nov. 28.—Since I last wrote in this Journal, I have suffered much from physical weakness, accompanied with mental depression. The loss of the country has seemed very bitter to me, and my want of health and strength has prevented me from working much—still worse, has made me despair of ever working well again. I am getting better now by the help of tonics, and shall be better still if I could

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th Nov.
1860.

Journal,
1860.

Journal,
28th Nov
1860.

gather more bravery, resignation, and simplicity of striving. In the meantime my cup is full of blessings: my home is bright and warm with love and tenderness, and in more material, vulgar matters we are very fortunate.

Last Tuesday the 20th—we had a pleasant evening. Anthony Trollope dined with us, and made me like him very much by his straightforward wholesome *Wesen*. Afterwards Mr Helps came in, and the talk was extremely agreeable. He told me the Queen had been speaking to him in great admiration of my books—especially ‘*The Mill on the Floss*.’ It is interesting to know that Royalty can be touched by that sort of writing, and I was grateful to Mr Helps for his wish to tell me of the sympathy given to me in that quarter.

To-day I have had a letter from M. D’Albert, saying that at last the French edition of ‘*Adam Bede*’ is published. He pleases me very much by saying that he finds not a sentence that he can retrench in the first volume of ‘*The Mill*.’

I am engaged now in writing a story the idea of which came to me after our arrival in this house, and which has thrust itself between me and the other book I was meditating. It is ‘*Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe*.’ I am still only at about the 62d page, for I have written slowly and interruptedly.

Letter to M.
D’Albert,
6th Dec.
1860.

The two copies of *your* ‘*Adam Bede*’ reached me in all safety two or three days ago. Very de-
pleasant they were to see in their pale wh^{ite} have lost

which I greatly prefer to the favourite French yellow. At present I have only read the chapters containing Hetty's wanderings, which I find faithfully rendered ; but Mr Lewes has read much more, and declares himself much satisfied with the translation. It will never cease to be a happy thought to me, dear friend, that you and Maman have spent pleasant hours over my books.

Letter to M.
D'Albert,
6th Dec. 1860.

I think it will be wise to adopt the title you suggest—'Le Moulin de Dorlcote'—instead of our 'La Floss' ; but on this point I leave you to decide according to your final impression, when the decision becomes necessary. Here in England the public is about equally divided in opinion about my two last works—some preferring 'Adam,' some 'The Mill' ; but I agree with you that the French readers are likely to find the first volume of the latter too long. My delight in the pictures of childhood led me into what the Germans call an "epic breadth," which to many may perhaps seem an epic tediousness. Altogether, I should think my mind is one of the most remote from the French standard. What a detail that is which you mention, about the rejection of Maman's apt quotation, lest the book should have a religious air !

The sight of sunshine usually brings you to my mind, because you are my latest association with the country ; but I think of you much oftener than I see the sunshine, for the weather in London has been more uninterruptedly dismal than ever the last fortnight. Nevertheless *I* am brighter ; I believe your goodness will make that

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
7th Dec. 1860.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve, 7th
Dec. 1860

agreeable news to you, I write on purpose to tell it. Quinine and steel have at last made me brave and cheerful, and I really don't mind a journey up-stairs. If you had not repressed our hope of seeing you again until your sister's return, I should have asked you to join us for the Exeter Hall performance of the "Messiah" this evening, which I am looking forward to with delight. The Monday Popular Concerts at St James's Hall are our easiest and cheapest pleasures. I go in my bonnet; we sit in the shilling places in the body of the hall, and hear to perfection for a shilling! That is agreeable when one hears Beethoven's quartetts and sonatas. Pray bear in mind that these things are to be had when you are more at liberty.

Journal,
1860.

Dec. 17.—We entered to-day our new home—16 Blandford Square—which we have taken for three years, hoping by the end of that time to have so far done our duty by the boys as to be free to live where we list.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Dec
1860.

Your vision of me as "settled" was painfully in contrast with the fact. The last virtue human beings will attain, I am inclined to think, is scrupulosity in promising and faithfulness in fulfilment. We are still far off our last stadium of development, and so it has come to pass, that though we were in the house on Monday last, our curtains are not up and our oil-cloth is not down. Such is life, seen from the furnishing point of view! I can't tell you how hateful this sort of time-frittering work is to me, who every year care less for houses and test shops more. To crown my sorrows, I

my pen—my old favourite pen, with which I have written for eight years,—at least it is not forthcoming. We have been reading the proof of Mr Spencer's second part, and I am supremely gratified by it, because he brings his argument to a point which I did not anticipate from him. It is, as he says, a result of his riper thought. After all the bustle of Monday, I went to hear Sims Reeves sing "Adelaide,"—that *ne plus ultra* of passionate song,—and I wish you had been there for one quarter of an hour, that you might have heard it too.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Dec.
1860.

The bright point in your letter is, that you are in a happy state of mind yourself. For the rest we must wait and not be impatient with those who have their inward trials, though everything outward seems to smile on them. It seems to those who are differently placed that the time of freedom from strong ties and urgent claims must be very precious for the ends of self-culture and good helpful work towards the world at large. But it hardly ever is so. As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to *do without*

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Dec.
1860.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Dec.
1860.

opium, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

We have no sorrow just now, except my constant inward "worrit" of unbelief in any future of good work on my part. Everything I do seems poor and trivial in the doing; and when it is quite gone from me, and seems no longer my own, then I rejoice in it and think it fine. That is the history of my life.

I have been wanting to go to your school again, to refresh myself with the young voices there, but I have not been able to do it. My walks have all been taken up with shopping errands of late; but I hope to get more leisure soon.

We both beg to offer our affectionate remembrances to the doctor. Get Herbert Spencer's new work—the two first quarterly parts. It is the best thing he has done.

Journal,
1860.

Dec. 31.—This year has been marked by many blessings, and above all, by the comfort we have found in having Charles with us. Since we set out on our journey to Italy on 25th March, the time has not been fruitful in work: distractions about our change of residence have run away with many days; and since I have been in London my state of health has been depressing to all effort.

May the next year be more fruitful!

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 12th
Jan. 1861.

I am writing a story which came *across* my other plans by a sudden inspiration. I don't know at present whether it will resolve itself into a book short enough for me to complete before Easter, or

whether it will expand beyond that possibility. It seems to me that nobody will take any interest in it but myself, for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going; but Mr Lewes declares that I am wrong, and says it is as good as anything I have done. It is a story of old-fashioned village life, which has unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought. I think I get slower and more timid in my writing, but perhaps worry about houses and servants and boys, with want of bodily strength, may have had something to do with that. I hope to be quiet now.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 12th
Jan. 1861.

I was delighted to have your letter this morning, bringing me good news not only of a literary but of a personal kind. It is pleasant to know that your labours on 'Adam' have been so far appreciated; but I think it is pleasanter still to know that Maman has had the comfort of seeing her son Charles this Christmas, and that your prospects concerning him are hopeful. I begin, you know, to consider myself an experienced matron, knowing a great deal about parental joys and anxieties. Indeed I have rather too ready a talent for entering into anxieties of all sorts.

Letter to M.
D'Albert,
22d Jan.
1861.

I can well imagine that you find 'The Mill' more difficult to render than 'Adam.' But would it be inadmissible to represent in French, at least in some degree, those "intermédiaires entre le style commun et le style élégant" to which you refer? It seems to me that I have discerned such shades very strikingly rendered in Balzac, and occasionally in George Sand. Balzac, I think, dares to be thoroughly col-

Letter to M.
D'Albert,
22d Jan.
1861.

loquial, in spite of French strait-lacing. Even in English this daring is far from being general. The writers who dare to be thoroughly familiar are Shakspeare, Fielding, Scott (where he is expressing the popular life with which he is familiar), and indeed every other writer of fiction of the first class. Even in his loftiest tragedies—in Hamlet, for example—Shakspeare is intensely colloquial. One hears the very accent of living men. I am not vindicating the practice: I know that is not necessary to *you*, who have so quick a sensibility for the real and the humorous. You, of course, have knowledge as to what is or can be done in French literature beyond any that my reading can have furnished me with.

I see that you think there are many readers who will prefer 'The Mill' to 'Adam.' To my feeling, there is more thought and a profounder veracity in 'The Mill' than in 'Adam'; but Adam is more complete, and better balanced. My love of the childhood scenes made me linger over them; so that I could not develop as fully as I wished the concluding "Book" in which the tragedy occurs, and which I had looked forward to with much attention and premeditation from the beginning. My books don't seem to belong to me after I have once written them; and I find myself delivering opinions about them as if I had nothing to do with them. I am not afraid that you will be unable to distinguish that frankness from self-conceit.

Journal,
1861.

Feb. 1.—The first month of the New Year has been passed in much bodily discomfort—making

both work and leisure heavy. I have reached page 209 of my story, which is to be in one volume, and I want to get it ready for Easter, but I dare promise myself nothing with this feeble body. ;

Journal,
1861.

The other day I had charming letters from M. and Mme. D'Albert, saying that the French 'Adam' goes on very well, and showing an appreciation of 'The Mill' which pleases me.

I was feeling so ill on Friday and Saturday, that I had not spirit to write and thank you for the basket of eggs—an invaluable present. I was particularly grateful this morning at breakfast, when a fine large one fell to my share.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 6th
Feb. 1861.

On Saturday afternoon we were both so utterly incapable, that Mr Lewes insisted on our setting off forthwith into the country. But we only got as far as Dorking, and came back yesterday. I felt a new creature as soon as I was in the country; and we had two brilliant days for rambling and driving about that lovely Surrey. I suppose we must keep soul and body together by occasional flights of this sort; and don't you think an occasional flight to town will be good for you?

I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me, because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. In proportion as I love every form of piety—which is venerating love—I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hemell,
8th Feb.
1861.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
8th Feb.
1861.

is the more common temper of mind. But enough of that. The reminders I am getting from time to time of Coventry distress have made me think very often yearningly and painfully of the friends who are more immediately affected by it, and I often wonder if more definite information would increase or lessen my anxiety for them. Send me what word you can from time to time, that there may be some reality in my image of things round your hearth.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 15th
Feb. 1861.

I send you by post to-day about 230 pages of MS. I send it because in my experience printing and its preliminaries have always been rather a slow business; and as the story—if published at Easter at all—should be ready by Easter week, there is no time to lose. We are reading 'Carlyle's Memoirs' with much interest; but so far as we have gone, he certainly does seem to me something of a "Seducee"—a very handsome one, judging from the portrait. What a memory and what an experience for a novelist! But somehow experience and finished faculty rarely go together. Dearly beloved Scott had the greatest combination of experience and faculty—yet even he never made the most of his treasures, at least in his *mode* of presentation. Send us better news of Major Blackwood if you can. We feel so old and rickety ourselves, that we have a peculiar interest in invalids. Mr Lewes is going to lecture for the Post Office this evening, by Mr Trollope's request. I am rather uneasy about it, and wish he were well through the unusual excitement.

I have been much relieved by Mr Lewes having got through his lecture at the Post Office¹ with perfect ease and success, for I had feared the unusual excitement for him. *I* am better. I have not been working much lately—indeed this year has been a comparatively idle one. I think my *malaise* is chiefly owing to the depressing influence of town air and town scenes. The Zoological Gardens are my one outdoor pleasure now, and we can take it several times a-week, for Mr Lewes has become a fellow.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 16th
Feb. 1861...

My love is often visiting you. Entertain it well.

I am glad to hear that Mr Maurice impressed you agreeably. If I had strength to be adventurous on Sunday, I should go to hear him preach as well as others. But I am unequal to the least exertion or irregularity. My only pleasure away from our own hearth is going to the Zoological Gardens. Mr Lewes is a fellow, so we turn in there several times a-week; and I find the birds and beasts there most congenial to my spirit. There is a Shoebill, a great bird of grotesque ugliness, whose top-knot looks brushed up to a point with an exemplary deference to the demands of society, but who, I am sure, has no idea that he looks the handsomer for it. I cherish an unrequited attachment to him.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Feb.
1861.

If you are in London this morning, in this fine dun-coloured fog, you know how to pity me. But I feel myself wicked for implying that I have any grievances. Only last week we had a circular from the clergyman at Attleboro, where there is a con-

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 23d
Feb. 1861.

¹ Lecture on Cell Forms.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 23d
Feb. 1861.¹⁷²

siderable population entirely dependent on the ribbon trade, telling us how the poor weavers are suffering from the effects of the Coventry strike. And these less known undramatic tales of want win no wide help, such as has been given in the case of the Hartley colliery accident.

Your letter was a contribution towards a more cheerful view of things, for whatever may be the minor evils you hint at, I know that Mr Congreve's better health and the satisfaction you have in his doing effective work will outweigh them. We have had a Dr Wyatt here lately—an Oxford physician—who was much interested in hearing of Mr Congreve again—not only on the ground of Oxford remembrances, but from having read his writings.

I was much pleased with the affectionate respect that was expressed in all the notices of Mr Clough¹ that I happened to see in the newspapers. They were an indication that there must be a great deal of private sympathy to soothe poor Mrs Clough, if any soothing is possible in such cases. That little poem of his which was quoted in the '*Spectator*' about parted friendships touched me deeply.

You may be sure we are ailing, but I am ashamed of dwelling on a subject that offers so little variety.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Feb. 1861.

I don't wonder at your finding my story, as far as you have read it, rather sombre: indeed, I should not have believed that any one would have been interested in it but myself (since Wordsworth is dead) if Mr Lewes had not been strongly arrested

¹ Arthur Hugh Clough—the Poet.

by it. But I hope you will not find it at all a sad story, as a whole, since it sets—or is intended to set—in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations. The Nemesis is a very mild one. I have felt all through as if the story would have lent itself best to metrical rather than to prose fiction, especially in all that relates to the psychology of Silas; except that, under that treatment, there could not be an equal play of humour. It came to me first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen weaver with a bag on his back; but as my mind dwelt on the subject, I became inclined to a more realistic treatment.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Feb. 1861.

My chief reason for wishing to publish the story now, is, that I like my writings to appear in the order in which they are written, because they belong to successive mental phases, and when they are a year behind me, I can no longer feel that thorough identification with them which gives zest to the sense of authorship. I generally like them better at that distance, but then I feel as if they might just as well have been written by somebody else. It would have been a great pleasure to me if Major Blackwood could have read my story. I am very glad to have the first part tested by the reading of your nephew and Mr Simpson, and to find that it can interest them at all.

March 10.—Finished ‘*Silas Marner*,’ and sent off the last thirty pages to Edinburgh.

Journal,
1861.

Your letter came to me just as we were prepar-

Letter to
the Brays,
19th March
1861, from
Hastings.

ing to start in search of fresh air and the fresh thoughts that come with it. I hope you never doubt that I feel a deep interest in knowing all facts that touch you nearly. I should like to think that it was some small comfort to Clara and you to know that wherever I am there is one among that number of your friends — necessarily decreasing with increasing years—who enter into your present experience with the light of memories; for kind feeling can never replace fully the sympathy that comes from memory. My disposition is so faultily anxious and foreboding, that I am not likely to forget anything of a saddening sort.

Tell Sara we saw Mr William Smith, author of 'Thorndale,' a short time ago, and he spoke of her and her book with interest: he thought her book "suggestive." He called on us during a visit to London, made for the sake of getting married. The lady is, or rather was, a Miss Cumming, daughter of a blind physician of Edinburgh. He said they had talked to each other for some time of the "impossibility" of marrying, because they were both too poor. "But," he said, "it is dangerous, Lewes, to talk even of the impossibility." The difficulties gradually dwindled, and the advantages magnified themselves. She is a nice person, we hear; and I was particularly pleased with *him*,—he is modest to diffidence, yet bright and keenly awake.

I am just come in from our first good blow on the beach, and have that delicious sort of numbness in arms and legs that comes from walking hard in a fresh wind.

'Silas Marner' is in one volume. It was quite a sudden inspiration that came across me, in the midst of altogether different meditations.

The latest number I had heard of was 3300, so that your letter brought me agreeable information. I am particularly gratified, because this spirited subscription must rest on my character as a writer generally, and not simply on the popularity of 'Adam Bede.' There is an article on 'The Mill' in 'Macmillan's Magazine' which is worth reading. I cannot, of course, agree with the writer in all his regrets: if I could have done so, I should not have written the book I did write, but quite another. Still it is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognises the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life. The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
March 1861.

I am very glad to be told—whenever you can tell me—that the Major is not suffering heavily. I know so well the preciousness of those smiles that tell one the mind is not held out of all reach of soothing.

We are wavering whether we shall go to Florence this spring, or wait till the year and other things are more advanced.

It gave me pleasure to have your letter, not only because of the kind expressions of sympathy it contains, but also because it gives me an opportunity of telling you, after the lapse of years, that I remember gratefully how you wrote to me with generous consideration and belief at a time when

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 1st
April 1861.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 1st
April 1861.

most persons who knew anything of me were disposed (naturally enough) to judge me rather severely. Only a woman of rare qualities would have written to me as you did on the strength of the brief intercourse that had passed between us.

It was never a trial to me to have been cut off from what is called the world, and I think I love none of my fellow-creatures the less for it: still I must always retain a peculiar regard for those who showed me any kindness in word or deed at that time, when there was the least evidence in my favour. The list of those who did so is a short one, so that I can often and easily recall it.

For the last six years I have ceased to be "Miss Evans" for any one who has personal relations with me—having held myself under all the responsibilities of a married woman. I wish this to be distinctly understood; and when I tell you that we have a great boy of eighteen at home who calls me "mother," as well as two other boys, almost as tall, who write to me under the same name, you will understand that the point is not one of mere egoism or personal dignity, when I request that any one who has a regard for me will cease to speak of me by my maiden name.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
April 1861.

I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in sending me my precious cheque. I prize the money fruit of my labour very highly as the means of saving us dependence, or the degradation of writing when we are no longer able to write well, or to write what we have not written before.

Mr Langford brought us word that he thought

the total subscription (including Scotland and Ireland) would mount to 5500. That is really very great. And letters drop in from time to time giving me words of strong encouragement—especially about ‘The Mill;’ so that I have reason to be cheerful, and to believe that where one has a large public, one’s words must hit their mark. If it were not for that, special cases of misinterpretation might paralyse me. For example, pray notice how one critic attributes to me a disdain for Tom; as if it were not *my* respect for Tom which infused itself into my reader,—as if he could have respected Tom if I had not painted him with respect; the exhibition of the right on both sides being the very soul of my intention in the story. However, I ought to be satisfied if I have roused the feeling that does justice to both sides.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
April 1861.

I feel more at ease in omitting formalities with you than I should with most persons, because I know you are yourself accustomed to have other reasons for your conduct than mere fashion, and I believe you will understand me without many words when I tell you what Mr Lewes felt unable to explain on the instant when you kindly expressed the wish to see us at your house—namely, that I have found it a necessity of my London life to make the rule of *never* paying visits. Without a carriage, and with my easily perturbed health, London distances would make any other rule quite irreconcilable for me with any efficient use of my days; and I am obliged to give up the *few* visits which would be really attractive and fruitful in order to avoid

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 6th
April 1861.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 6th
April 1861.

the *many* visits which would be the reverse. It is only by saying, "I never pay visits," that I can escape being ungracious or unkind—only by renouncing all social intercourse but such as comes to our own fireside, that I can escape sacrificing the chief objects of life.

I think it very good of those with whom I have much fellow-feeling, if they will let me have the pleasure of seeing them without their expecting the usual reciprocity of visits; and I hope I need hardly say that you are among the visitors who would be giving me pleasure in this way. I think your imagination will supply all I have left unsaid—all the details that run away with our hours when our life extends at all beyond our own homes, and I am not afraid of your misinterpreting my stay-at-home rule into churlishness.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th April
1861.

We went to hear Beethoven's "Mass in D" last night, and on Wednesday to hear Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht," and Beethoven's "Symphony in B," so that we have had two musical treats this week; but the enjoyment of such things is much diminished by the gas and bad air. Indeed our long addiction to a quiet life, in which our daily walk amongst the still grass and trees was a *fête* to us, has unfitted us for the sacrifices that London demands. Don't think about reading 'Silas Marner' just because it is come out. I hate *obligato* reading and *obligato* talk about my books. *I never send them to any one*, and never wish to be spoken to about them, except by an unpremeditated spontaneous prompting. They are written out of my

deepest belief, and as well as I can, for the great public—and every sincere strong word will find its mark in that public. Perhaps the annoyance I suffered [referring to the Liggins affair] has made me rather morbid on such points; but apart from my own weaknesses, I think the less an author hears about himself the better. Don't mistake me: I am writing a general explanation, *not* anything applicable to you.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th April
1861.

April 19.—We set off on our second journey to Florence, through France and by the Cornice Road. Our weather was delicious, a little rain, and we suffered neither from heat nor from dust.

Journal,
1861.

We have had a paradisaic journey hitherto. It does one good to look at the Provençals—men and women. They are quite a different race from the Northern French—large, round-featured, full-eyed, with an expression of *bonhomie*, calm and suave. They are very much like the pleasantest Italians. The women at Arles and Toulon are remarkably handsome. On Tuesday morning we set out about ten on our way to Nice, hiring a carriage and taking post-horses. The sky was grey, and after an hour or so we had rain: nevertheless our journey to Vidauban, about half-way to Nice, was enchanting. Everywhere a delicious plain, covered with bright green corn, sprouting vines, mulberry-trees, olives, and here and there meadows sprinkled with buttercups, made the nearer landscapes, and, in the distance, mountains, of varying outline. *Mutter* felt herself in a state of perfect bliss from only looking at this peaceful, generous nature,—and you often

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 25th
April 1861.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 25th
April 1861.

came across the green blades of corn, and made her love it all the better. We had meant to go on to Fréjus that night, but no horses were to be had; so we made up our minds to rest at Vidauban, and went out to have a stroll before our six o'clock dinner. Such a stroll! The sun had kindly come out for us, and we enjoyed it all the more for the grey-ness of the morning. There is a crystally clear river flowing by Vidauban, called the Argent: it rushes along between a fringe of aspens and willows; and the sunlight lay under the boughs, and fell on the eddying water, making Pater and me very happy as we wandered. The next morning we set off early, to be sure of horses before they had been used up by other travellers. The country was not quite so lovely, but we had the sunlight to compensate until we got past Fréjus, where we had our first view of the sea since Toulon, and where the scenery changes to the entirely mountainous, the road winding above gorges of pine-clad masses for a long way. To heighten the contrast, a heavy storm came, which thoroughly laid the dust for us, if it had no other advantage. The sun came out gloriously again before we reached Cannes, and lit up the yellow broom, which is now in all its splendour, and clothes vast slopes by which our road wound. We had still a four hours' journey to Nice, where we arrived at six o'clock, with headaches that made us glad of the luxuries to be found in a great hotel.

Journal,
1861.

May 5.—Dear Florence was lovelier than ever on this second view, and ill-health was the only deduction from perfect enjoyment. We had comfort-

able quarters in the Albergo della Vittoria, on the Arno; we had the best news from England about the success of 'Silas Marner;' and we had long letters from our dear boy to make us feel easy about home.

Journal,
1861.

Your pleasant news had been ripening at the Post Office several days before we enjoyed the receipt of it; for our journey lasted us longer than we expected, and we didn't reach this place till yesterday evening. We have come with *vetturino* from Toulon—the most delightful (and the most expensive) journey we have ever had. I daresay you know the Cornice: if not, *do* know it some time, and bring Mrs Blackwood that way into Italy. Meanwhile I am glad to think that you are having a less fatiguing change to places where you can “carry the comforts o' the Sautmarket” with you, which is not quite the case with travellers along the Mediterranean coast. I hope I shall soon hear that you are thoroughly set up by fresh air and fresh circumstances, along with pleasant companionship.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
May 1861.

Except a thunderstorm, which gave a grand variety to the mountains, and a little gentle rain, the first day from Toulon, which made the green corn all the fresher, we have had unbroken sunshine, without heat and without dust. I suppose this season and late autumn must be the perfect moments for taking this supremely beautiful journey. We must be for ever ashamed of ourselves if we don't work the better for it.

It was very good of you to write to me in the midst of your hurry, that I might have good news

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
May 1861.

to greet me. It really did lighten our weariness, and make the noisy streets that prevented sleep more endurable. I was amused with your detail about Professor Aytoun's sovereigns. There can be no great paintings of misers under the present system of paper-money—cheques, bills, scrip, and the like: nobody can handle that dull property as men handled the glittering gold.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 17th
May 1861.

The Florentine winds, being of a grave and earnest disposition, have naturally a disgust for trivial *dilettanti* foreigners, and seize on the peculiarly feeble and worthless with much virulence. In consequence we had a sad history for nearly a week—Pater doing little else than nurse me, and I doing little else but feel eminently uncomfortable, for which, as you know, I have a faculty “second to none.” I feel very full of thankfulness for all the creatures I have got to love—all the beautiful and great things that are given me to know; and I feel, too, much younger and more hopeful, as if a great deal of life and work were still before me. Pater and I have had great satisfaction in finding our impressions of admiration more than renewed in returning to Florence: the things we cared about when we were here before seem even more worthy than they did in our memories. We have had delightful weather since the cold winds abated; and the evening lights on the Arno, the bridges, and the quaint houses, are a treat that we think of beforehand.

Your letters, too, are thought of beforehand. We long for them, and when they come they don't dis-

appoint us: they tell us everything, and make us feel at home with you after a fashion. I confess to some dread of Blandford Square in the abstract. I fear London will seem more odious to me than ever; but I think I shall bear it with more fortitude. After all, that is the best place to live in where one has a strong reason for living.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 17th
May 1861.

We have been industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave just now, and enjoy the thought of work—but don't set your mind on my doing just what I have dreamed. It may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up: for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something—however small—which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 19th
May 1861.

I am very much cheered by the way in which 'Silas' is received. I hope it has made some slight pleasure for you too, in the midst of incomparably deeper feelings of sadness.¹ Your quiet tour among the lakes was the best possible thing for you. What place is not better "out of the season"?—although I feel I am almost wicked in my hatred of being where there are many other people enjoying themselves. I am very far behind Mr Buckle's millennial prospect, which is, that men will be more and more congregated in cities and occupied with human affairs, so as to be less and less under

¹ The death of Major Blackwood.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 19th
May 1861.

the influence of Nature—*i.e.*, the sky, the hills, and the plains; whereby superstition will vanish, and statistics will reign for ever and ever.

Mr Lewes is kept in continual distraction by having to attend to my wants—going with me to the Magliabecchian Library, and poking about everywhere on my behalf—I having very little self-help about me of the pushing and inquiring kind.

I look forward with keen anxiety to the next outbreak of war—longing for some turn of affairs that will save poor Venice from being bombarded by those terrible Austrian forts.

Thanks for your letters: we both say, “More—give us more.”

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 27th
May 1861.

Florence is getting hot, and I am the less sorry to leave it because it has agreed very ill with the dear Patereulus. This evening we have been mounting to the top of Giotto's tower—a very sublime getting up-stairs indeed—and our muscles are much astonished at the unusual exercise; so you must not be shocked if my letter seems to be written with dim faculties as well as with a dim light.

We have seen no one but Mrs Trollope and her pretty little girl Beatrice, who is a musical genius. She is a delicate fairy, about ten years old, but sings with a grace and expression that make it a thrilling delight to hear her.

We have had glorious sunsets, shedding crimson and golden lights under the dark bridges across the Arno. All Florence turns out at eventide, but we avoid the slow crowds on the Lung' Arno, and take our way “up all manner of streets.”

May and June.—At the end of May Mr T. Trollope came back and persuaded us to stay long enough to make the expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia in his company. We arrived at Florence on the 4th May, and left it on the 7th June—thirty-four days of precious time spent there. Will it be all in vain? Our morning hours were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books, at shops or stalls, or in reading at the Magliabecchian Library. Alas! I could have done much more if I had been well; but that regret applies to most years of my life. Returned by Lago Maggiore and the St Gothard; reached home June 14. Blackwood having waited in town to see us, came to lunch with us, and asked me if I would go to dine at Greenwich on the following Monday, to which I said “yes,” by way of exception to my resolve that I will go nowhere for the rest of this year. He drove us there with Colonel Stewart, and we had a pleasant evening—the sight of a game at golf in the Park, and a hazy view of the distant shipping, with the Hospital finely broken by trees in the foreground. At dinner Colonel Hamley and Mr Skene joined us: Delane, who had been invited, was unable to come. The chat was agreeable enough, but the sight of the gliding ships darkening against the dying sunlight made me feel chat rather importunate.

Journal,
1861.

June 16.—This morning, for the first time, I feel myself quietly settled at home. I am in excellent health, and long to work steadily and effectively. If it were possible that I should produce *better*

Journal,
1861.

work than I have yet done! At least there is a possibility that I may make greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure.

June 19.—This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that—despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed and a new one is being meditated.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th June
1861.

Some of one's first thoughts on coming home after an absence of much length are about the friends one had left behind—what has happened to them in the meantime, and how are they now? And yet, though we came home last Friday evening, I have not had the quiet moment for writing these thoughts until this morning. I know I need put no questions to you, who always divine what I want to be told. We have had a perfect journey except as regards health—a large, large exception. The cold winds alternating with the hot sun, or some other cause, laid very unkind hold on Mr Lewes early after our arrival at Florence, and he was ailing with sore throat and cough continually, so that he has come back looking thin and delicate, though the ailments seem to be nearly passed away.

I wish you could have shared the pleasures of our last expedition from Florence—to the Monasteries of Camaldoli and La Vernia: I think it was just the sort of thing you would have entered into with thorough zest. Imagine the Franciscans of La Vernia, which is perched upon an abrupt rock rising sheer on the summit of a mountain, turning out at midnight (and when there is deep snow for their feet to plunge in), and chanting their slow way up to the little chapel perched at a lofty distance above their already lofty monastery! This they do every night throughout the year in all weathers.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th June
1861.

Give my loving greeting to Cara and Mr Bray, and then sit down and write me one of your charming letters, making a little picture of everybody and everything about you. God bless you—is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility.

Your letter gave me a pleasant vision of Sunday sunshine on the flowers, and you among them, with your eyes brightened by busy and enjoyable thoughts."

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th July
1861.

Yes; I hope we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathise with no age but the age to come.

When I received your Monday packet, I was fresh from six quarto volumes on the history of the monastic orders, and had just begun a less formid-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th July
1861.

able modern book on the same subject — Montalembert's 'Monks of the West.' Our reading, you see, lay in very different quarters, but I fancy our thoughts sometimes touched the same ground. I am rather puzzled and shocked, however, by your high admiration of the Articles on the Study of History in the 'Cornhill.' I should speak with the reserve due to the fact that I have only read the second article; and this, I confess, did not impress me as exhibiting any mastery of the question, while its tone towards much abler thinkers than the writer himself is to me extremely repulsive. Such writing as, "We should not be called upon to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth," is to me simply disgusting, though it were directed against the Father of lies. It represents no fact except the writer's own desire to be bitter, and is worthily finished by the dull and irreverent antithesis of "the eternal truth and infernal lie."

I quite agree with you—so far as I am able to form a judgment—in regarding Positivism as one-sided; but Comte was a great thinker, nevertheless, and ought to be treated with reverence by all smaller fry.

I have just been reading the Survey of the Middle Ages contained in the fifth volume of the 'Philosophie Positive,' and to my apprehension few chapters can be fuller of luminous ideas. I am thankful to learn from it. There may be more profundity in the 'Cornhill's' exposition than I am

able to penetrate, or possibly the first article may contain weightier matter than the second.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th July
1861.

Mrs Bodichon is near us now, and one always gets good from contact with her healthy practical life. Mr Lewes is gone to see Mrs Congreve and carry his net to the Wimbledon ponds. I hope he will get a little strength as well as grist for his microscope.

The English 'Imitation' I told you of, which is used by the Catholics, is Challoner's. I have looked into it again since I saw you, and I think if you want to give the book away, this translation is as good as any you are likely to get among current editions. If it were for yourself, an old bookstall would be more likely to furnish what you want. Don't ever think of me as valuing either you or Mr Congreve less instead of more. You naughtily implied something of that kind just when you were running away from me. How could any goodness become less precious to me unless my life had ceased to be a growth, and had become mere shrinking and degeneracy? I always imagine that if I were near you now, I should profit more by the gift of your presence—just as one feels about all past sunlight.

Letter to
Mrs Cong-
reve, 18th
July 1861.

July 24.—Walked with George over Primrose Hill. We talked of Plato and Aristotle. Diary, 1861.

July 26.—In the evening went to see Rechter as Hamlet, and sat next to Mrs Carlyle.

July 30.—Read little this morning—my mind dwelling with much depression on the probability or improbability of my achieving the work I wish to

Diary, 1861. do. I struck out two or three thoughts towards an English novel. I am much afflicted with hopelessness and melancholy just now, and yet I feel the value of my blessings.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th July
1861.

Thornie, our second boy, is at home from Edinburgh for his holidays, and I am apt to give more thought than is necessary to any little change in our routine. We had a treat the other night which I wished you could have shared with us. We saw Fechter in "Hamlet." His conception of the part is very nearly that indicated by the critical observations in 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the result is deeply interesting—the naturalness and sensibility of the *Wesen* overcoming in most cases the defective intonation. And even the intonation is occasionally admirable—for example, "And for my soul, what can he do to that?" &c., is given by Fechter with perfect simplicity, whereas the herd of English actors imagine themselves in a pulpit when they are saying it. *Appropos* of the pulpit I had another failure in my search for edification last Sunday. Mme. Bodichon and I went to Little Portland Street Chapel, and lo! instead of James Martineau there was a respectable old Unitarian gentleman preaching about the dangers of ignorance and the satisfaction of a good conscience, in a tone of amiable propriety which seemed to belong to a period when brains were untroubled by difficulties, and the lacteals of all good Christians were in perfect order. I enjoyed the fine selection of Collects he read from the Liturgy. What an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life and determined to bring

all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those Collects and of the Bible! The contrast when the good man got into the pulpit and began to pray in a borrowed, washy lingo—extempore in more senses than one!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th July
1861.

Aug. 1. —Struggling constantly with depression. Diary, 1861.

Aug. 2.—Read Boccaccio's capital story of Fra Cipolla—one of his few good stories—and the little Hunchback in the 'Arabian Nights,' which is still better.

Aug. 10.—Walked with G. We talked of my Italian novel. In the evening, Mr Pigott and Mr Redford.

Aug. 12.—Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate, and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

That doctrine which we accept rather loftily as a commonplace when we are quite young—namely, that our happiness lies entirely within, in our own mental and bodily state which determines for us the influence of everything outward—becomes a daily lesson to be learned, and learned with much stumbling as we get older. And until we know our friends' private thoughts and emotions, we hardly know what to grieve or rejoice over for them.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Aug
1861.

Aug. 17.—Mr Pigott and Mr Redford came, who gave us some music. Diary, 1861.

Aug. 20.—This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

Diary, 1861.

Aug. 24.—Mr Pigott and Mr Redford came, and we had music. These have been placid, ineffective days—my mind being clouded and depressed.

Aug. 26.—Went with Barbara to her school, and spent the afternoon there.

Aug. 31.—In the evening came Mr Pigott and Mr Redford, and we had some music.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 11th
Sept. 1861,
from Mal-
vern.

Your letter was a great delight to us, as usual; and the cheque, too, was welcome to people under hydropathic treatment, which appears to stimulate waste of coin as well as of tissue. Altogether we are figures in keeping with the landscape when it is well damped or “packed” under the early mist.

We thought rather contemptuously of the hills on our arrival; like travelled people, we hinted at the Alps and Apennines, and smiled with pity at our long-past selves that had felt quite a thrill at the first sight of them. But now we have tired our limbs by walking round their huge shoulders, we begin to think of them with more respect. We simply looked at them at first; we feel their presence now, and creep about them with due humility—whereby, you perceive, there hangs a moral. I do wish you could have shared for a little while with us the sight of this place. I fear you have never seen England under so loveable an aspect. On the south-eastern side, where the great green hills have their longest slope, Malvern stands well nestled in fine trees—chiefly “sounding sycamores,”—and beyond there stretches to the horizon, which is marked by a low, faint line of hill, a vast level expanse of grass and corn fields, with hedgerows everywhere plumed with

trees, and here and there a rolling mass of wood : it is one of the happiest scenes the eyes can look on—*freundlich*, according to the pretty German phrase. On the opposite side of this main range of hills, there is a more undulated and more thickly wooded country which has the sunset all to itself, and is bright with departing lights when our Malvern side is in cold evening shadow. We are so fortunate as to look out over the wide south-eastern valley from our sitting-room window.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 11th
Sept. 1861,
from Mal-
vern.

Our landlady is a quaint old personage, with a strong Cheshire accent. She is, as she tells us, a sharp old woman, and “can see most things pretty quick ;” and she is kind enough to communicate her wisdom very freely to us less crisply-baked mortals.

Sept. 15.—Yesterday we returned from Malvern (having gone there on 4th). During our stay I read Mrs Jameson’s book on the ‘Legends of the Monastic Orders,’ corrected the 1st vol. of ‘Adam Bede’ for the new edition, and began Marchese’s ‘Storia di San Marco.’

Diary, 1861.

I enter into your and Cara’s furniture adjusting labours and your enjoyment of church and chapel afterwards. One wants a temple besides the outdoor temple—a place where human beings do not ramble apart, but *meet* with a common impulse. I hope you have some agreeable lens through which you can look at circumstances—good health, at least. And really I begin to think people who are robust are in a position to pity all the rest of the world—except, indeed, that there are certain secrets

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th Sept.
1861.

taught only by pain, which are, perhaps, worth the purchase.

Diary, 1861.

Sept. 23.—I have been unwell ever since we returned from Malvern, and have been disturbed from various causes in my work, so that I have scarcely done anything except correct my own books for a new edition. To-day I am much better, and hope to begin a more effective life to-morrow.

Sept. 28.—In the evening Mr Spencer, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford came. We talked with Mr Spencer about his chapter on the Direction of Force—*i.e.*, line of least resistance.

Sept. 29 (Sunday).—Finished correcting 'Silas Marner.' I have thus corrected all my books for a new and cheaper edition, and feel my mind free for other work. Walked to the Zoo with the boys.

Oct. 3.—To-day our new grand piano came—a great addition to our pleasures.

Oct. 4.—My mind still worried about my plot—and without any confidence in my ability to do what I want.

Oct. 5.—In the evening Mr Redford and Mr Spencer came, and we had much music.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Oct 1861.

We are enjoying a great pleasure—a new grand piano,—and last evening we had a Beethoven night. We are looking out for a violinist: we have our violoncello, who is full of sensibility, but with no negative in him—*i.e.*, no obstinate sense of time—a man who is all assent and perpetual *rallentando*. We can enjoy the pleasure the more, because Mr Lewes's health is promising.

Oct. 7.—Began the first chapter of my novel *Diary, 1861.*
(‘*Romola*’).

Oct. 9.—Read *Nerli*.

Oct. 11.—Nardi’s ‘*History of Florence*.’ In the afternoon walked with Barbara, and talked with her from lunch till dinner-time.

Oct. 12.—In the evening we had our usual Saturday mixture of visitors, talk, and music: an agreeable addition being Dr M’Donnell of Dublin.

Oct. 14.—Went with Barbara to her school to hear the children sing.

Oct. 18.—Walked with G. and Mr Spencer to Hampstead, and continued walking for more than five hours. In the evening we had music. Mrs Bodichon and Miss Parkes were our additional visitors.

I am rather jealous of the friends who get so much of you—especially when they are so unmeritorious as to be evangelical and spoil your rest. But I will not grumble. I am in the happiest, most contented mood, and have only good news to tell you. I have hardly any trouble nearer to me than the American War and the prospects of poor cotton weavers. While you were shivering at Boulogne, we were walking fast to avoid shivering at Malvern, and looking slightly blue after our sitz baths. Nevertheless that discipline answered admirably, and Mr Lewes’s health has been steadily improving since our Malvern expedition. As for me, imagine what I must be to have walked for five hours the other day! Or, better still, imagine me always cheerful, and infer the altered condition

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 23d
Oct. 1861.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 23d
Oct. 1861.

of my mucous membrane. The difference must be there ; for it is not in my moral sentiments or in my circumstances,—unless, indeed, a new grand piano, which tempts me to play more than I have done for years before, may be reckoned an item important enough to have contributed to the change. We talk of you very often, and the image of you is awakened in my mind still oftener. You are associated by many subtle, indescribable ties with some of my most precious and most silent thoughts. I am so glad you have the comfort of feeling that Mr Congreve is prepared for his work again. I am hoping to hear, when we see you, that the work will be less and less fagging, now the introductory years are past.

Charley is going to Switzerland for his holiday next month. We shall enjoy our dual solitude ; yet the dear boy is more and more precious to us from the singular rectitude and tenderness of his nature. Make signs to us as often as you can. You know how entirely Mr Lewes shares my delight in seeing you and hearing from you.

Diary, 1861.

Oct. 28 and 30.—Not very well. Utterly desponding about my book.

Oct. 31.—Still with an incapable head—trying to write, trying to construct, and unable.

Nov. 6.—So utterly dejected, that in walking with G. in the Park, I almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

Nov. 10 (Sunday).—New sense of things to be done in my novel, and more brightness in my thoughts. Yesterday I was occupied with ideas

about my next English novel; but this morning the Italian scenes returned upon me with fresh attraction. In the evening read 'Monteil.' A marvellous book; crammed with erudition, yet not dull or tiresome. Diary, 1861.

Nov. 14.—Went to the British Museum reading-room for the first time—looking over costumes.

Nov. 20.—Mrs Congreve, Miss Bury, and Mr Spencer to lunch.

Your loving words of remembrance find a very full answer in my heart—fuller than I can write. The years seem to *rush* by now, and I think of death as a fast approaching end of a journey—double and treble reason for loving as well as working while it is day. We went to see Fechter's Othello the other night. It is lamentably bad. He has not weight and passion enough for deep tragedy; and, to my feeling, the play is so degraded by his representation, that it is positively demoralising—as, indeed, all tragedy must be when it fails to move pity and terror. In this case it seems to move only titters among the smart and vulgar people who always make the bulk of a theatre audience. We had a visit from our dear friend Mrs Congreve on Wednesday—a very infrequent pleasure now; for between our own absences from home and hers, and the fatigue of London journeying, it is difficult for us to manage meetings. Mr Congreve is, as usual, working hard in his medical studies—toiling backward and forward daily. What courage and patience are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything! Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. 1861.

Journal,
1861.

Nov. 30.—In the evening we had Wilkie Collins, Mr Pigott, and Mr Spencer, and talked without any music.

Dec. 3-7.—I continued very unwell until Saturday, when I felt a little better. In the evening Dr Baetke, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Dec. 1861.

Miss Marshall came to see us yesterday. That is always a pleasure to me, not only from the sense I have of her goodness, but because she stirs so many remembrances. The first time I saw her was at Rufa's¹ wedding; and don't you remember the evening we spent at Mrs Dobson's? How young we all were then—how old now! She says you are all under the impression that Mr Lewes is still very ailing. Thank all good influences, it is not so. He has been mending ever since we went to Malvern, and is enjoying life and work more than he has done before for nearly a year. He has long had it in his mind to write a history of science—a great, great undertaking, which it is happiness to both of us to contemplate as possible for him. And now he is busy with Aristotle, and works with all the zest that belongs to fresh ideas. Strangely enough, after all the ages of writing about Aristotle, there exists no fair appreciation of his position in natural science.

I am particularly grumbling and disagreeable to myself just now, and I think no one bears physical pain so ill as I do, or is so thoroughly upset by it mentally.

Bulwer has behaved very nicely to me, and I

¹ Mrs Charles Hennell (now Mrs Call).

have a great respect for the energetic industry with which he has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently in very various departments for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Dec. 1861.

I'm sorry you feel any degeneracy in Mr George Dawson. There was something very winning about him in old days, and even what was not winning, but the reverse, affected me with a sort of kindly pity. With such a gift of tongue as he had, it was inevitable that speech should outrun feeling and experience, and I could well imagine that his present self might look back on that self of 21-27 with a sort of disgust. It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow. It would interest me a good deal to know just how Mr Dawson preaches now.

I am writing on my knees with my feet on the fender, and in that attitude I always write very small,—but I hope your sight is not teased by small writing.

Give my best love to Cara, and sympathy with her in the pleasure of grasping an old friend by the hand, and having long talks after the distance of years. I know Mr Bray will enjoy this too—and the new house will seem more like the old one for this warming.

Dec. 8 (Sunday).—G. had a headache, so we walked out in the morning sunshine. I told him

Journal,
1861.

Journal,
1861.

my conception of my story, and he expressed great delight. Shall I ever be able to carry out my ideas? Flashes of hope are succeeded by long intervals of dim distrust. Finished the 8th vol. of *Lastri*, and began the 9th chapter of *Varchi*, in which he gives an accurate account of Florence.

Dec. 12.—Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

Dec. 13.—Read Poggiana. In the afternoon walked to Molini's and brought back Savonarola's '*Dialogus de Veritate Prophetica*,' and '*Compendium Revelationum*,' for £4!

Dec. 14.—In the evening came Mr Huxley, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford.

Dec. 17.—Studied the topography of Florence.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 31st
Dec. 1861.

It was pleasant to have a greeting from you at this season when all signs of human kindness have a double emphasis. As one gets older, epochs have necessarily some sadness, even for those who have, as I have, much family joy. The past, that one would like to mend, spreads behind one so lengthily, and the years of retrieval keep shrinking—the terrible *peau de chagrin* whose outline narrows and narrows with our ebbing life.

I hardly know whether it would be agreeable to you, or worth your while, ever to come to us on a Saturday evening, when we are always at home to any friend who may be kind enough to come to us. It would be very pleasant to us if it were pleasant to you.

During the latter half of 1861, I find the following amongst the books read: 'Histoire des Ordres Religieux,' Sacchetti's 'Nouvelle,' Sismondi's 'History of the Italian Republics,' 'Osservatore Fiorentino,' Tennemann's 'History of Philosophy,' T. A. Trollope's 'Beata,' Sismondi's 'Le Moyen Age Illustré,' 'The Monks of the West,' 'Introduction to Savonarola's Poems,' by Audin de Réans, Renan's 'Études d'Histoire Religieuse,' Virgil's 'Eclogues,' Buhle's 'History of Modern Philosophy,' Hallam on the Study of Roman Law in the Middle Ages, Gibbon on the Revival of Greek Learning, Nardi, Bulwer's 'Rienzi,' Burlamacchi's 'Life of Savonarola,' Pulci, Villari's 'Life of Savonarola,' Mrs Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' 'Hymni and Epigrammati' of Marullus, Politian's 'Epistles,' Marchese's Works, Tiraboschi, Rock's 'Hierurgia,' Pettigrew 'On Medical Superstition,' Manni's 'Life of Burchiello,' Machiavelli's Works, Ginguéné, Muratori 'On Proper Names,' Cicero 'De Officiis,' Petrarch's Letters, Craik's 'History of English Literature,' 'Conti Carnivaleschi,' Letters of Filelfo, Lastri and Varchi, Heeren on the Fifteenth Century.

SUMMARY.

JULY 1860 TO DECEMBER 1861.

Return from Italy to Wandsworth, accompanied by Charles Lewes—'Mill on the Floss' success—6000 sold—Letter to John Blackwood—French translation of 'Adam Bede.' by M. D'Albert of Geneva—Letter to Madame D'Albert—Letter to Miss Hennell on her 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith'—Letter to John Blackwood on Sir Edward Lytton's criticism of 'The Mill on the Floss'—Letter to Mrs Bray, recalling feelings on journey to Italy in 1849—Letter to Miss Sara Hennell—Articles on Strikes, by Henry Fawcett, in 'Westminster'—Sitting to Lawrence for portrait—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Interest in her schools—Letter to Miss Hennell, explaining criticism of 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith'—Reading Emerson's 'Man the Reformer'—Deprecates writing about opinions on large questions in letters—Letter to John Blackwood—Italian novel project—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Love of the country—Removal to 10 Harewood Square—'Brother Jacob' written—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Frederic Harrison's article in 'Westminster' on "Essays and Reviews"—Letter to John Blackwood—Religious party standpoint—Classical quotations—Letter to Miss Hennell on re-reading 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith'—Tribute to Mr Lewes's dispassionate judgment—Suffering from loss of the country—Independence secured—Anthony Trollope and Arthur Helps—Queen's admiration of 'Mill on the Floss'—Writing 'Silas Marner,' a sudden inspiration—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Monday Popular Concerts—Moved to 16 Blandford Square—Waste of time in furnishing—Letter to Madame Bodichon—On religious forms and ceremonies—Herbert Spencer's new work, the best thing he has done—Letter to John Blackwood—'Silas Marner'—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letters to Mrs Congreve—Zoological Gardens—Visit to Dorking—Letter to John Blackwood—Scott—Letters to Miss Hennell—Private correspondence—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Arthur Clough's death—Letter to John

Blackwood — 'Silas Marner' — Books belong to successive mental phases — 'Silas Marner' finished — Visit to Hastings — Letter to Charles Bray — Marriage of Mr William Smith — Letter to John Blackwood — Subscription to 'Silas Marner' 3300 — Article in 'Macmillan' on 'The Mill' — Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor — Position — Letter to John Blackwood — Total subscription to 'Silas Marner' 5500 — Criticism on 'The Mill' — Letter to Mrs P. Taylor — Never pays visits — Letter to Miss Hennell — Hearing Beethoven and Mendelssohn music — Start on second journey to Italy — Letter to Charles Lewes, describing drive from Toulon to Nice — Arrival at Florence — Letter to John Blackwood — No painting of misers with paper money — Letter to Charles Lewes — Feels hopeful about future work — Letter to John Blackwood — Italian novel simmering — Letter to Charles Lewes — Beatrice Trollope — Expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia with Mr T. A. Trollope — Return home by Lago Maggiore and St Gothard — Dinner at Greenwich with John Blackwood, Colonel Hamley, &c. — Reflections on waste of youth — Letters to Miss Hennell describing La Vernia — Improvement in general philosophic attitude — Articles on Study of History in the 'Cornhill' — Positivism one-sided — Admiration of Comte — Letter to Miss Hennell — Fechter in "Hamlet" — The Liturgy of the English Church — Depression — Musical Evenings with Mr Pigott and Mr Redford — Trip to Malvern — Letter to Miss Hennell — New grand piano — Began 'Romola' — Saturday visitors — Letter to Mrs Congreve — Better spirits — Renewed depression — Letter to Miss Hennell — Time flying — Fechter as Othello — Letter to Miss Hennell — Lewes busy with Aristotle — Bulwer — George Dawson — Reading towards 'Romola' — Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor on the Past — Books read.

CHAPTER XII.

Journal,
1862.

January 1.—Mr Blackwood sent me a note enclosing a letter from Montalembert about ‘Silas Marner.’ *I began again my novel of ‘Romola.’*

Letter to M.
D’Albert,
2d Jan. 1862.

I find to my surprise that I have admirers in France, and, in some cases, where I least expected them. Montalembert, for example, and—Alexandre Dumas (the elder)! Count Arrivabene, on his return from Naples, told us that Dumas went off into rhapsodies about ‘Adam Bede,’ and pronounced it the first novel of the age. After this, I will never guess who will admire or dislike me.

After the marriage of Alphonse, the news of your son Charles being at home with you, and actively employed, is a fact I shall like to think of when I give my mind a holiday, by picturing what is going forward at Geneva. Such picturing is often done *viva voce*—for Mr Lewes and I like to talk of you both.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
7th
Jan. 1862.

It is not unlikely that our thoughts and wishes met about New Year’s Day, for I was only prevented from writing to you in that week by the fear of saying decidedly that we could *not* go to you, and

yet finding afterwards that a clear sky, happening to coincide with an absence of other hindrances, would have made that pleasure possible for us. I think we believe in each other's thorough affection, and need not dread misunderstanding. But you must not write again, as you did in one note, a sort of apology for coming to us when you were tired, as if we didn't like to see you anyhow and at any time! And we especially like to think that our house can be a rest to you.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 7th
Jan. 1862.

For the first winter in my life I am hardly ever free from cold. As soon as one has departed with the usual final stage of stuffiness, another presents itself with the usual introduction of sore throat. And Mr Lewes just now is a little ailing. But we have nothing serious to complain of.

You seemed to me so bright and brave the last time I saw you, that I have had cheerful thoughts of you ever since. Write to me always when anything happens to you, either pleasant or sad, that there is no reason for my not knowing, so that we may not spend long weeks in wondering how all things are with you.

And do come to us whenever you can, without caring about my going to you, for this is too difficult for me in chill and doubtful weather. Are you not looking anxiously for the news from America?

As for the brain being useless after fifty, that is no general rule: witness the good and hard work that has been done in plenty after that age. I wish I could be inspired with just the knowledge that would enable me to be of some good to you. I feel

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
13th Jan
1862.

so ignorant and helpless. The year *is* opening happily for us, except—alas! the exception is a great one—in the way of health. Mr Lewes is constantly ailing, like a delicate headachy woman. But we have abundant blessings.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Jan.
1862.

I hope you are able to enjoy Max Müller's great and delightful book during your imprisonment. It tempts me away from other things. I have read most of the numbers of 'Orley Farm,' and admire it very much, with the exception of such parts as I have read about Moulder & Co. Anthony Trollope is admirable in the presentation of even average life and character, and he is so thoroughly wholesome-minded that one delights in seeing his books lie about to be read. Have you read 'Beata' yet—the first novel written by his brother at Florence, who is our especial favourite? Do read it when you can, if the opportunity has not already come. I am going to be taken to a pantomime in the daytime, like a good child, for a Christmas treat, not having had my fair share of pantomime in the world.

Journal,
1862.

Jan. 18 (Saturday).—We had an agreeable evening. Mr Burton¹ and Mr Clark² of Cambridge made an acceptable variety in our party.

Jan. 19-20.—Head very bad—producing terrible depression.

¹ Now Sir Frederic Burton, Director of the National Gallery, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of George Eliot now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, and who was a very intimate and valued friend of Mr and Mrs Lewes.

² Mr W. G. Clark, late Public Orator at Cambridge, well known as a scholar, and for his edition of Shakespeare in conjunction with Mr Aldis Wright.

Jan. 23.—Wrote again, feeling in brighter spirits
Mr Smith the publisher called and had an inter-
view with G. He asked if I were open to "a mag-
nificent offer." This made me think about money
—but it is better for me not to be rich.

Journal,
1862.

Jan. 26 (Sunday).—Detained from writing by the
necessity of gathering particulars: 1st, about Lor-
enzo de Medici's death; 2d, about the possible re-
tardation of Easter; 3d, about Corpus Christi day;
4th, about Savonarola's preaching in the Quaresima
of 1492. Finished 'La Mandragola'—second time
reading for the sake of Florentine expressions—and
began 'La Calandra.'

Jan. 31.—Have been reading some entries in my
note-book of past times in which I recorded my
malaise and despair. But it is impossible to me to
believe that I have ever been in so unpromising
and despairing a state as I now feel. After writing
these words I read to G. the Proem and opening
scene of my novel, and he expressed great delight
in them.

I was taken to see my pantomime. How pretty
it is to see the theatre full of children! Ah, what
I should have felt in my real child days to have
been let into the further history of Mother Hubbard
and her Dog!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 3d
Feb. 1862.

George Stephenson is one of my great heroes;
has he not a dear old face?

I think yours is the instinct of all delicate natures
—not to speak to authors about their writings. It
is better for us all to hear as little about ourselves
as possible; to do our work faithfully, and be satis-

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 3d
Feb. 1862.

fied with the certainty that if it touches many minds, it cannot touch them in a way quite aloof from our intention and hope.

Journal,
1862.

Feb. 7.—A week of February already gone! I have been obliged to be very moderate in work from feebleness of head and body; but I have rewritten, with additions, the first chapter of my book.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
8th Feb.
1862.

I am wondering whether you could spare me, *for a few weeks*, the "Tempest" music, and any other vocal music of that or of a kindred species? I don't want to buy it until our singers have experimented upon it. Don't think of sending me anything that you are using at all, but if said music be lying idle, I should be grateful for the loan. We have several operas—"Don Giovanni," "Figaro," the "Barbiere," "Flauto Magico," and also the music of "Macbeth;" but I think that is all our stock of concerted vocal music.

Journal,
1862.

Feb. 11.—We set off to Dorking. The day was lovely, and we walked through Mr Hope's park to Betchworth. In the evening I read aloud Sybel's 'Lectures on the Crusades.'

Feb. 12.—The day was grey, but the air was fresh and pleasant. We walked to Wootton Park—Evelyn's Wootton,—lunched at a little roadside inn there, and returned to Dorking to dine. During stay at Dorking finished the first twelve cantos of Pulci.

Feb. 13.—Returned home.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Feb.
1862.

I think it is a reasonable law that the one who takes wing should be the first to write—not the bird that stays in the old cage, and may be supposed to be eating the usual seed and groundsel, and look-

ing at the same slice of the world through the same wires.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Feb.
1862.

I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good. I would rather know that the beings I love are in some trouble, and suffer because of it, even though I can't help them, than be fancying them happy when they are not so, and making myself comfortable on the strength of that false belief. And so I am impatient of all ignorance and concealment. I don't say "that is wise," but simply "that is my nature." I can enter into what you have felt, for serious illness, such as seems to bring death near, makes one feel the simple human brother- and sister-hood so strongly, that those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of a hospital patient when she was dying, her face, and all the memories along with it, would seem to lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of many old friends and blood relations.

We have had no troubles but the public troubles—anxiety about the war with America, and sympathy with the poor Queen. My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale (as the war) of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which, in some quarters, is held to be the only form of liberal thought.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Feb.
1862.

George has fairly begun what we have long contemplated as a happiness for him—a History of Science, and has written so thorough an analysis and investigation of Aristotle's Natural Science, that he feels it will make an epoch for the men who are interested at once in the progress of modern science and in the question how far Aristotle went both in the observation of facts and in their theoretic combination—a question never yet cleared up after all these ages. This work makes him “very jolly,” but his dear face looks very pale and narrow. Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.

God bless you—that is not a false word, however many false ideas may have been hidden under it. No,—not false ideas, but temporary ones—caterpillars and chrysalids of future ideas.

Journal,
1862.

Feb. 17.—I have written only the two first chapters of my novel besides the Proem, and I have an oppressive sense of the far-stretching task before me, health being feeble just now. I have lately read again with great delight Mrs Browning's “Casa Guidi Windows.” It contains, amongst other admirable things, a very noble expression of what I believe to be the true relation of the religious mind to the past.

Feb. 26.—I have been very ailing all this last week, and have worked under impeding discouragement. I have a distrust in myself, in my work, in others' loving acceptance of it, which robs my otherwise happy life of all joy. I ask myself, without being able to answer, whether I have ever before

felt so chilled and oppressed. I have written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

Journal,
1862.

Feb. 27.—George Smith, the publisher, brought the proof of G.'s book, 'Animal Studies,' and laid before him a proposition to give me £10,000 for my new novel—*i.e.*, for its appearance in the 'Cornhill,' and the entire copyright at home and abroad.

March 1.—The idea of my novel appearing in the 'Cornhill' is given up, as G. Smith wishes to have it commenced in May, and I cannot consent to begin publication until I have seen nearly to the end of the work.

We had agreeable weather until yesterday, which was wet and blustering, so that we could only snatch two short walks. Pater is better, I think; and I, as usual, am impudently flourishing in country air and idleness. On Friday Mr Bone, our landlord, drove us out in his pony carriage, to see the "meet" of the stag-hounds, and on Saturday ditto to see the fox-hunters; so you perceive we have been leading rather a grand life.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 10th
March 1862,
from Engle-
field Green.

March 11.—On Wednesday last, the 5th, G. and I set off to Englefield Green, where we have spent a delightful week at the Barley Mow Inn. I have finished Pulci there, and read aloud the 'Château d'If.'

Journal,
1862.

We returned from our flight into the country yesterday, not without a sigh at parting with the pure air and the notes of the blackbirds for the usual canopy of smoke and the sound of cab wheels. I am not going out again, and our life will have its

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th March
1862.

old routine—lunch at half-past one, walk till four, dinner at five.

Journal,
1862.

March 24.—After enjoying our week at Egham, I returned to protracted headache. Last Saturday we received as usual, and our party was joined by Mr and Mrs Noel. I have begun the fourth chapter of my novel, but have been working under a weight.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th March
1862.

I congratulate you on being out of London, which is more like a pandemonium than usual. The fog and rain have been the more oppressive because I have seen them through Mr Lewes's almost constant discomfort. I think he has had at least five days of sick headache since you saw him. But then he is better tempered and more cheerful *with* headache than most people are without it; and in that way he lightens his burthen. Have you noticed in the 'Times' Mr Peabody's magnificent deed?—the gift of £150,000 for the amelioration (body and soul, I suppose) of the poorer classes in London. That is a pleasant association to have with an American name.

Journal,
1862.

April 1.—Much headache this last week.

April 2.—Better this morning; writing with enjoyment. At the seventy-seventh page. Read Juvenal this morning and Nisard.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
5th April
1862.

Your letter with its pleasant details was very welcome. I rejoice especially in that pretty appendix to your life which is made by the young household of Marseilles, and I like to think that there is much brightness still in reserve for the evening of Maman's sweet life, in the thought and the sight of a happiness that touches her so closely.

The two volumes of 'La Famille Tulliver' have duly arrived, and some day, when I can afford to give myself that idle pleasure, I shall glance at the pages, that I may imagine the translator more vividly by reading phrases which have been in his mind—a little too often for his patience, perhaps, in the long business of revision and proof-correcting. Yet I hardly need any help in bringing you and Maman before me, and hearing the tone of the two voices. I have the happiness of being able to recall beloved faces and accents with great clearness, and in this way my friends are continually with me.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
5th April
1862.

Tell Maman that she never ceases to make one among those dearest human beings who have given me the blessedness of feeling perfect respect as well as love. I fancy I am kissing her soft cheek now, while you, dear friend, are saying something to make us smile. I wonder whether you are now as you used to be—at once brightly cheerful and deeply sad.

Mr Lewes shares all things with me, except my failings, of which he only shares the inconveniences. And so, though I have no express message to deliver, I am quite truthful in saying that he shares my affectionate wishes towards you both.

April 16.—As I had been ailing for a fortnight or more, we resolved to go to Dorking, and set off to-day.

Journal,
1862.

May 6.—We returned from Dorking after a stay of three weeks, during which we have had delicious weather.

Our life is the old accustomed duet this month.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
May 1862

We enjoy an interval of our double solitude. Doesn't the spring look lovelier every year to eyes that want more and more light? It was rather saddening to leave the larks and all the fresh leaves to come back to the rolling of cabs and "the blacks;" but in compensation we have all our conveniences about us.

Journal,
1862.

May 23.—Since I wrote last, very important decisions have been made. I am to publish my novel of *'Romola'* in the *'Cornhill Magazine'* for £7000, paid in twelve monthly payments. There has been the regret of leaving Blackwood, who has written me a letter in the most perfect spirit of gentlemanliness and good feeling.

May 27.—Mr Helps, Mr Burton, and Mr T. A. Trollope dined with us.

May 31.—Finished the second part, extending to page 183.

June 30.—I have at present written only the scene between Romola and her brother in San Marco towards Part IV. This morning I had a delightful generous letter from Mr Anthony Trollope about *'Romola.'*

July 6.—The past week has been unfruitful from various causes. The consequence is, that I am no further on in my MS., and have lost the excellent start my early completion of the third part had given me.

July 10.—A dreadful palsy has beset me for the last few days. I have scarcely made any progress. Yet I have been very well in body. I have been reading a book often referred to by Hallam—

Meiners's 'Lives of Mirandola and Politian.' They are excellent. They have German industry, and are succinctly and clearly written.

Imagine me—not fuming in imperfect resignation under London smoke, but—with the wide sky of the coast above me, and every comfort positive and negative around me, even to the absence of staring eyes and crinolines. Worthing was so full that it rejected us, and, to our great good fortune, sent us here. We were pleased to hear that you had seen Mr Spencer. We always feel him particularly welcome when he comes back to town; there is no one like him for talking to about certain things.

You will come and dine or walk with us whenever you have nothing better to do in your visit to town. I take that for granted. We lie, you know, on the way *between* the Exhibition and Mr Noel's.

Sept. 23.—Returned from our stay in the country, first at the Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, and for the last three days at Dorking.

'The Small House at Allington' is by our excellent friend Mr Anthony Trollope—one of the heartiest, most genuine, moral and generous men we know. His brother, too, Mr Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who has resided at Florence for twenty years, is very much valued by us. They are sons, you know, of the Mrs Trollope whose name must be familiar to you as an authoress, even if you have known nothing of her personally.

I have not read 'Les Misérables,' having been for a long while exclusively occupied with old Flor-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Sept.
1862, from
Little-
hampton

Journal,
1862.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
23d Sept.
1862.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
23d Sept.
1862.

entire literature ; but Mr Lewes told me enough of the earlier volumes to make me understand your feeling about it. If any writer of less name than Hugo had made such a mistake in art as to give that long descriptive account of a character (the bishop) who has so short a rôle dramatically, the critics would have surely complained. Yet as it is, Mr Lewes tells me that even Émile Montégut found the art of the first two volumes altogether admirable.

Journal,
1862.

Sept. 26.—At page 62, Part VI. Yesterday a letter came from Mr T. A. Trollope, full of encouragement for me. *Ebenezer.*

Oct. 2.—At page 85. Scene between Tito and Romola.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 2d
Oct. 1862.

Welcome to your letter, and welcome to the hope of seeing you again ! I have an engagement on Monday from lunch till dinner. Apart from that, I know of nothing that will take us farther than for our daily walk, which, you know, begins at two. But we will alter the order of any day for the sake of seeing you. Mr Lewes's absence of a fortnight at Spa was a great success. He has been quite brilliant ever since. Ten days ago we returned from a stay of three weeks in the country—chiefly at Littlehampton—and we are both very well. Everything is prosperous with us ; and we are so far from griefs, that if we had a wonderful emerald ring, we should perhaps be wise to throw it away as a propitiation of the envious gods.

So much in immediate reply to your kind anxiety. Everything else when we meet.

Oct. 31.—Finished Part VII., having determined to end at the point where Romola has left Florence. Journal, 1862.

Nov. 14.—Finished reading ‘Boccaccio’ through for the second time.

Nov. 17.—Read the ‘Orfeo’ and ‘Stanze’ of Poliziano. The latter are wonderfully fine for a youth of sixteen. They contain a description of a Palace of Venus, which seems the suggestion of Tennyson’s Palace of Art in many points.

I wish I knew that this birthday has found you happier than any that went before. There are so many things—best things—that only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last. We have been to a Monday Pop. this week to hear Beethoven’s Septett, and an amazing thing of Bach’s, played by the amazing Joachim. But there is too much “Pop.” for the thorough enjoyment of the chamber music they give. You will be interested to know that there is a new muster of scientific and philosophic men lately established, for the sake of bringing people who care to know and speak the truth, as well as they can, into regular communication. Mr Lewes was at the first meeting at Clumn’s Hotel on Friday last. The plan is to meet and dine moderately and cheaply, and no one is to be admitted who is not “thorough” in the sense of being free from the suspicion of temporising and professing opinions on official grounds. The plan was started at Cambridge. Mr Huxley is president, and Charles Kingsley is vice. If they are sufficiently rigid about admissions, the club may come to good—

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Nov.
1862.

bringing together men who think variously, but have more hearty feelings in common than they give each other credit for. Mr Robert Chambers (who lives in London now) is very warm about the matter. Mr Spencer, too, is a member.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
26th Nov.
1862.

Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now. That speech of Carlyle's,¹ which sounds so odious, must, I think, have been provoked by something in the *manner* of the statement to which it came as an answer—else it would hurt me very much that he should have uttered it.

You left a handkerchief at our house. I will take care of it till next summer. I look forward with some longing to that time when I shall have lightened my soul of one chief thing I wanted to do, and be freer to think and feel about other people's work. We shall see you oftener, I hope, and have a great deal more talk than ever we have had before to make amends for our stinted enjoyment of you this summer.

¹ Some general remark of Carlyle's—Madame Bodichon cannot remember exactly what it was.

God bless you, dear Barbara. You are very precious to us.

I have to thank you for the two copies of 'Silas Marner,' which arrived the other day. I looked through the scene in the village tavern, and thought, so far as I am a judge of a French rendering, that you had given the spirit of the scene very charmingly. Here and there it was inevitable that, for want of the knowledge which only a native of England can have, you should mistake the meaning of a phrase.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
28th Nov.
1862.

I hope Maman and you are expecting Christmas and the New Year with a sense of family joys about you, as well as with tolerable health. With us at present the weather is mild, and we are hoping, for the sake of Lancashire weavers out of work, that the winter will not be severe.

Our life has been quite without incidents lately, and we have been absorbed in our work and our fireside affections. In this world of struggles and endurance, we seem to have more than our share of happiness and prosperity, and I think this year's end finds me enjoying existence more than I ever did before, in spite of the loss of youth. Study is a keener delight to me than ever, and I think the affections, instead of being dulled by age, have acquired a stronger activity—or at least their activity seems stronger from being less perturbed by the egoism of young cravings. I should like to know that your experience is the same.

My constant love to Maman.

Journal,
1862.

Nov. 30 (Sunday).—Finished Part VIII. Mr Burton came.

Dec. 16.—In the evening Browning paid us a visit for the first time.

Dec. 17.—At p. 22 only. I am extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing. The long state of headache has left me in depression and incapacity. The constantly heavy-clouded, and often wet, weather tends to increase the depression. I am inwardly irritable, and unvisited by good thoughts. Reading the ‘Purgatorio’ again, and the ‘Compendium Revelationum’ of Savonarola. After this record, I read aloud what I had written of Part IX. to George, and he, to my surprise, entirely approved of it.

Dec. 24.—Mrs F. Malleeson brought me a beautiful plant as a Christmas offering. In the evening we went to hear the “Messiah” at Her Majesty’s Theatre.

I am very sensitive to words and looks and all signs of sympathy, so you may be sure that your kind wishes are not lost upon me.

As you will have your house full, the wish for a “Merry Christmas” may be literally fulfilled for you. We shall be quieter, with none but our family trio, but that is always a happy one. We are going to usher in the day by hearing the “Messiah” to-night at Her Majesty’s.

Evening will be a pleasanter time for a little genial talk than “calling hours;” and if you will come to us without ceremony, you will hardly run the risk of not finding us. We go nowhere except to concerts.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 24th
Dec. 1862.

We are longing to run away from London, but I daresay we shall not do so before March. Winter is probably yet to come, and one would not like to be caught by frost and snow away from one's own hearth.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 24th
Dec. 1862.

Always believe, without my saying it, that it gladdens me to know when anything I do has value for you.

It is very sweet to me to have any proof of loving remembrance. That would have made the book-marker precious even if it had been ugly. But it is perfectly beautiful—in colour, words, and symbols. Hitherto I have been discontented with the Coventry book-marks; for at the shop where we habitually see them they have all got—"Let the people praise Thee, O God," on them, and nothing else. But I can think of no motto better than those three words. I suppose no wisdom the world will ever find out will make Paul's words obsolete—"Now abide," &c., "but the greatest of these is Charity." Our Christmas, too, has been quiet. Mr Lewes, who talks much less about goodness than I do, but is always readier to do the right thing, thinks it rather wicked for us to eat our turkey and plum-pudding without asking some forlorn person to eat it with us. But I'm afraid we were glad, after all, to find ourselves alone with "the boy." On Christmas Eve a sweet woman, remembering me as you have done, left a beautiful plant at the door, and after that we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's. We felt a considerable *minus* from the absence of the organ, contrary

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.
1862.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.
1862.

to advertisement: nevertheless it was good to be there. What pitiable people those are who feel no poetry in Christianity! Surely the acme of poetry hitherto is the conception of the suffering Messiah, and the final triumph, "He shall reign for ever and for ever." The Prometheus is a very imperfect foreshadowing of that symbol wrought out in the long history of the Jewish and Christian ages.

Mr Lewes and I have both been in miserable health during all this month. I have had a fortnight's incessant *malaise* and feebleness; but as I had had many months of tolerable health, it was my turn to be uncomfortable. If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr Lewes bought for me in prevision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but "sees no harm" in my reading it.

Letter to
the Brays,
29th Dec.
1862.

I am not quite sure what you mean by "charity" when you call it humbug. If you mean that attitude of mind which says, "I forgive my fellow-men for not being as good as I am," I agree with you in hoping that it will vanish, as also the circumstantial form of almsgiving. But if you are alluding to anything in my letter, I meant what charity meant in the elder English, and what the translators of the Bible meant in their rendering of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians—*Caritas*, the highest love or fellowship, which I am happy to believe that no philosophy will expel from the world.

Journal,
1862.

Dec. 31 (last day of the kind old year).—Clear and pleasantly mild. Yesterday a pleasant mes-

sage from Mr Hannay about 'Romola.' We have had many blessings this year. Opportunities which have enabled us to acquire an abundant independence; the satisfactory progress of our two eldest boys; various grounds of happiness in our work; and ever-growing happiness in each other. I hope with trembling that the coming year may be as comforting a retrospect,—with trembling because my work is not yet done. Besides the finishing of 'Romola,' we have to think of Thornie's passing his final examination, and, in case of success, his going out to India; of Bertie's leaving Hofwyl; and of our finding a new residence. I have had more than my average amount of comfortable health until this last month, in which I have been constantly ailing; and my work has suffered proportionately.

The letter with the one word in it, like a whisper of sympathy, lay on my plate when I went down to lunch this morning. The generous movement that made you send it has gladdened me all day. I have had a great deal of pretty encouragement from immense big-wigs—some of them saying 'Romola' is the finest book they ever read; but the opinion of big-wigs has one sort of value, and the fellow-feeling of a long-known friend has another. One can't do quite well without both. *En revanche*, I am a feeble wretch, with eyes that threaten to get bloodshot on the slightest provocation. We made a rush to Dorking for a day or two, and the quiet and fresh air seemed to make a new creature of me; but when we get back to town, town-sensations return.

Journal,
1862.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
2d Feb.
1863.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 9th
March 1863.

That scheme of a sort of Philosophical Club that I told you of went to pieces before it was finished, like a house of cards. So it will be to the end, I fancy, with all attempts at combinations that are not based either on material interests or on opinions that are not merely opinions but *religion*. Doubtless you have been interested in the Colenso correspondence, and perhaps in Miss Cobbe's rejoinder to Mrs Stowe's remonstrating answer to the women of England. I was glad to see how free the answer was from all tartness or conceit. Miss Cobbe's introduction to the new edition of Theodore Parker is also very honourable to her—a little too metaphorical here and there, but with real thought and good feeling.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 18th
April 1863.

It is a comfort to hear of you again, and to know that there is no serious trouble to mar the spring weather for you. I must carry that thought as my consolation for not seeing you on Tuesday,—not quite a sufficient consolation, for my eyes desire you very much after these long months of almost total separation. The reason I cannot have that pleasure on Tuesday is that, according to a long-arranged plan, I am going on Monday to Dorking again for a fortnight. I should be still more vexed to miss you if I were in better condition, but at present I am rather like a shell-less lobster, and inclined to creep out of sight. I shall write to you, or try to see you, as soon as I can after my return. I wish you could have told me of a more decided return to ordinary health in Mr Congreve, but I am inclined to hope that the lecturing may

rather benefit than injure him, by being a moral tonic. How much there is for us to talk about! But only to look at dear faces that one has seen so little of for a long while, seems reason enough for wanting to meet. Mr Lewes is better than usual just now, and you must not suppose that there is anything worse the matter with me than you have been used to seeing in me. Please give my highest regards to Mr Congreve, and love to Emily, who, I hope, has quite got back the roses which had somewhat paled. My pen straggles as if it had a stronger will than I.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 18th
April 1863

Glad you enjoyed 'Esmond.' It is a fine book. Since you have been interested in the historical suggestions, I recommend you to read Thackeray's 'Lectures on the English Humourists,' which are all about the men of the same period. There is a more exaggerated estimate of Swift and Addison than is implied in 'Esmond;' and the excessive laudation of men who are considerably below the tip-top of human nature, both in their lives and genius, rather vitiates the Lectures, which are otherwise admirable, and are delightful reading.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 28th
April 1863,
from
Dorking.

The wind is high and cold, making the sunshine seem hard and unsympathetic.

May 6.—We have just returned from Dorking, whither I went a fortnight ago to have solitude, while George took his journey to Hofwyl to see Bertie. The weather was severely cold for several days of my stay, and I was often ailing. That has been the way with me for a month and more,

Journal
1863.

and in consequence I am backward with my July number of 'Romola'—the last part but one.

I remember my wife telling me, at Witley, how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, "I began it a young woman,—I finished it an old woman."

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
12th May 1863.

Yes! we shall be in town in June. Your coming would be reason good enough, but we have others—chiefly, that we are up to the ears in boydom and imperious parental duties. All is as happy and prosperous with us as heart can lawfully desire, except my health. I have been a mere wretch for several months past. You will come to me like the morning sunlight, and make me a little less of a flaccid cabbage-plant.

It is a very pretty life you are leading at Hastings, with your painting all morning, and fair mothers and children to look at the rest of the day.

I am terribly frightened about Mrs ——. She wrote to me telling me that we were sure to suit each other, neither of us holding the opinions of the *Moutons de Pamurges*. Nothing could have been more decisive of the opposite prospect to me. If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of "knowingness," it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. However,

she will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman.

May 16.—Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement. Journal,
1863.

May 18.—Began Part XIV.—the last! Yesterday George saw Count Arrivabene, who wishes to translate ‘Romola,’ and says the Italians are indebted to me.

Health seems, to those who want it, enough to make daylight a gladness. But the explanation of evils is never consoling except to the explainer. We are just as we were, thinking about the questionable house (The Priory), and wondering what would be the right thing to do; hardly liking to lock up any money in land and bricks, and yet frightened lest we should not get a quiet place just when we want it. But I daresay we shall have it after all.

June 6.—We had a little evening party with music, intended to celebrate the completion of ‘Romola,’ which, however, is not absolutely completed, for I have still to alter the epilogue. Journal,
1863.

June 9.—Put the last stroke to ‘Romola.’ *Eben-ezer!* Went in the evening to hear ‘La Gazza Ladra.’

The manuscript of ‘Romola’ bears the following inscription:—

“To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength, this manuscript is given by his devoted wife, the writer.”

How impossible it is for strong, healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th June
1863.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th June
1863.

suffering eats at the root of one's life! The philosophy that is true—the religion that is strength to the healthy—is constantly emptiness to one when the head is distracted and every sensation is oppressive.

Journal,
1863.

June 16.—George and I set off to-day to the Isle of Wight, where we had a delightful holiday. On Friday, the 19th, we settled for a week at Niton, which, I think, is the prettiest place in all the island. On the following Friday we went on to Freshwater, and failed, from threatening rain, in an attempt to walk to Alum Bay, so that we rather repented of our choice. The consolation was that we shall know better than to go to Freshwater another time. On the Saturday morning we drove to Ryde, and remained there until Monday the 29th.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st June
1863, from
Niton.

Your letter was a welcome addition to our sunshine this Sabbath morning. For in this particular we seem to have been more fortunate than you, having had almost constant sunshine since we arrived at Sandown, on Tuesday evening.

This place is perfect, reminding me of Jersey, in its combination of luxuriant greeneth with the delights of a sandy beach. At the *end* of our week, if the weather is warmer, we shall go on to Freshwater for our remaining few days. But the wind at present is a little colder than one desires it, when the object is to get rid of a cough, and unless it gets milder, we shall go back to Shanklin. I am enjoying the hedgerow grasses and flowers with something like a released prisoner's feeling—it is so long since I had a bit of real English country.

I am very happy in my holiday, finding quite a fresh charm in the hedgerow grasses and flowers after my long banishment from them. We have a flower-garden just round us, and then a sheltered grassy walk, on which the sun shines through the best part of the day; and then a wide meadow, and beyond that trees and the sea. Moreover, our landlady has cows, and we get the quintessence of cream—excellent bread and butter also, and a young lady, with a large crinoline, to wait upon us,—all for 25s. per week; or rather, we get the apartment in which we enjoy those primitive and modern blessings for that moderate sum.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 21st
June 1863,
from Niton.

July 4.—Went to see Ristori in “Adrienne Lecouvreur,” and did not like it. I have had hemi-crania for several days, and have been almost idle since my return home.

Journal,
1863.

Constant languor from the new heat has made me shirk all exertion not imperative. And just now there are not only those excitements of the season, which even we quiet people get our share of, but there is an additional boy to be cared for—Thornie, who is this week passing his momentous examination.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July
1863.

A pretty thing has happened to an acquaintance of mine, which is quite a tonic to one's hope. She has all her life been working hard in various ways, as housekeeper, governess, and several et ceteras that I can't think of at this moment—a dear little dot, about four feet eleven in height; pleasant to look at, and clever; a working woman, without any of those epicene queernesses that be-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July
1863.

long to the class. Her life has been a history of family troubles, and she has that susceptible nature which makes such troubles hard to bear. More than once she has told me that courage quite forsook her. She felt as if there were no good in living and striving: it was difficult to discern or believe in any results for others, and there seemed none worth having for herself. Well! a man of fortune and accomplishments has just fallen in love with her, now she is thirty-three. It is the prettiest story of a swift decided passion, and made me cry for joy. Mme. Bodichon and I went with her to buy her wedding clothes. The future husband is also thirty-three—old enough to make his selection an honour. Fond of travelling and science and other good things, such as a man deserves to be fond of who chooses a poor woman in the teeth of grand relatives: brought up a Unitarian just turned Catholic. If you will only imagine everything I have not said, you will think this a very charming fairy tale.

We are going this evening to see the French actress in "Juliet" (Stella Colas) who is astonishing the town. Last week we saw Ristori, the other night heard the "Faust," and next week we are going to hear the "Elisir d'Amore," and "Faust" again! So you see we are trying to get some compensation for the necessity of living among bricks in this sweet summer time. I can bear the opera better than any other evening entertainment, because the house is airy and the stalls are comfortable. The opera is a great, great product—pity we

can't always have fine *Weltgeschichtliche* dramatic motives wedded with fine music, instead of trivialities or hideousnesses. Perhaps this last is too strong a word for anything except the "Traviata." Rigoletto is unpleasant, but it is a superlatively fine tragedy in the Nemesis. I think I don't know a finer.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
11th July
1863.

We are really going to buy The Priory after all. You would think it very pretty if you saw it now, with the roses blooming about it.

July 12.—I am now in the middle of G.'s 'Aristotle,' which gives me great delight.

Journal,
1863.

I am rather deaf and stupid this morning, for last night we went to hear Gounod's "Faust" for the second time. It is being performed at both our opera-houses, and last night we heard it with the advantage, not only of some preparation by a first hearing, but also of a superior, well-conducted orchestra. My first impressions were not favourable, but last night I was converted to considerable admiration,—converted by an intense enjoyment of certain moments. Faure, who is the Mephistopheles, acts and sings the part with a striking effect. Nevertheless, I still feel that the composer is wanting in the great power of wedding passion with melody; he seems to me to be comparatively feeble in the pathetic and tragic moments. But we have an accomplished critic, who says the garden duet is finer than the divine duet between Valentine and Raoul in the "Huguenots." That may be, but I have not yet felt it.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th July
1863.

I have not seen Renan's book. He is a favourite writer of mine, but I care less about this 'Vie de

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
18th July
1863.

Jésus' than I should have cared years ago. It consists, as I gather from the notices I have seen, of conclusions, without any statement of the process by which they have been arrived at; and the conclusions, I imagine, have nothing novel in them for people who have been long acquainted with the results of modern criticism. But I am surprised to hear that there is anything "cavalier" in Renan's treatment of religious belief: he has always seemed to me remarkable as a French mind that is at once "scientific" (in the German sense) and eminently tender and reverent towards the forms in which the religious sentiment has incarnated itself.

I fear you would hardly be likely to get adequate compensation for the labour it would cost you to translate the '*Physiology of Common Life.*' In money certainly not. And even the French now are becoming accomplished in foreign languages, so that the demand for translations from the English into French is probably lessening for works which address themselves to the cultured.

Journal,
1863.

July 23. Reading Mommsen, and Story's '*Roba di Roma*;' also Liddell's '*Rome*,' for a narrative to accompany Mommsen's analysis.

July 29. In the evening we went to Covent Garden to hear "*Faust*" for the third time. On our return we found a letter from Frederick Maurice the greatest, most generous tribute ever given to me in my life.¹

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 30th
July 1863.

I have wanted for several days to make some feeble sign in writing that I think of your trouble.

¹ I regret that I have not been able to find this letter.

But one claim after another has arisen as a hindrance. Conceive us, please, with three boys at home, all bigger than their father! It is a congestion of youthfulness on our mature brains that disturbs the course of our lives a little, and makes us think of most things as good to be deferred till the boys are settled again. I tell you so much to make you understand that "omission" is not with me equivalent to "neglect," and that I *do* care for what happens to you.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 30th
July 1863.

Renan is a favourite with me. I feel more kinship with his mind than with that of any other living French author. But I think I shall not do more than look through the Introduction to his '*Vie de Jésus*'—unless I happen to be more fascinated by the constructive part than I expect to be from the specimens I have seen. For minds acquainted with the European culture of this last half-century, Renan's book can furnish no new result; and they are likely to set little store by the too facile construction of a life from materials of which the biographical significance becomes more dubious as they are more closely examined. It seems to me the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life, but in the ideas of which that life was the meeting-point and the new starting-point. We can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the man Jesus, but that negation does not affect the Idea of the Christ either in its historical influence or its great symbolic meanings. Still such books as Renan's have their value in helping the popular imagination to feel that the sacred past is of one

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 30th
July 1863.

woof with that human present, which ought to be sacred too.

You mention Renan in your note, and the mention has sent me off into rather gratuitous remarks, you perceive. But such scrappy talk about great subjects may have a better excuse than usual, if it just serves to divert your mind from the sad things that must be importuning you now.

Letter to R.
H. Hutton,
8th Aug.
1863.

After reading your article on 'Romola,' with careful reference to the questions you put to me in your letter, I can answer sincerely that I find nothing fanciful in your interpretation. On the contrary, I am confirmed in the satisfaction I felt when I first listened to the article, at finding that certain chief elements of my intention have impressed themselves so strongly on your mind, notwithstanding the imperfect degree in which I have been able to give form to my ideas. Of course if I had been called on to expound my own book, there are other things that I should want to say, or things that I should say somewhat otherwise; but I can point to nothing in your exposition of which my consciousness tells me that it is erroneous, in the sense of saying something which I neither thought nor felt. You have seized with a fulness which I had hardly hoped that my book could suggest, what it was my effort to express in the presentation of Bardo and Baldassarre; and also the relation of the Florentine political life to the development of Tito's nature. Perhaps even a judge so discerning as yourself could not infer from the imperfect result how strict a self-control and selec-

tion were exercised in the presentation of details. I believe there is scarcely a phrase, an incident, an allusion, that did not gather its value to me from its supposed subservience to my main artistic objects. But it is likely enough that my mental constitution would always render the issue of my labour something excessive—wanting due proportion. It is the habit of my imagination to strive after as full a vision of the medium in which a character moves as of the character itself. The psychological causes which prompted me to give such details of Florentine life and history as I have given, are precisely the same as those which determined me in giving the details of English village life in ‘*Silas Marner*,’ or the “*Dodson*” life, out of which were developed the destinies of poor Tom and Maggie. But you have correctly pointed out the reason why my tendency to excess in this effort after artistic vision makes the impression of a fault in ‘*Romola*’ much more perceptibly than in my previous books. And I am not surprised at your dissatisfaction with *Romola* herself. I can well believe that the many difficulties belonging to the treatment of such a character have not been overcome, and that I have failed to bring out my conception with adequate fulness. I am sorry she has attracted you so little; for the great problem of her life, which essentially coincides with a chief problem in Savonarola’s, is one that readers need helping to understand. But with regard to that and to my whole book, my predominant feeling is,—not that I have achieved anything, but—that great,

Letter to R.
H. Hutton,
8th Aug.
1863.

Letter to R.
H. Hutton,
8th Aug.
1863.

great facts have struggled to find a voice through me, and have only been able to speak brokenly. That consciousness makes me cherish the more any proof that my work has been seen to have some true significance by minds prepared not simply by instruction, but by that religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man which is the larger half of culture.

Journal,
1863.

Aug. 10.—Went to Worthing. A sweet letter from Mrs Hare, wife of Julius Hare, and Maurice's sister.

Aug. 18.—Returned home much invigorated by the week of change; but my spirits seem to droop as usual, now I am in London again.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
19th Aug.
1863.

I was at Worthing when your letter came, spending all my daylight hours out of doors, and trying with all my might to get health and cheerfulness. I will tell you the true reason why I did not go to Hastings. I thought you would be all the better for not having that solicitation of your kindness that the fact of my presence there might have caused. What you needed was precisely to get away from people to whom you would inevitably want to be doing something friendly, instead of giving yourself up to passive enjoyment. Else, of course, I should have liked everything you write about and invite me to.

We only got home last night, and I suppose we shall hardly be able to leave town again till after the two younger boys have left us, and after we have moved into the new house.

Since I saw you I have had some sweet woman's

tenderness shown me by Mrs Hare, the widow of Archdeacon Hare, and the sister of Frederick Maurice.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
19th Aug.,
1863.

I *know* how you are enjoying the country. I have just been having the joy myself. The wide sky, the *not* London, makes a new creature of me in half an hour. I wonder, then, why I am ever depressed—why I am so shaken by agitations. I come back to London, and again the air is full of demons.

I think I get a little freshness from the breeze that blows on you—a little lifting of heart from your wide sky and Welsh mountains. And the edge of autumn on the morning air makes even London a place in which one can believe in beauty and delight. Delicate scent of dried rose-leaves and the coming on of the autumnal airs are two things that make me feel happy before I know why.

Letter to
Mrs Bray
and Miss
Sara Hen-
nell, 1st
Sept. 1863.

The Priory is all scaffolding and paint; and we are still in a nightmare of uncertainty about our boys. But then I have by my side a dear companion, who is a perpetual fountain of courage and cheerfulness, and of considerate tenderness for my lack of those virtues. And besides that, I have Roman history! Perhaps that sounds like a bitter joke to you, who are looking at the sea and sky, and not thinking of Roman history at all. But this too, read aright, has its gospel and revelation. I read it much as I used to read a chapter in the Acts or Epistles. Mommsen's 'History of Rome' is so fine, that I count all minds graceless who read it without the deepest stirrings.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, Oct.
1863.

I cannot be quite easy without sending this little sign of love and good wishes on the eve of your journey. I shall think of you with all the more delight, because I shall imagine you winding along the Riviera, and then settling in sight of beautiful things not quite unknown to me. I hope your life will be enriched very much by these coming months; but above all, I hope that Mr Congreve will come back strong. Tell him I have been greatly moved by the '*Discours Préliminaire.*'¹

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Oct.
1863.

If I wait to write until I have anything very profitable to say, you will have time to think that I have forgotten you or else to forget me—and both consequences would be unpleasant to me.

Well, our poor boy Thornie parted from us to-day, and set out on his voyage to Natal. I say "poor," as one does about all beings that are gone away from us for a long while. But he went away in excellent spirits, with a large packet of recommendatory letters to all sorts of people, and with what he cares much more for—a first-rate rifle and revolver,—and already with a smattering of Dutch Zulu, picked up from his grammars and dictionaries.

What are you working at, I wonder? Cara says you are writing; and, though I desire not to ask prying questions, I should feel much joy in your being able to tell me that you are at work on something which gives you a life apart from circumstantial things.

I am taking a deep bath of other peoples' thoughts, and all doings of my own seem a long way off me.

¹ Auguste Comte's.

But my bath will be sorely interrupted soon by the miserable details of removal from one house to another. Happily Mr Owen Jones has undertaken the ornamentation of the drawing-room, and will prescribe all about chairs, &c. I think, after all, I like a clean kitchen better than any other room.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Oct.
1863.

We are far on in correcting the proofs of the new edition of 'Goethe,' and are about to begin the printing of the 'Aristotle,' which is to appear at Christmas or Easter.

Nov. 5.—We moved into our new house—The Priory, 21 North Bank, Regents' Park.

Journal,
1863.

Nov. 14.—We are now nearly in order, only wanting a few details of furniture to finish our equipment for a new stage in our life's journey. I long very much to have done thinking of upholstery, and to get again a consciousness that there are better things than that to reconcile one with life.

At last we are in our new home, with only a few details still left to arrange. Such fringing away of precious life, in thinking of carpets and tables, is an affliction to me, and seems like a nightmare from which I shall find it bliss to awake into my old world of care for things quite apart from upholstery.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
14th Nov
1863.

I have kissed your letter in sign of my joy at getting it. But the cold draughts of your Florentine room came across my joy rather harshly. I know you have good reasons for what you do, yet I cannot help saying, Why do you stay at Florence, the city of draughts rather than of flowers?

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
28th
Nov. 1863.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve, 28th
Nov. 1863.

Mr Congreve's suffering during the journey, and your suffering in watching him, saddens me as I think of it. For a long while to come I suppose human energy will be greatly taken up with resignation rather than action. I wish my feeling for you could travel by some helpful vibrations good for pains.

For ourselves, we have enough ease now to be able to give some of it away. But our removal into our new home on the 5th of November was not so easy as it might have been, seeing that I was only half recovered from a severe attack of influenza, which had caused me more terrible pains in the head and throat than I have known for years. However, the crisis is past now, and we think our little home altogether charming and comfortable. Mr Owen Jones has been unwearied in taking trouble that everything about us may be pretty. He stayed two nights till after twelve o'clock, that he might see every engraving hung in the right place; and as you know I care even more about the fact of kindness than its effects, you will understand that I enjoy being grateful for all this friendliness on our behalf. But so tardy a business is furnishing, that it was not until Monday last that we had got everything in its place in preparation for the next day—Charlie's twenty-first birthday, which made our house-warming a doubly interesting epoch. I wish your sweet presence could have adorned our drawing-room, and made it look still more agreeable in the eyes of all beholders. You would have liked to hear Jansa play on his violin;

and you would perhaps have been amused to see an affectionate but dowdy friend of yours, splendid in a grey moire antique—the consequence of a severe lecture from Owen Jones on her general neglect of personal adornment. I am glad to have got over this crisis of maternal and housekeeping duty. My soul never flourishes on attention to details which others can manage quite gracefully without any conscious loss of power for wider thoughts and cares. Before we began to move, I was swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity: *now* I am sitting among puddles, and can get sight of no deep water. *Now* I have a mind made up of old carpets fitted in new places, and new carpets suffering from accidents; chairs, tables, and prices; muslin curtains and down-draughts in cold chimneys. I have made a vow never to think of my own furniture again, but only of other people's.

The book¹ is come, with its precious inscription, and I have read a great piece of it already (11 A.M.), besides looking through it to get an idea of its general plan. See how fascination shifts its quarter as our life goes on! I cannot be induced to lay aside my regular books for half an hour to read 'Mrs Lirriper's Lodgings,' but I pounce on a book like yours, which tries to tell me as much as it can in brief space of the "natural order," and am seduced into making it my after-breakfast reading instead of the work I had prescribed for myself in that pleasant quiet time. I read so slowly and read so few books, that this small fact among my small habits

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 28th
Nov. 1863.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
4th Dec.
1863.

¹ 'Physiology for Schools.' By Mrs Bray.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
4th Dec.
1863.

seems a great matter to me. I thank you, dear Cara, not simply for giving me the book, but for having put so much faithful labour in a worthy direction, and created a lasting benefit which I can share with others. Whether the circulation of a book be large or small, there is always this supreme satisfaction about solid honest work, that as far as it goes its effect must be good; and as all effects spread immeasurably, what we have to care for is *kind*, and not quantity. I am a shabby correspondent, being in ardent practice of the piano just now, which makes my days shorter than usual.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
4th Dec.
1863.

I am rather ashamed to hear of any one trying to be useful just now, for I am doing nothing but indulging myself—enjoying being petted very much, enjoying great books, enjoying our new pretty quiet home, and the study of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, with the mild-faced old Jansa, and not being at all unhappy as you imagine me. I sit taking deep draughts of reading—'Politique Positive,' Euripides, Latin Christianity, and so forth, and remaining in glorious ignorance of "the current literature." Such is our life: and you perceive that instead of being miserable, I am rather following a wicked example, and saying to my soul, "Soul, take thine ease." I am sorry to think of you without any artistic society to help you and feed your faith. It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. I

fancy that to do without that guarantee, one must be rather insane—one must be a bad poet, or a spinner of impossible theories, or an inventor of impossible machinery. However, it is but brief space either of time or distance that divides you from those who thoroughly share your cares and joys—always excepting that portion which is the hidden private lot of every human being. In the most entire confidence even of husband and wife there is always the unspoken residue—the *undivined* residue—perhaps of what is most sinful, perhaps of what is most exalted and unselfish.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
4th Dec.
1863.

I get less and less inclined to write any but the briefest letters. My books seem to get so far off me when once I have written them, that I should be afraid of looking into 'The Mill;' but it was written faithfully and with intense feeling when it was written, so I will hope that it will do no mortal any harm. I am indulging myself frightfully: reading everything except the "current literature," and getting more and more out of *rappor*t with the public taste. I have read Renan's book, however, which has proved to be eminently *in* the public taste. It will have a good influence on the whole, I imagine; but this 'Vie de Jésus,' and still more, Renan's "Letter to Berthelot" in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' have compelled me to give up the high estimate I had formed of his mind. Judging from the indications in some other writings of his, I had reckoned him amongst the finest thinkers of the time. Still his 'Life of Jesus' has so much historic merit, that it will do a great deal towards

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.
1863.

the culture of ordinary minds, by giving them a sense of unity between that far-off past and our present.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
26th Dec.
1863.

We are enjoying our new house—enjoying its quiet and freedom from perpetual stair-mounting—enjoying also the prettiness of colouring and arrangement, all of which we owe to our dear good friend, Mr Owen Jones. He has determined every detail, so that we can have the pleasure of admiring what is our own without vanity. And another magnificent friend has given me the most splendid reclining chair conceivable, so that I am in danger of being envied by the gods, especially as my health is thoroughly good withal. I should like to be sure that you are just as comfortable externally and internally. I daresay you are, being less of a cormorant in your demands on life than I am; and it is *that* difference which chiefly distinguishes human lots when once the absolute needs are satisfied.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 28th
Dec. 1863.

Your affectionate greeting comes as one of the many blessings that are brightening this happy Christmas.

We have been giving our evenings up to parental duties—*i.e.*, to games and music for the amusement of the youngsters. I am wonderfully well in body, but rather in a self-indulgent state mentally, saying, “Soul, take thine ease,” after a dangerous example.

Of course, I shall be glad to see your fair face whenever it can shine upon me; but I can well imagine, with your multitudinous connection

Christmas and the New Year are times when all *unappointed* visits must be impossible to you.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 28th
Dec. 1863.

All good to you and yours through the coming year! and amongst the good, may you continue to feel some love for me; for love is one of the conditions in which it is even better to give than to receive.

According to your plans, you must be in Rome. I have been in good spirits about you ever since I last heard from you; and the foggy twilight which, for the last week, has followed the severe frost, has made me rejoice the more that you are in a better climate and amongst lovelier scenes than we are groping in. I please myself with thinking that you will all come back with stores of strength and delightful memories. Only, if this were the best of all possible worlds, Mr Lewes and I should be able to meet you in some beautiful place before you turn your backs on Italy. As it is, there is no hope of such a meeting. March is Charlie's holiday month, and when he goes out we like to stay at home for the sake of recovering for that short time our unbroken *tête-à-tête*. We have every reason to be cheerful if the fog would let us. Last night I finished reading the last proofs of the 'Aristotle,' which makes an octavo volume of rather less than 400 pages. I think it is a book which will be interesting and valuable to the few, but perhaps *only* to the few. However, George's happiness in writing his books makes him less dependent than most authors on the audience they find. He felt that a thorough account of Aristotle's science was a bit of work

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
greve, 19th
Jan. 1864.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 19th
Jan, 1864.

which needed doing, and he has given his utmost pains to do it worthily. These are the two most important conditions of authorship; all the rest belong to the "less modifiable" order of things. I have been playing energetically on the piano lately, and taking lessons in accompanying the violin from Herr Jansa, one of the old Beethoven Quartette players. It has given me a fresh kind of muscular exercise, as well as nervous stimulus, and, I think, has done its part towards making my health better. In fact, I am very well physically. I wish I could be as clever and active as you about our garden, which might be made much prettier this spring if I had judgment and industry enough to do the right thing. But it is a native vice of mine to like all such matters attended to by some one else, and to fold my arms and enjoy the result. Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough. But pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 21st
Jan, 1864.

I comfort myself with the belief that your nature is less rebellious under trouble than mine — less craving and discontented.

Resignation to trial, which can never have a *personal* compensation, is a part of our life task which has been too much obscured for us by unveracious attempts at universal consolation. I think we should be more tender to each other while we live, if that wretched falsity which makes men quite comfortable about their fellows' troubles were thoroughly got rid of.

I often imagine you, not without a little longing, turning out into the fields whenever you list, as we used to do in the old days at Rosehill. That power of turning out into the fields is a great possession in life—worth many luxuries.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Jan.
1864.

Here is a bit of news not, I think, too insignificant for you to tell Cara. The other day Mr Spencer, senior (Herbert Spencer's father), called on us, and knowing that he has been engaged in education all his life, that he is a man of extensive and accurate knowledge, and that, on his son's showing, he is a very able teacher, I showed him Cara's 'British Empire.' Yesterday Herbert Spencer came, and on my inquiring told me that his father was pleased with Cara's book, and thought highly of it. Such testimonies as this, given apart from personal influence and by a practised judge, are, I should think, more gratifying than any other sort of praise to all faithful writers.

Jan. 30.—We had Browning, Dallas, and Burton to dine with us, and in the evening a gentlemen's party.

Journal,
1864.

Feb. 14.—Mr Burton dined with us, and asked me to let him take my portrait.

It was pleasant to have news of you through the fog, which reduces my faith in all good and lovely things to its lowest ebb.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 3d
March 1864.

I hope you are less abjectly under the control of the skiey influences than I am. The soul's calm sunshine in me is half made up of the outer sunshine. However, we are going on Friday to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and Handel's music always brings me a revival.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 3d
March 1864.

I have had a great personal loss lately in the death of a sweet woman,¹ to whom I have sometimes gone, and hoped to go again, for a little moral strength. She had long been confined to her room by consumption, which has now taken her quite out of reach except to memory, which makes all dear human beings undying to us as long as we ourselves live.

I am glad to know that you have been interested in "David Gray."² It is good for us all that these true stories should be well told. Even those to whom the power of helping rarely comes, have their imaginations instructed so as to be more just and tender in their thoughts about the lot of their fellows.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
March 1864.

I felt it long since I had had news from you, but my days go by, each seeming too short for what I must do, and I don't like to molest you with mere questions.

I have been spoiled for correspondence by Mr Lewes's goodness in always writing letters for me where a proxy is admissible. And so it has come to be a great affair with me to write even a note, while people who keep up a large correspondence, and set apart their hour for it, find it easy to cover reams of paper with talk from the end of the pen.

You say nothing of yourself, which is rather unkind. We are enjoying a perfect *tête-à-tête*. On Friday we are going to hear the "Judas Macca-

¹ Mrs Julius Hare, who gave her Maurice's book on the Lord's Prayer.

² A story by Mr Robert Buchanan in the 'Cornhill,' Feb. 1864.

bæus," and try if possible to be stirred to something heroic by "Sound an alarm."

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
March 1864

I was more sorry than it is usually possible to be about the death of a person utterly unknown to me, when I read of Maria Martineau's death. She was a person whose office in life seemed so thoroughly defined and so valuable. For an invalid like Harriet Martineau to be deprived of a beloved nurse and companion, is a sorrow that makes one ashamed of one's small grumblings. But, oh dear, oh dear! when *will* people leave off their foolish talk about all human lots being equal; as if anybody with a sound stomach ever knew misery comparable to the misery of a dyspeptic.

Farewell, dear Sara: be generous, and don't always wait an age in silence because I don't write.

If you were anybody but yourself I should dislike you, because I have to write letters to you. As it is, your qualities triumph even over the vice of being in Italy (too far off for a note of three lines), and expecting to hear from me, though I fear I should be graceless enough to let you expect in vain if I did not care very much to hear from *you*, and did not find myself getting uneasy when many weeks have been passed in ignorance about you. I do hope to hear that you got your fortnight of sight-seeing before leaving Rome—at least, you would surely go well over the great galleries. If not, I shall be vexed with you, and I shall only be consoled for your not going to Venice by the chance of the Austrians being driven or bought out of it—on no

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 8th
March 1864

slighter grounds. For I suppose you will not go to Italy again for a long, long while, so as to leave any prospect of the omission being made up for by-and-by.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th March
1864.

We run off to Scotland for the Easter week, setting out on Sunday evening; so if the spring runs away again, I hope it will run northward. We shall return on Monday the 4th April. Some news of your inwards and outwards would be acceptable; but don't write unless you really *like* to write. You see Strauss has come out with a *popular* 'Life of Jesus.'

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 25th
March 1864.

Fog, east wind, and headache: there is my week's history. But this morning, when your letter came to me, I had got up well, and was reading the sorrows of the aged Hecuba with great enjoyment. I wish an immortal drama could be got out of *my* sorrows, that people might be the better for them two thousand years hence. But fog, east wind, and headache are not great dramatic motives.

Your letter was a reinforcement of the delicious sense of *bien être* that comes with the departure of bodily pain; and I am glad, retrospectively, that beyond our fog lay your moonlight and your view of the glorious sea. It is not difficult to me to believe that you look a new creature already. Mr Lewes tells me the country air has always a magical effect on me, even in the first hour; but it is not the air alone, is it? It is the wide sky and the hills and the wild flowers which are linked with all calming thoughts, just as every object in town has its perturbing associations.

I share your joy in the Federal successes—with that check that attends all joy in a war not absolutely ended. But you have worked and earned more joy than those who have been merely passives.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 25th
March 1864.

April 6. —Mr Spencer called for the first time after a long correspondence on the subject of his relation to Comte.

Journal,
1864.

Yes! I am come back from Scotland—came back last Saturday night.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 9th
April 1864.

I was much pleased to see Cara so wonderfully well and cheerful. She seems to me ten times more cheerful than in the old days. I am interested to know more about your work which is filling your life now, but I suppose I shall know nothing until it is in print—and perhaps that is the only form in which one can do any one's work full justice. It is very disappointing to me to hear that Cara has at present so little promise of monetary results from her conscientious labour. I fear the fatal system of half profits is working against her as against others. We are going to the opera to-night to hear the "Favorita." It was the first opera I ever *saw* (with you I saw it!), and I have never seen it since—that is the reason I was anxious to go to-night.

This afternoon we go to see Mulready's pictures—so the day will be a full one.

April 18.—We went to the Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi.

Journal,
1864.

Only think! next Wednesday morning we start for Italy. The move is quite a sudden one. We need a good shake for our bodies and minds, and

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th April
1864.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
30th April
1864.

must take the spring-time before the weather becomes too hot. We shall not be away more than a month or six weeks at the utmost. Our friend Mr Burton, the artist, will be our companion for at least part of the time. He has just painted a divine picture, which is now to be seen at the old Water-Colour Exhibition. The subject is from a Norse legend; but that is no matter—the picture tells its story. A knight in mailed armour and surcoat has met the fair tall woman he (secretly) loves, on a turret stair. By an uncontrollable movement he has seized her arm and is kissing it. She, amazed, has dropped the flowers she held in her other hand. The subject might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world—the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion. The kiss is on the fur-lined *sleeve* that covers the arm, and the face of the knight is the face of a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament.

How I should like a good long talk with you! From what you say of your book that is to come, I expect to be very much interested in it. I think I hardly ever read a book of the kind you describe without getting some help from it. It is to this strong influence that is felt in all personal statements of inward experience, that we must perhaps refer the excessive publication of religious journals.

Journal,
1864.

May 4.—We started for Italy with Mr Burton.

June 20.—Arrived at our pretty home again after an absence of seven weeks.

Your letter has affected me deeply. Thank you very much for writing it. It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good—except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or unusual power of helping others. One such epoch we are witnessing in a young life that is very near to us. Our “boy,” Charles, has just become engaged, and it is very pretty to see the happiness of a pure first love, full at present of nothing but promise. It will interest you to know that the young lady who has won his heart, and seems to have given him her own with equal ardour and entireness, is the grand-daughter of Dr Southwood Smith, whom he adopted when she was three years old, and brought up under his own eye. She is very handsome, and has a splendid contralto voice. Altogether Pater and I rejoice; for though the engagement has taken place earlier than we expected, or should perhaps have chosen, there are counterbalancing advantages. I always hoped Charlie would be able to choose, or rather find, the other half of himself by the time he was twenty-three—the event has only come a year and a half sooner. This is the news that greeted us on our return! We had seen before we went that the acquaintance, which was first made eighteen months or more ago, had become supremely interesting to Charlie. Altogether we rejoice.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th June
1864.

Our journey was delightful in spite of Mr Lewes's frequent *malaise*; for his cheerful nature is rarely subdued even by bodily discomfort. We saw only

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
25th June
1864.

one place that we had not seen before—namely, Brescia; but all the rest seemed more glorious to us than they had seemed four years ago. Our course was to Venice, where we stayed a fortnight, pausing only at Paris, Turin, and Milan on our way thither, and taking Padua, Verona, Brescia, and again Milan, as points of rest on our way back. Our friend Mr Burton's company was very stimulating from his great knowledge, not of pictures only, but of almost all other subjects. He has had the advantage of living in Germany for five or six years, and has gained those large serious views of history which are a special product of German culture, and this was his first visit to Italy, so you may imagine his eager enjoyment in finding it beautiful beyond his hopes. We crossed the Alps by the St Gothard, and stayed a day or two at Lucerne; and this, again, was a first sight of Switzerland to him.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, July
1864.

Looking at my little mats this morning while I was dressing, I felt very grateful for them, and remembered that I had not shown my gratitude when you gave them to me. If I were a "conceited" poet, I should say your presence was the sun and the mats were the tapers; but now you are away I delight in the tapers. How pretty the pattern is—and your brain counted it out! They will never be worn quite away while I live, or my little purse for coppers either.

Journal,
1864.

July 17. Horrible scepticism about all things paralysing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?

July 19.—Reading Gibbon, vol. i., in connection with Mosheim; also Gieseler on the condition of the world at the appearance of Christianity.

I am distressed to find that I have let a week pass without writing in answer to your letter, which made me very glad when I got it. Remembering you just a minute ago, I started up from Max Müller's new volume, with which I was consoling myself under a sore throat, and rushed to the desk that I might not risk any further delay.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Aug.
1864.

It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to speak of the 'Apologia,' which breathed much life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend Ambrose St John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end:

My trouble now is George's delicate health. He gets thinner and thinner. He is going to try what horseback will do, and I am looking forward to that with some hope.

Our boy's love-story runs smoothly, and seems to promise nothing but good. His attraction to Hampstead gives George and me more of our dear old tête-à-tête, which we can't help being glad to recover.

Dear Cara and Mr Bray! I wish they too had joy instead of sadness from the young life they have

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Aug.
1864.

been caring for these many years. When you write to Cara, or see her, assure her that she is remembered in my most affectionate thoughts, and that I often bring her present experience before my mind—more or less truly—for we can but blunder about each other, we poor mortals.

Write to me whenever you can, dear Sara. I should have answered immediately but for sickness, visitors, business, &c.

Journal,
1864.

Sept. 6.—I am reading about Spain, and trying a drama on a subject that has fascinated me—have written the prologue, and am beginning the First Act. But I have little hope of making anything satisfactory.

Sept. 13 to 30.—Went to Harrogate and Scarborough, seeing York Minster and Peterborough.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Sept.
1864, from
Harrogate.

We journeyed hither on Tuesday, and found the place quite as pretty as we expected. The great merit of Harrogate is that one is everywhere close to lovely open walks. Your "plan" has been a delightful reference for Mr Lewes, who takes it out of his pocket every time we walk. At present, of course, there is not much improvement in health to be boasted-of, but we hope that the delicious bracing air—and also the chalybeate waters, which have not yet been tried—will not be without good effect. The journey was long. How hideous those towns of Holbeck and Wakefield are! It is difficult to keep up one's faith in a millennium within sight of this modern civilisation which consists in "development of industries." Egypt and her big calm gods seems quite as good.

We migrated on Friday last from delightful Harrogate, pausing at York to see the glorious Cathedral. The weather is perfect, the sea blue as a sapphire, so that we see to utmost advantage the fine line of coast here, and the magnificent breadth of sand. Even the Tenby sands are not so fine as these. Better than all, Mr Lewes, in spite of a sad check of a few days, is strengthened beyond our most hopeful expectations by this brief trial of fresh conditions. He is wonderful for the rapidity with which he "picks up" after looking alarmingly feeble, and even wasted. We paid a visit to Knaresborough the very last day of our stay at Harrogate, and were rejoiced that we had not missed the sight of that pretty characteristic northern town. There is a ruined castle here too, standing just where one's eyes would desire it on a grand line of cliff; but perhaps you know the place. Its only defect is that it is too large, and therefore a little too smoky; but except in Wales or Devonshire, I have seen no sea place on our English coast that has greater natural advantages. I don't know quite why I should write you this note all about ourselves—except that your goodness having helped us to the benefit we have got, I like you to know of the said benefit.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Sept.
1864, from
Scarbor-
ough.

The wished-for opportunity is coming very soon. Next Saturday, Charlie will go to Hastings, and will not return till Sunday evening. Will you—can you—arrange to come to us on Saturday to lunch or dinner, and stay with us till Sunday evening? We shall be very proud and happy if you will consent

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, Sun-
day, Oct. (?)
1864.

to put up with such travelling quarters as we can give you. You will be rejoicing our hearts by coming; and I know that for the sake of cheering others, you would endure even large privations as well as small ones.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, Monday-week
following.

What a pure delight it was to have you with us! I feel the better for it in spite of a cold which I caught yesterday—perhaps owing to the loss of your sunny presence all of a sudden.

Letter to
Miss Sara Hennell,
2d Oct.
1864.

It makes me very, very happy to see George so much better, and to return with that chief satisfaction to the quiet comforts of home. We register Harrogate among the places to be revisited.

I have had a fit of Spanish history lately, and have been learning Spanish grammar—the easiest of all the Romance grammars—since we have been away. Mr Lewes has been rubbing up his Spanish by reading ‘Don Quixote’ in these weeks of *idlesse*; and I have read aloud and translated to him, like a good child. I find it so much easier to learn anything than to feel that I have anything worth teaching.

All is perfectly well with us, now the “little Pater” is stronger, and we are especially thankful for Charlie’s prospect of marriage. We could not have desired anything more suited to his character and more likely to make his life a good one. But this blessing which has befallen us, only makes me feel the more acutely the cutting off of a like satisfaction from the friends I chiefly love.

Oct. 5.—Finished the first draught of the First Act of my drama, and read it to George.

Journal,
1864.

Oct. 15.—Went to the Maestro (Burton) for a Journal, 1864. sitting.

Nov. 4.—Read my Second Act to George. It is written in verse—my first serious attempt at blank verse. G. praises, and encourages me.

Nov. 10.—I have been at a very low ebb, body and mind, for the last few days, sticking in the mud continually in the construction of my 3d, 4th, and 5th Acts. Yesterday Browning came to tell us of a bust of Savonarola in terra-cotta, just discovered at Florence.

I believe I have thought of you every day for the last fortnight, and I remembered the birthday—and “everything.” But I was a little cross, because I had heard nothing of you since Mr Bray’s visit. And I said to myself, “If she wanted to write she *would* write.” I confess I was a little ashamed when I saw the outside of your letter ten minutes ago, feeling that I should read within it the proof that you were as thoughtful and mindful as ever.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d Nov.
1864.

Yes, I do heartily give my greeting—*had* given it already. And I desire very much that the work which is absorbing you, may give you some happiness besides that which belongs to the activity of production.

It is very kind of you to remember Charlie’s date too. He is as happy as the day is long—and very good: one of those creatures to whom goodness comes naturally,—not any exalted goodness, but everyday serviceable goodness, such as wears through life. Whereas exalted goodness comes in brief in-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d Nov.
1864.

spirations, and requires a man to die lest he should spoil his work.

I have been ill, but now am pretty well, with much to occupy and interest me, and with no trouble except those bodily ailments.

I could chat a long while with you—but I restrain myself, because I must not carry on my letter writing into the “solid day.”

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
Christmas
Day, 1864.

Your precious letter *did* come last night, and crowned the day's enjoyment. Our family party went off very well, entirely by dint of George's exertions. I wish you had seen him acting charades, and heard him make an after-supper speech. You would have understood all the self-forgetful goodness that lay under the assumption of boyish animal spirits. A horrible German whom I have been obliged to see, has been talking for two hours, with the hardest eyes, blind to all possibilities that he was boring us, and so I have been robbed of all the time I wanted for writing to you. I can only say now that I bore you on my heart—you and all yours known to me—even before I had had your letter yesterday. Indeed, you are not apart from any delight I have in life: I long always that you should share it—if not otherwise, at least by knowing of it, which to you is a sort of sharing. Our double loves and best wishes for all of you—Rough being included, as I trust you include Ben. Are they not idlers with us? Also a title to regard as well as being *collaborateurs*.

Journal,
1864.

Dec. 24. —A family party in the evening.

Dec. 25. I read the Third Act of my drama to

George, who praised it highly. We spent a perfectly quiet evening, intending to have our Christmas Day's jollity on Tuesday, when the boys are at home.

Jan. 1.—The last year has been unmarked by any trouble except bad health. The bright spots in the year have been the publication of 'Aristotle,' and our journey to Venice. With me the year has not been fruitful. I have written three Acts of my drama, and am now in a condition of body and mind to make me hope for better things in the coming year. The last quarter has made an epoch for me, by the fact that, for the first time in my serious authorship, I have written verse. In each other we are happier than ever. I am more grateful to my dear husband for his perfect love, which helps me in all good and checks me in all evil—more conscious that in him I have the greatest of blessings.

Journal,
1865.

I hope the wish that this New Year may be a happy one to you does not seem to be made a mockery by any troubles or anxieties pressing on you.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
Jan. 1865.

I enclose a cheque; which I shall be obliged if you will offer to Mr Congreve, as I know he prefers that payments should be made at the beginning of the year.

I shall think of you on the nineteenth. I wonder how many there really were in that "small upper room" 1866 years ago.

Jan. 8.—Mrs Congreve staying with us for a couple of nights. Yesterday we went to Mr Burton's to see my portrait, with which she was much

Journal,
1865.

pleased. Since last Monday I have been writing a poem, the matter of which was written in prose three or four years ago—"My Vegetarian Friend."

Jan. 15 to 25.—Visit to Paris.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, Fri-
day (?), 27th
Jan. 1865.

Are we not happy to have reached home on Wednesday, before this real winter came? We enjoyed our visit to Paris greatly, in spite of bad weather, going to the theatre or opera nearly every night, and seeing sights all day long. I think the most interesting sight we saw was Comte's dwelling. Such places, that knew the great dead, always move me deeply; and I had an unexpected sight of interest in the photograph taken at the very last. M. Thomas was very friendly, and pleasant to talk to because of his simple manners. We gave your remembrances to him, and promised to assure you of his pleasure in hearing of you. I wish some truer representation of Mr Congreve hung up in the Salon instead of that (to me) exasperating photograph.

We thought the apartment very *freundlich*, and I flattered myself that I could have written better in the little study there than in my own. Such self-flattery is usually the most amiable phase of discontent with one's own inferiority.

I am really stronger for the change.

Jan. 28.—Finished my poem on "Utopias."

Journal,
1865.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
6th Feb.
1865.

I suspect you have come to dislike letters, but until you say so, I must write now and then to gratify myself. I want to send my love, lest all the old messages shall have lost their scent, like old lavender bags.

Since I wrote to you last we have actually been to Paris! A little business was an excuse for getting a great deal of pleasure; and I, for whom change of air and scene is always the best tonic, am much brightened by our wintry expedition, which ended just in time for us to escape the heavy fall of snow.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 6th
Feb. 1865.

We are very happy, having almost recovered our old *tête-à-tête*, of which I am so selfishly fond, that I am beginning to feel it an heroic effort when I make up my mind to invite half-a-dozen visitors. But it is necessary to strive against this unsocial disposition, so we are going to have some open evenings.

There is great talk of a new periodical—a fortnightly apparition, partly on the plan of the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*.’ Mr Lewes has consented to become its editor, if the preliminaries are settled so as to satisfy him.

Ecco! I have told you a little of our news, not daring to ask you anything about yourself, since you evidently don’t want to tell me anything.

The party was a “mull.” The weather was bad. Some of the invited were ill and sent regrets, others were not ardent enough to brave the damp evening—in fine, only twelve came. We had a charade, which, like our neighbours, was no better than it should have been, and some rather languid music, our best musicians half failing us—so ill is merit rewarded in this world! If the severest sense of fulfilling a duty could make one’s parties pleasant, who so deserving as I! I turn my inward shud-

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 19th
Feb. 1865.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve, 19th
Feb. 1865.

ders into outward smiles, and talk fast with a sense of lead on my tongue. However, Mr Pigott made a woman's part in the charade so irresistibly comic, that I tittered at it at intervals in my sleepless hours. I am rather uncomfortable about you, because you seemed so much less well and strong the other day than your average. Let me hear before long how you and Mr Congreve are.

Journal,
1865.

Feb. 21.—Ill and very miserable. George has taken my drama away from me.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve, 27th
Feb. 1865.

The sun shone through my window on your letter as I read it, adding to its cheeriness. It was good of you to write it. I was ill last week, and had mental troubles besides—happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own. I am still ailing, but striving hard “not to mind,” and not to diffuse my inward trouble, according to Madame de Vaux's excellent maxim. I shall not, I fear, be able to get to you till near the end of next week—towards the 11th. I think of you very often, and especially when my own *malaise* reminds me how much of your time is spent in the same sort of endurance. Mr Spencer told us yesterday that Dr Ransom said he had cured himself of dyspepsia by leaving off stimulants—the full benefit manifesting itself after two or three months of abstinence. I am going to try. All best regards to Mr Congreve and tenderest sisterly love to yourself.

Journal,
1865.

March 1.—I wrote an article for the ‘Pall Mall Gazette’—“A Word for the Germans.”

March. 12.—Went to Wandsworth, to spend the Sunday and Monday with Mr and Mrs Congreve.

Feeling very ailing ; in constant dull pain, which makes all effort burthensome.

I did not promise, like Mr Collins, that you should receive a letter of thanks for your kind entertainment of me ; but I feel the need of writing a word or two to break the change from your presence to my complete absence from you. It was really an enjoyment to be with you, in spite of the bodily uneasiness which robbed me of half my mind. One thing only I regret—that in my talk with you I think I was rather merciless to other people. Whatever vices I have, seem to be exaggerated by my *malaise*—such “ chastening ” not answering the purpose of purification in my case. Pray set down any unpleasant notions I have suggested about others to my account—*i.e.*, as being *my* unpleasantness, and not theirs. When one is bilious, other people’s complexions look yellow, and one of their eyes higher than the other—all the fault of one’s own evil interior. I long to hear from you that you are better, and if you are not better, still to hear from you before too long an interval. Mr Congreve’s condition is really cheering, and he goes about with me as a pleasant picture like that Raffaele the Tuscan duke chose always to carry with him.

I got worse after I left you ; but to-day I am better, and begin to think there is nothing serious the matter with me except the “ weather,” which every one else is alleging as the cause of their symptoms.

I believe you are one of the few who can understand that in certain crises direct expression of

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
16th
March 1865.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
18th March
1865.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
18th March
1865.

sympathy is the least possible to those who most feel sympathy. If I could have been with you in bodily presence, I should have sat silent, thinking silence a sign of feeling that speech, trying to be wise, must always spoil. The truest things one can say about great Death are the oldest, simplest things that everybody knows by rote, but that no one knows really till death has come very close. And when that inward teaching is going on, it seems pitiful presumption for those who are outside to be saying anything. There is no such thing as consolation when we have made the lot of another our own. I don't know whether you strongly share, as I do, the old belief that made men say the gods loved those who died young. It seems to me truer than ever, now life has become more complex, and more and more difficult problems have to be worked out. Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought, it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are. To me early death takes the aspect of salvation; though I feel, too, that those who live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation. But I will not write of judgments and opinions. What I want my letter to tell you is that I love you truly, gratefully, unchangeably.

Journal,
1865.

March 25.—I am in deep depression, feeling powerless. I have written nothing but beginnings since I finished a little article for the 'Pall Mall,'

on the "Logic of Servants." Dear George is all activity, yet is in very frail health. How I worship his good humour, his good sense, his affectionate care for every one who has claims on him! That worship is my best life.

Journal;
1865.

March 29.—Sent a letter on "Futile Lying," from Saccharissa, to the 'Pall Mall.'

I have begun a novel ('Felix Holt').

We are wondering if, by any coincidence or condition of things, you could come to us on Thursday, when we have our last evening party—wondering how you are—wondering everything about you, and knowing nothing. Could you resolve some of our wonderings into cheering knowledge? It is ages since you made any sign to us. Are *we* to be blamed, or you? I hope you are not unfavourably affected by the sudden warmth which comes with the beautiful sunshine. Some word of you, in pity!

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 11th
April 1865.

If the sun goes on shining in this glorious way, I shall think of your journey with pleasure. The sight of the country *must* be a good when the trees are bursting into leaf. But I will remember your warning to Emily, and not insist too much on the advantages of paying visits. Let us hear of you sometimes, and think of us as very busy and very happy, but always including you in our world, and getting uneasy when we are left too much to our imaginations about you. Tell Emily that Ben and I are the better for having seen her. He has added to his store of memories, and will recognise her when she comes again.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 22d
April 1865.

Journal,
1865.

May 4.—Sent an article on Lecky's 'History of Rationalism' for the 'Fortnightly.' For nearly a fortnight I have been ill, one way or other.

May 10.—Finished a letter of Saccharissa for the 'Pall Mall.' Reading Æschylus, 'Theatre of the Greeks,' Klein's 'History of the Drama,' &c.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 11th
May 1865.

This note will greet you on your return, and tell you that we were glad to hear of you in your absence, even though the news was not of the brightest. Next week we are going away—I don't yet know exactly where; but it is firmly settled that we start on Monday. It will be good for the carpets, and it will be still better for us, who need a wholesome shaking, even more than the carpets do.

The first number of the 'Review' was done with last Monday, and will be out on the 15th. You will be glad to hear that Mr Harrison's article is excellent, but the "mull" which George declares to be the fatality with all first numbers is so far incurred with regard to this very article, that from overwhelming alarm at its length George put it (perhaps too hastily) into the smaller type. I hope the importance of the subject and the excellence of the treatment will overcome that disadvantage.

Nurse all pleasant thoughts in your solitude, and count our affection among them.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th May
1865.

We have just returned from a five days' holiday at the coast, and are much invigorated by the tonic breezes.

We have nothing to do with the 'Fortnightly' as a money speculation. Mr Lewes has simply accepted the post of editor, and it was seemly that I

should write a little in it. But do not suppose that I am going into periodical writing. And your friendship is not required to read one syllable for our sakes. On the contrary, you have my full sympathy in abstaining. Rest in peace, dear Sara, and finish your work, that you may have the sense of having spoken out what was within you. That is really a good—I mean when it is done in all seriousness and sincerity.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th May
1865.

May 28.—Finished Bamford's 'Passages from the Life of a Radical.' Have just begun again Mill's 'Political Economy,' and Comte's 'Social Science,' in Miss Martineau's edition.

Journal,
1865.

June 7.—Finished 'Annual Register' for 1832. Reading Blackstone. Mill's second article on "Comte," to appear in the 'Westminster,' lent me by Mr Spencer. My health has been better of late.

June 15.—Read again Aristotle's "Poetics" with fresh admiration.

June 20.—Read the opening of my novel to G. Yesterday we drove to Wandsworth. Walked together on Wimbledon Common, in outer and inner sunshine, as of old; then dined with Mr and Mrs Congreve, and had much pleasant talk.

June 25.—Reading English History, reign of George III.; Shakespeare's "King John." Yesterday G. dined at Greenwich with the multitude of so-called writers for the 'Saturday.' He heard much commendation of the 'Fortnightly,' especially of Bagehot's articles, which last is reassuring after Mr Trollope's strong objections.

July 3.—Went to hear the "Faust" at Covent

Journal,
1865.

Garden : Mario, Lucca, and Gràziani. I was much thrilled by the great symbolical situations, and by the music—more, I think, than I had ever been before.

July 9.—We had Browning, Huxley, Mr Warren, Mr Bagehot, and Mr Crompton, and talk was pleasant.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, Sunday,
10th
July, 1865.

Success to the canvassing! It is "very meet and right and your bounden duty" to be with Mr Taylor in this time of hard work, and I am glad that your health has made no impediment. I should have liked to be present when you were cheered. The expression of a common feeling by a large mass of men, when the feeling is one of goodwill, moves me like music. A public tribute to any man who has done the world a service with brain or hand, has on me the effect of a great religious rite, with pealing organ and full-voiced choir.

I agree with you in your feeling about Mill. Some of his works have been frequently my companions of late, and I have been going through many *actions de grâce* towards him. I am not anxious that he should be in Parliament: thinkers can do more outside than inside the House. But it would have been a fine precedent, and would have made an epoch, for such a man to have been asked for and elected solely on the ground of his mental eminence. As it is, I suppose it is pretty certain that he will *not* be elected.

I am glad you have been interested in Mr Lewes's article. His great anxiety about the 'Fortnightly' is to make it the vehicle for sincere writing—real

contributions of opinion on important topics. But it is more difficult than the inexperienced could imagine to get the sort of writing which will correspond to that desire of his.

July 16.—Madame Bohn, niece of Professor Scherer, called. She said certain things about 'Romola' which showed that she had felt what I meant my readers to feel. She said she knew the book had produced the same effect on many others. I wish I could be encouraged by this.

Journal,
1865.

July 22.—Sat for my portrait—I suppose for the last time.

July 23.—I am going doggedly to work at my novel, seeing what determination can do in the face of despair. Reading Neale's 'History of the Puritans.'

I received yesterday the circular about the Mazzini Fund. Mr Lewes and I would have liked to subscribe to a tribute to Mazzini, or to a fund for his use, of which the application was defined and guaranteed by his own word. As it is, the application of the desired fund is only intimated in the vaguest manner by the Florentine Committee. The reflection is inevitable, that the application may ultimately be the promotion of conspiracy, the precise character of which is necessarily unknown to subscribers. Now, though I believe there are cases in which conspiracy may be a sacred, necessary struggle against organised wrong, there are also cases in which it is hopeless, and can produce nothing but misery; or needless, because it is not the best means attainable of reaching the desired end;

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 1st
Aug. 1865.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 1st
Aug. 1865.

or unjustifiable, because it resorts to acts which are more unsocial in their character than the very wrong they are directed to extinguish: and in these three supposable cases it seems to me that it would be a social crime to further conspiracy even by the impulse of a little finger, to which one may well compare a small money subscription.

I think many persons to whom the circular might be sent would take something like this view, and would grieve, as we do, that a proposition intended to honour Mazzini should come in a form to which they cannot conscientiously subscribe.

I trouble you and Mr Taylor with this explanation, because both Mr Lewes and I have a real reverence for Mazzini, and could not therefore be content to give a silent negative.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 1st
Aug. 1865.

I fear that my languor on Saturday prevented me from fairly showing you how sweet and precious your presence was to me then, as at all times. We have almost made up our minds to start some time in this month for a run in Normandy and Brittany. We both need the change; though when I receive, as I did yesterday, a letter from some friend telling me of cares and trials from which I am quite free, I am ashamed of wanting anything.

Journal,
1865.

Aug. 2.—Finished the ‘Agamemnon’ second time.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 6th
Aug. 1865.

When I wrote to you last, I quite hoped that I should see you and Emily before we left home; but now it is settled that we start on Thursday morning, and I have so many little things to remember and to do that I dare not set apart any of the intervening

time for the quiet enjoyment of a visit from you. It is not quite so cheerful a picture as I should like to carry with me, that of you and Emily so long alone, with Mr Congreve working at Bradford. But your friends are sure to think of you, and want to see you. I hope you did not suffer so severely as we did from the arctic cold that rushed in after the oppressive heat. Mr T. Trollope came from Italy just when it began. He says it is always the same when he comes to England,—people always say it has just been very hot, and he believes that means they had a few days in which they were not obliged to blow on their fingers.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 6th
Aug. 1865.

When you write to Mr Congreve, pray tell him that we were very grateful for his Itinerary, which is likely to be useful to us—indeed, has already been useful in determining our route.

Sept. 7.—We returned home after an expedition into Brittany. Our course was from Boulogne to St Valéry, Dieppe, Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, St-Lô, Vire, Avranches, Dol, St Malo, Rennes, Avray, and Carnac,—back by Nantes, Tours, Le Mans, Chartres, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville, and so again to Boulogne.

Journal,
1865.

We came home again on Thursday night—this day week—after a month's absence in Normandy and Brittany. I have been thinking of you very often since, but believed that you did not care to have the interruption of letters just now, and would rather defer correspondence till your mind was freer. If I had *suspected* that you would feel any want satisfied by a letter, I should certainly have written.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.
1865.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.
1865.

I had not heard of Miss Bonham Carter's death, else I should have conceived something of your state of mind. I think you and I are alike in this, that we can get no good out of pretended comforts, which are the devices of self-love, but would rather, in spite of pain, grow into the endurance of all "naked truths." So I say no word about your great loss, except that I love you, and sorrow with you.

The circumstances of life—the changes that take place in ourselves—hem in the expression of affections and memories that live within us, and enter almost into every day, and long separations often make intercourse difficult when the opportunity comes. But the delight I had in you, and in the hours we spent together, and in all your acts of friendship to me, is really part of my life, and can never die out of me. I see distinctly how much poorer I should have been if I had never known you. If you had seen more of me in late years, you would not have such almost cruel thoughts as that the book into which you have faithfully put your experience and best convictions could make you "repugnant" to me. Whatever else my growth may have been, it has not been towards irreverence and ready rejection of what other minds can give me. You once unhappily mistook my feeling and point of view in something I wrote *apropos* of an argument in your 'Aids to Faith,' and *that* made me think it better that we should not write on large and difficult subjects in hasty letters. But it has often been painful to me—I should say, it has constantly been painful to me—that you have ever since inferred me to be

in a hard and unsympathetic state about your views and your writing. But I am habitually disposed myself to the same unbelief in the sympathy that is given me, and am the last person who should be allowed to complain of such unbelief in another. And it is very likely that I may have been faulty and disagreeable in my expressions.

Excuse all my many mistakes, dear Sara, and never believe otherwise than that I have a glow of joy when you write to me, as if my existence were some good to you. I know that I am, and can be, very little practically; but to have the least value for your thought is what I care much to be assured of.

Perhaps, in the cooler part of the autumn, when your book is out of your hands, you will like to move from home a little and see your London friends?

Our travelling in Brittany was a good deal marred and obstructed by the Emperor's *fête*, which sent all the world on our track towards Cherbourg and Brest. But the Norman churches, the great cathedrals at Le Mans, Tours, and Chartres, with their marvellous painted glass, were worth much scrambling to see.

I have read Mr Masson's book on 'Recent Philosophy.' The earlier part is a useful and creditable survey, and the classification ingenious. The later part I thought poor. If, by what he says of Positivism, you mean what he says at p. 246, I should answer it is simply "stuff"—he might as well have written a dozen lines of jargon. There are a few observations about Comte, scattered here and there, which are true and just enough. But it seems to

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
14th Sept.
1865.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Oct.
1865.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
28th Oct.
1865.

me much better to read a man's own writing than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the "others" are third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, "*Ich zog immer vor von dem Menschen zu erfahren wie er dachte als von einem anderen zu hören wie er hätte denken sollen.*"¹ However, I am not fond of expressing criticism or disapprobation. The difficulty is to digest and live upon any valuable truth one's self.

Journal,
1865.

Nov. 15.—During the last three weeks George has been very poorly, but now he is better. I have been reading Fawcett's 'Economic Condition of the Working Classes,' Mill's 'Liberty,' looking into Strauss's second 'Life of Jesus,' and reading Neale's 'History of the Puritans,' of which I have reached the fourth volume. Yesterday the news came of Mrs Gaskell's death. She died suddenly while reading aloud to her daughter.

Nov. 16.—Writing Mr Lyon's story, which I have determined to insert as a narrative. Reading the Bible.

Nov. 24.—Finished Neale's 'History of the Puritans.' Began Hallam's 'Middle Ages.'

Dec. 4.—Finished second volume of Hallam. The other day read to the end of chapter ix. of my novel to George, who was much pleased, and found no fault.

We send to-day 'Orley Farm,' 'The Small House at Allington,' and 'The Story of Elizabeth.' 'The

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
4th
Dec. 1865.

¹ "I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he* thought, rather than to hear from some one else what *he ought to have thought.*"

Small House' is rather lighter than 'Orley Farm.' 'The Story of Elizabeth' is by Miss Thackeray. It is not so cheerful as Trollope, but is charmingly written. You can taste it and reject it if it is too melancholy. I think more of you than you are likely to imagine, and I believe we talk of you all more than of any other mortals.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th Dec. 1865.

It is worth your while to send for the last 'Fortnightly' to read an article of Professor Tyndall's "On the Constitution of the Universe." It is a splendid piece of writing on the higher physics, which I know will interest you. *Appropos* of the feminine intellect, I had a bit of experience with a superior woman the other day, which reminded me of Sydney Smith's story about his sermon on the Being of a God. He says, that after he had delivered his painstaking argument, an old parishioner said to him, "I don't agree wi' you, Mr Smith; *I think there be a God.*"

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec. 1865.

Dec. 11.—For the last three days I have been foundering from a miserable state of head. I have written chapter x. This evening read again Macaulay's Introduction.

Journal, 1865.

Dec. 15.—To-day is the first for nearly a week on which I have been able to write anything fresh. I am reading Macaulay and Blackstone. This evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall.

Your kind letter came to me yesterday. I wish there had been no family trouble to disturb the happiness of which your previous letter had given me an idea, and which I allowed myself to trust

Letter to M. D'Albert, 17th Dec. 1865.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
17th Dec.
1865.

in as still continuing, notwithstanding your long silence. I sympathise with the indisposition to write letters: time becomes more precious as one gets older and in need of economising all strength for the sake of not falling short towards immediate duties.

'The Fortnightly' is a great *succès d'estime*. The principle of signature, never before thoroughly carried out in England, has given it an exceptional dignity, and drawn valuable writers. It is a thoroughly serious periodical, intended for the few who will pay a high price, and is supported by proprietors unconnected with the publishing trade. It is still a question whether it will succeed commercially. I think I told you that Mr Lewes accepted the editorship on urgent request, after having previously refused it; and has nothing to do with it as speculation. He likes the work very well, now he has entered into it, finding that superior contributors present themselves and brave the supposed perils of signature.

I am occupied, in a leisurely way, with my own writing, and, as you know, am not in the habit of contributing to periodicals.

It grieves me that you have had your trouble in vain in translating 'Romola.' I have had at least four applications from France for permission to translate it. But in fact the permission always belonged to Smith & Elder; and now no permission is needed. A short time ago we had a visit from Mdle. Bohm, the niece of Professor Scherer, residing with him at Versailles. She says that by

herself and in her circle 'Romola' is valued more than any of my previous books. It is rather a cruel thing that she, like so many others, inquired whether my books had been translated into French. I mean it is cruel for you that, after your conscientious labours, your publishers have not been able to make better arrangements for you with Parisian houses. I have received numerous letters asking me to give my authorisation to translations of the 'Clerical Scenes,' or 'Silas Marner,' or 'The Mill.' I only tell you this, as so much information that you might perhaps use in your relations with your publishers.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
17th Dec.
1865.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is a sort of hieroglyph for I love you and wish you well all the year round. Christmas to me is like a great many other pleasures, which I am glad to imagine as enjoyed by others, but have no delight in myself. Berried holly, and smiling faces, and snapdragon, grandmamma and the children, turkey and plum-pudding,—they are all precious things, and I would not have the world without them; but they tire me a little. I enjoy the common days of the year more. But for the sake of those who are stronger, I rejoice in Christmas.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Dec.
1865.

Dec. 24.—For two days I have been sticking in the mud from doubt about my construction. I have just consulted G., and he confirms my choice of incidents.

Journal,
1865.

Dec. 31.—The last day of 1865. I will say nothing but that I trust—I will strive—to add more ardent effort towards a good result from all the

outward good that is given to me. My health is at a lower ebb than usual, and so is George's. Bertie is spending his holidays with us, and shows hopeful characteristics. Charles is happy.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1862 TO DECEMBER 1865.

Begins 'Romola' again—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to Miss Hennell—Max Müller's book—'Orley Farm'—Anthony Trollope—T. A. Trollope's 'Deata'—Acquaintance with Mr Burton and Mr W. G. Clark—George Smith, publisher, suggests a "magnificent offer"—Depression about 'Romola'—Letter to Mrs Bray asking for loan of music—Pantomime—First visit to Dorking—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Impatience of concealment—Anxiety about war with America—Sympathy with Queen—Mr Lewes begins 'History of Science'—Mrs Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows"—Depression—George Smith offers £10,000 for 'Romola' for the 'Cornhill'—Idea given up—Visit to Englefield Green—Working under a weight—Letter to M. D'Albert—Second visit to Dorking for three weeks—Delight in spring—Accepts £7000 for 'Romola' in 'Cornhill'—Regret at leaving Blackwood—Palsy in writing—Visit to Littlehampton and to Dorking third time—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Mr Lewes at Spa—George Eliot in better spirits—Letter to Miss Hennell—Joachim's playing—New Literary Club—Reading Poliziano—Suggestion of Tennyson's "Palace of Art"—Visit from Browning—Depression—Letter to Madame Bodichon—No negative propaganda—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—The "Messiah" on Christmas Day—

Letter to Miss Hennell—St Paul's "Charity"—The Poetry of Christianity—The Bible—Adieu to year 1862—Letter to Miss Hennell—Encouragement about 'Romola'—Literary Club dissolves—Miss Cobbe—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Depression—Fourth visit to Dorking for fortnight—Letter to Charles Lewes on Thackeray's Lectures—The effect of writing 'Romola'—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Odiousness of intellectual superciliousness—Letter to Mrs Bray—Thinking of The Priory—'Romola' finished—Inscription—Visit to Isle of Wight—Ristori—Letter to Miss Hennell—Thornton Lewes—London amusements—Opera—Letter to M. D'Albert—Reading Mommsen, Liddell's 'Rome,' and 'Roba di Roma'—Letter from Frederick Maurice referred to as most generous tribute ever given—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Renan's 'Vie de Jésus'—Visit to Worthing—Mrs Hare—Return to London—Depression—Letter to R. H. Hutton on 'Romola'—The importance of the medium in which characters move—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Effect of London on health—Letter to Mrs Bray—Delight in autumn—Mommsen's History—Letter to Mrs Congreve—'The Discours Préliminaire'—Removal to The Priory—Mr Owen Jones decorates the house—Jansa the violinist—Letter to Mrs Bray—'Physiology for Schools'—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Enjoying rest, and music with Jansa—Letter to Miss Hennell—Renan—Letter to Mrs Bray—Enjoyment of Priory—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Mr Lewes's 'Aristotle' finished—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Compensation—Letter to Mrs P. A. Taylor—Effect of sunshine—Death of Mrs Hare—"David Gray"—Letter to Miss Hennell—Dislike of note writing—Visit to Scotland—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Joy in Federal successes—Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi—Mr Burton's picture of a Legendary Knight in Armour—Third Visit to Italy with Mr Burton for seven weeks—Return to London—Charles Lewes's engagement to Miss Gertrude Hill—Pleasure in Mr Burton's companionship in travel—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Present of mats—Depression—Reading Gibbon—Gieseler—Letter to Miss Hennell—Reading Max Müller—Reference to the 'Apologia'—Newman—Reading about Spain—Trying a drama—Letter to Miss Hennell—Harrogate—Development of Industries—Scarborough—

Letters to Mrs Congreve—Pleasure in her visit—Letter to Miss Hennell—Learning Spanish—Two Acts of drama written—Sticking in construction of remainder—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Christmas greeting—Retrospect of year 1864—Letter to Mrs Congreve—First payment to Positivist Fund—Comparison with “small upper room” 1866 years ago—Mrs Congreve staying at The Priory—Poem “My Vegetarian Friend” written—Visit to Paris—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Visit to Comte’s apartment in Paris—Finished Poem on “Utopias”—Letter to Miss Sara Hennell—Delight in dual solitude—‘Fortnightly Review’—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Charades—Depression—Mr Lewes takes away drama—Article for the ‘Pall Mall,’ “A Word for the Germans”—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Visit to Wandsworth—Depression—Letter to Mrs Congreve after visit—Letter to Mrs Bray on a young friend’s death—Deep depression—Admiration of Mr Lewes’s good spirits—‘Felix Holt’ begun—Article on Lecky’s ‘History of Rationalism’ in ‘Fortnightly’—Reading Æschylus, ‘Theatre of the Greeks’—Klein’s ‘History of the Drama’—Letter to Mrs Congreve—First number of the ‘Fortnightly’—Frederic Harrison’s article—Reading Mill, Comte, and Blackstone—Aristotle’s “Poetics”—Dine with Congreves at Wandsworth—Faust at Covent Garden—Sunday reception—Browning—Huxley and Bagehot—Mr Burton’s portrait finished—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor on J. S. Mill—The ‘Fortnightly Review’—Mazzini subscription—Letter of adieu to Mrs Congreve—Expedition to Brittany for month—Letter to Miss Hennell—“Pretended comforts”—Recollection of early feelings—Delight in her friendship—Masson’s ‘Recent Philosophy’—Comte—Goethe on Spinoza—Reading Fawcett’s ‘Economic Condition of Working Classes’—Mill’s ‘Liberty’—Strauss’s second ‘Life of Jesus’—Neale’s ‘History of the Puritans’—Hallam’s ‘Middle Ages’—Letter to Miss Hennell on Tyndall’s article on “The Constitution of the Universe”—Letter to M. D’Albert on the ‘Fortnightly’—View of Christmas Day—Retrospect of 1865.

CHAPTER XIII.

I HAVE had it in my mind to write to you for many days, wanting to tell you, yet feeling there might be some impertinence in doing so, of the delight and gratitude I felt in reading your article on Industrial Co-operation. Certain points admirably brought out in that article would, I think, be worth the labour of a life if one could help in winning them thorough recognition. I don't mean that my thinking so is of any consequence, but simply that it is of consequence to me when I find your energetic writing confirm my own faith.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
5th Jan.
1866.

It would be fortunate for us if you had nothing better to do than look in on us on Tuesday evening. Professor Huxley will be with us, and one or two others whom you know, and your presence would make us all the brighter.

Jan. 9. — Professors Huxley and Beesly, Mr Burton and Mr Spencer, dined with us. Mr Harrison in the evening.

Journal,
1866.

The ample and clear statement you have sent me with kind promptness has put me in high spirits — as high spirits as can belong to an unhopeful

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
12th Jan.
1866.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
12th Jan.
1866.

author. Your hypothetical case of a settlement suits my needs surprisingly well. I shall be thankful to let Sugden alone, and throw myself entirely on your goodness, especially as what I want is simply a basis of legal possibilities, and not any command of details. I want to be sure that my chords will not offend a critic accomplished in thorough-bass—not at all to present an exercise in thorough-bass.

I was going to write you a long story, but on consideration it seems to me that I should tax your time less, and arrive more readily at a resolution of my doubts on various points not yet mentioned to you, if you could let me speak instead of writing to you.

On Wednesday afternoons I am always at home; but on any day when I could be sure of your coming, I would set everything aside for the sake of a consultation so valuable to me.

Journal,
1866.

Jan. 20.—For the last fortnight I have been unusually disabled by ill health. I have been consulting Mr Harrison about the law in my book with satisfactory result.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
22d Jan.
1866.

I had not any opportunity, or not enough presence of mind, to tell you yesterday how much I felt your kindness in writing me that last little note of sympathy.

In proportion as compliments (always beside the mark) are discouraging and nauseating, at least to a writer who has any serious aims, genuine words from one capable of understanding one's conceptions are precious and strengthening.

Yet I have no confidence that the book will ever be worthily written. And now I have something else to ask. It is, that if anything strikes you as untrue in cases where my drama has a bearing on momentous questions, especially of a public nature, you will do me the great kindness to tell me of your doubts.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
22d Jan.
1866.

On a few moral points, which have been made clear to me by my experience, I feel sufficiently confident,—without such confidence I could not write at all. But in every other direction I am so much in need of fuller instruction, as to be constantly under the sense that I am more likely to be wrong than right.

Hitherto I have read my MS. (I mean of my previous books) to Mr Lewes, by forty or fifty pages at a time, and he has told me if he felt an objection to anything. No one else has had any knowledge of my writings before their publication. (I except, of course, the publishers.)

But now that you are good enough to incur the trouble of reading my MS., I am anxious to get the full benefit of your participation.

We arrived here on Tuesday, and have been walking about four hours each day, and the walks are so various that each time we have turned out we have found a new one. George is already much the better for the perfect rest, quiet, and fresh air. Will you give my thanks to Mr Congreve for the '*Synthèse*,' which I have brought with me and am reading? I expect to understand three chapters well enough to get some edification.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve; 28th
Jan. 1866,
from Tun-
bridge
Wells.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 28th
Jan. 1866,
from Tun-
bridge
Wells.

George had talked of our taking the train to Dover to pay you a “morning call.” He observes that it would have been a “dreadful sell” if we had done so. Your letter, therefore, was providential—and without doubt it came from a dear little Providence of mine that sits in your heart.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
31st Jan.
1866, from
Tunbridge
Wells.

I have received both your precious letters—the second edition of the case, and the subsequent note. The story is sufficiently in the track of ordinary probability; and the careful trouble you have so generously given to it, has enabled me to feel a satisfaction in my plot which beforehand I had sighed for as unattainable.

There is still a question or two which I shall want to ask you, but I am afraid of taxing your time and patience in an unconscionable manner. So, since we expect to return to town at the end of next week, I think I will reserve my questions until I have the pleasure and advantage of an interview with you, in which *pros* and *cons* can be more rapidly determined than by letter. It seems to me that you have fitted my phenomena with a *rationale* quite beautifully. If there is any one who could have done it better, I am sure I know of no man who *would*. Please to put your help of me among your good deeds for this year of 1866.

To-day we have resolute rain, for the first time since we came down. You don't yet know what it is to be a sickly wretch, dependent on these skiey influences. But Heine says illness “spiritualises the members.” It had need do some good in return for one's misery.

Thanks for your kind letter. Alas! we had chiefly bad weather in the country. George was a little benefited, but only a little. He is too far "run down" to be wound up in a very short time. We enjoyed our return to our comfortable house, and perhaps that freshness of home was the chief gain from our absence.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Feb.
1866.

You see, to counterbalance all the great and good things that life has given us beyond what our fellows have, we hardly know now what it is to be free from bodily *malaise*.

After the notion I have given you of my health, you will not wonder if I say that I don't know when anything of mine will appear. I can never reckon on myself.

March 7.—I am reading Mill's 'Logic' again. Theocritus still, and English History and Law.

Journal,
1866.

March 17.—To St James's Hall hearing Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé in glorious Beethoven music.

Don't think any evil of me for not writing. Just now the days are short, and art is long to artists with feeble bodies. If people don't say expressly that they want anything from me, I easily conclude that they will do better without me, and have a good weight of idleness, or rather bodily fatigue, which puts itself into the scale of modesty. I torment myself less with fruitless regrets that my particular life has not been more perfect. The young things are growing, and to me it is not melancholy but joyous that the world will be brighter after I am gone than it has been in the brief time of my existence. You see my pen runs into very

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 9th
April 1866.

old reflections. The fact is, I have no details to tell that would much interest you. It is true that I am going to bring out another book, but just *when* is not certain.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
10th April
1866.

The happiness in your letter was delightful to me, as you guessed it would be. See how much better things may turn out for all mankind, since they mend for single mortals even in this confused state of the bodies social and politic.

As soon as we can leave we shall go away, probably to Germany, for six weeks or so. But that will not be till June. I am finishing a book which has been growing slowly like a sickly child, because of my own ailments; but now I am in the later acts of it, I can't move till it is done.

You know all the news, public and private—all about the sad cattle plague, and the Reform Bill, and who is going to be married, and who is dead. So I need tell you nothing. You will find the English world extremely like what it was when you left it—conversation more or less trivial and insincere, literature just now not much better, and politics worse than either. Bring some sincerity and energy to make a little draught of pure air in your particular world. I shall expect you to be a heroine in the best sense, now you are happier after a time of suffering. See what a talent I have for telling other people to be good!

We are getting patriarchal, and think of old age and death as journeys not far off. All knowledge, all thought, all achievement seems more precious and enjoyable to me than it ever was before in life.

But as soon as one has found the key of life, "it opes the gates of death." Youth has not learned the *art* of living, and we go on bungling till our experience can only serve us for a very brief space. That is the "external order" we must submit to.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
10th April
1866.

I am too busy to write except when I am tired, and don't know very well what to say, so you must not be surprised if I write in a dreamy way.

April 21.—Sent MS. of two volumes to Blackwood. Journal,
1866.

April 25.—Blackwood has written to offer me £5000 for 'Felix Holt.' I have been ailing, and uncertain in my strokes, and yesterday got no further than p. 52 of vol. iii.

It is a great pleasure to me to be writing to you again, as in the old days. After your kind letters, I am chiefly anxious that the publication of 'Felix Holt' may be a satisfaction to you from beginning to end. Letter to
John Black-
wood, 25th
April 1866.

Mr Lewes writes about other business matters, so I will only say that I am desirous to have the proofs as soon and as rapidly as will be practicable.

They will require correcting with great care, and there are large spaces in the day when I am unable to write, in which I could be attending to my proofs.

I think I ought to tell you that I have consulted a legal friend about my law, to guard against errors. The friend is a Chancery barrister, who "ought to know."

After I had written the first volume, I applied to him, and he has since read through my MS.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
April 1866.

How very good it was of you to write me a letter which is a guarantee to me of the pleasantest kind that I have made myself understood.

The tone of the prevalent literature just now is not encouraging to a writer who at least wishes to be serious and sincere ; and, owing to my want of health, a great deal of this book has been written under so much depression as to its practical effectiveness, that I have sometimes been ready to give it up.

Your letter has made me feel, more strongly than any other testimony, that it would have been a pity if I had listened to the tempter Despondency. I took a great deal of pains to get a true idea of the period. My own recollections of it are childish, and of course disjointed, but they help to illuminate my reading. I went through the 'Times' of 1832-33 at the British Museum, to be sure of as many details as I could. It is amazing what strong language was used in those days, especially about the Church. "Bloated pluralists," "Stall-fed dignitaries," &c., are the sort of phrases conspicuous. There is one passage of prophecy which I longed to quote, but I thought it wiser to abstain : "Now, the beauty of the Reform Bill is, that under its mature operation the people must and will become free agents" --a prophecy which I hope is true, only the maturity of the operation has not arrived yet.

Mr Lewes is well satisfied with the portion of

the third volume already written ; and as I am better in health just now, I hope to go on with spirit, especially with the help of your cordial sympathy. I trust you will see, when it comes, that the third volume is the natural issue prepared for by the first and second.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
April 1866.

A thousand thanks for your note. Do not worry yourself so much about those two questions that you will be forced to hate me. On Tuesday next we are to go to Dorking for probably a fortnight. I wished you to read the first 100 pages of my third volume ; but I fear now that I must be content to wait and send you a duplicate proof of a chapter or two that are likely to make a lawyer shudder by their poetic licence. Please to be in great distress some time for want of my advice, and tease me considerably to get it, that I may prove my grateful memory of these days.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
27th April
1866.

To-morrow we go—Mr Lewes's bad health driving us—to Dorking, where everything will reach me as quickly as in London.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
April 1866.

I am in a horrible fidget about certain points which I want to be sure of in correcting my proofs. They are chiefly two questions. I wish to know—

1. Whether in Napoleon's war with England, after the breaking up of the Treaty of Amiens, the seizure and imprisonment of civilians was exceptional, or whether it was continued throughout the war?

2. Whether in 1833, in the case of transportation to one of the colonies, when the sentence did not

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
April 1866.

involve hard labour, the sentenced person might be at large on his arrival in the colony?

It is possible you may have some one near at hand who will answer these questions. I am sure you will help me if you can, and will sympathise in my anxiety not to have even an allusion that involves practical impossibilities.

One can never be perfectly accurate, even with one's best effort, but the effort must be made.

Journal,
1866.

May 31.—Finished 'Felix Holt.'

The manuscript bears the following inscription :—

"From George Eliot to her dear Husband, this thirteenth year of their united life, in which the deepening sense of her own imperfectness has the consolation of their deepening love."

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 5th
June 1866.

My last hope of seeing you before we start has vanished. I find that the things urged upon me to be done, in addition to my own small matters of preparation, will leave me no time to enjoy anything that I should have chosen if I had been at leisure. Last Thursday only I finished writing, in a state of nervous excitement that had been making my head throb and my heart palpitate all the week before. As soon as I had finished I felt well. You know how we had counted on a parting sight of you; and I should have particularly liked to see Emily, and witness the good effect of Derbyshire. But send us a word or two if you can, just to say how you *all three* are. We start on Thursday evening for Brussels. Then to Antwerp, The Hague, and Amsterdam. Out of Holland we are to

find our way to Schwalbach. Let your love go with us, as mine will hover about you and all yours—that group of three which the word “Wands-worth” always means for us.

I finished writing [‘Felix Holt’] on the last day of May, after days and nights of throbbing and palpitation—chiefly, I suppose, from a nervous excitement which I was not strong enough to support well. As soon as I had done I felt better, and have been a new creature ever since, though a little overdone with visits from friends, and attention (*miserabile dictu!*) to petticoats, &c.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
5th June
1866.

I can’t help being a little vexed that the course of things hinders my having the great delight of seeing you again—during this visit to town. Now that my mind is quite free, I don’t know anything I should have chosen sooner than to have a long, long, quiet day with you.

June 7.—Set off on our journey to Holland.

Journal,
1866.

I wish you could know how idle I feel—how utterly disinclined to anything but mere self-indulgence—because that knowledge would enable you to estimate the affection and anxiety which prompt me to write in spite of disinclination. June is so far gone, that by the time you get this letter you will surely have some result of the examination to tell me of; and I can’t bear to deprive myself of that news by not letting you know where we are. “In Paradise,” George says; but the Paradise is in the fields and woods of beech and fir, where we walk in uninterrupted solitude in spite of the excellent roads and delightful resting-places, which seem to

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 25th
June 1866,
from
Schwalbach.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 25th
June 1866,
from
Schwalbach.

have been prepared for visitors in general. The promenade, where the ladies—chiefly Russian and German, with only a small sprinkling of English and Americans—display their ornamental petticoats and various hats, is only the outskirts of Paradise; but we amuse ourselves there for an hour or so in the early morning and evening, listening to the music and learning the faces of our neighbours. There is a deficiency of men, children, and dogs: otherwise the winding walks, the luxuriant trees and grass, and the abundant seats of the promenade, have every charm one can expect at a German bath. We arrived here last Thursday, after a fortnight spent in Belgium and Holland; and we still fall to interjections of delight whenever we walk out—first at the beauty of the place, and next at our own happiness in not having been frightened away from it by the predictions of travellers and hotel-keepers, that we should find no one here—that the Prussians would break up the railways, &c., &c.—Nassau being one of the majority of small States who are against Prussia. I fear we are a little in danger of becoming like the Bürger in “Faust,” and making it too much the entertainment of our holiday to have a

“Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei
Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
Die Völker auf einander schlagen.”

Idle people are so eager for newspapers that tell them of other people's energetic enthusiasm! A few soldiers are quartered here, and we see them wisely using their leisure to drink at the Brunnen.

They are the only suggestion of war that meets our eyes among these woody hills. Already we feel great benefit from our quiet journeying and repose. George is looking remarkably well, and seems to have nothing the matter with him. You know how magically quick his recoveries seem. I am too refined to say anything about our excellent quarters and good meals ; but one detail, I know, will touch your sympathy. We dine in our own room ! It would have marred the *Kur* for me if I had had every day to undergo a *table d'hôte* where almost all the guests are English, presided over by the British chaplain. Please don't suspect me of being scornful towards my fellow country men or women : the fault is all mine that I am miserably *gênée* by the glances of strange eyes.

We want news from you to complete our satisfaction, and no one can give it but yourself. Send us as many matter-of-fact details as you have the patience to write. We shall not be here after the 4th, but at Schlangenbad.

We got home last night, after a rough passage from Ostend. You have been so continually a recurrent thought to me ever since I had your letter at Schwalbach, that it is only natural I should write to you as soon as I am at my old desk again. The news of Mr Congreve's examination being over made me feel for several days that something had happened, which caused me unusual lightness of heart. I would not dwell on the possibility of your having to leave Wandsworth, which, I know, would cause you many sacrifices. I clung

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 25th
June 1866

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
Aug. 1866,
from The
Priory.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
Aug. 1866,
from The
Priory.

solely to the great cheering fact that a load of anxiety had been lifted from Mr Congreve's mind. May we not put in a petition for some of his time now? And will he not come with you and Emily to dine with us next week, on any day except Wednesday and Friday? The dinner-hour seems more propitious for talk and enjoyment than lunch-time; but in all respects choose what will best suit your health and habits—only let us see you.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
4th Aug.
1866.

We returned from our health-seeking journey on Thursday evening, and your letter was the most delightful thing that awaited me at home. Be sure it will be much read and meditated; and may I not take it as an earnest that your help, which has already done so much for me, will be continued? I mean, that you will help me by your thoughts and your sympathy—not that you will be teased with my proofs.

I meant to write you a long letter about the æsthetic problem: but Mr Lewes, who is still tormented with headachy effects from our rough passage, comes and asks me to walk to Hampstead with him, so I send these hasty lines. Come and see us soon.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Aug. 1866.

We got home on Thursday evening, and are still feeling some unpleasant effects from our very rough passage—an inconvenience which we had waited some days at Ostend to avoid. But the wind took no notice of us, and went on blowing.

I was much pleased with the handsome appearance of the three volumes, which were lying ready

for me. My hatred of bad paper and bad print, and my love of their opposites, naturally get stronger as my eyes get weaker; and certainly that taste could hardly be better gratified than it is by Messrs Blackwood & Sons.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Aug. 1866.

Colonel Hamley's volume is another example of that fact. It lies now on my revolving desk as one of the books I mean first to read. I am really grateful to have such a medium of knowledge, and I expect it to make some pages of history much less dim to me.

My impression of Colonel Hamley, when we had that pleasant dinner at Greenwich, and afterwards when he called in Blandford Square, was quite in keeping with the high opinion you express. Mr Lewes liked the article on 'Felix' in the Magazine very much. He read it the first thing yesterday morning, and told me it was written in a nice spirit, and the extracts judiciously made.

I have had a delightful holiday, and find my double self very much the better for it. We made a great round in our journeying. From Antwerp to Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Cologne; then up the Rhine to Coblenz, and thence to Schwalbach, where we stayed a fortnight. From Schwalbach to Schlangenbad, where we stayed till we feared the boats would cease to go to and fro; and in fact, only left just in time to get down the Rhine to Bonn by the Dutch steamer. From Bonn, after two days, we went to Aix; then to dear old Liège, where we had been together thirteen years before: and, to avoid the King of the Belgians, ten

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.
1866.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.
1866.

minutes backwards to the baths of pretty Chaudfontaine, where we remained three days. Then to Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges; and, last of all, to Ostend, where we waited for a fine day and calm sea, until we secured---a very rough passage indeed.

Ought we not to be a great deal wiser, and more efficient personages, or else to be ashamed of ourselves? Unhappily, this last alternative is not a compensation for wisdom.

I thought of you—to mention one occasion amongst many—when we had the good fortune, at Antwerp, to see a placard announcing that the company from the Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria, would represent, that Sunday evening, the *Lebensgeschichte* of our Saviour Christ, at the Théâtre des Variétés. I remembered that you had seen the representation with deep interest—and these actors are doubtless the successors of those you saw. Of course we went to the theatre. And the Christ was, without exaggeration, beautiful. All the rest was inferior, and might even have had a painful approach to the ludicrous; but both the person and the action of the Jesus were fine enough to overpower all meaner impressions. Mr Lewes, who, you know, is keenly alive to everything “stagey” in physiognomy and gesture, felt what I am saying quite as much as I did, and was much moved.

Rotterdam, with the grand approach to it by the broad river; the rich, red brick of the houses; the canals, uniformly planted with trees, and crowded with the bright brown masts of the Dutch boats,

is far finer than Amsterdam. The colour of Amsterdam is ugly: the houses are of a chocolate colour, almost black (an artificial tinge given to the bricks), and the woodwork on them screams out in ugly patches of cream-colour; the canals have no trees along their sides, and the boats are infrequent. We looked about for the very Portuguese synagogue, where Spinoza was nearly assassinated as he came from worship. But it no longer exists. There are no less than three Portuguese synagogues now—very large and handsome. And in the evening we went to see the worship there. Not a woman was present, but of devout men not a few,—a curious reversal of what one sees in other temples. The chanting and the swaying about of the bodies—almost a wriggling—are not beautiful to the sense; but I fairly cried at witnessing this faint symbolism of a religion of sublime, far-off memories. The skulls of St Ursula's eleven thousand virgins seem a modern suggestion compared with the Jewish Synagogue. At Schwalbach and Schlangenbad our life was led chiefly in the beech woods, which we had all to ourselves, the guests usually confining themselves to the nearer promenades. The guests, of course, were few in that serious time,—and between war and cholera we felt our position as health — and pleasure — seekers somewhat contemptible.

There is no end to what one could say, if one did not feel that long letters cut pieces not to be spared out of the solid day.

I think I have earned that you should write me

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
10th Aug.
1866

one of those perfect letters in which you make me see everything you like about yourself and others.

Journal,
1866.

Aug. 30.—I have taken up the idea of my drama, 'The Spanish Gypsy,' again, and am reading on Spanish subjects—Bouterwek, Sismondi, Depping, Llorente, &c.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.
1866.

I have read several times your letter of the 19th, which I found awaiting me on my return, and I shall read it many times again. Pray do not even say, or inwardly suspect, that anything you take the trouble to write to me will not be valued. On the contrary, please to imagine as well as you can the experience of a mind morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement—and then consider how such a mind must need the support of sympathy and approval from those who are capable of understanding its aims. I assure you your letter is an evidence of a fuller understanding than I have ever had expressed to me before. And if I needed to give emphasis to this simple statement, I should suggest to you all the miseries one's obstinate egotism endures from the fact of being a writer of novels—books which the dullest and silliest reader thinks himself competent to deliver an opinion on. But I despise myself for feeling any annoyance at these trivial things.

That is a tremendously difficult problem which you have laid before me; and I think you see its difficulties, though they can hardly press upon you as they do on me, who have gone through again and

again the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the spirit. I think æsthetic teaching is the highest of all teaching, because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But if it ceases to be purely æsthetic—if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram—it becomes the most offensive of all teaching. Avowed Utopias are not offensive, because they are understood to have a scientific and expository character: they do not pretend to work on the emotions, or couldn't do it if they did pretend. I am sure, from your own statement, that you see this quite clearly. Well, then, consider the sort of agonising labour to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture,—to get breathing individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience—will, as you say, “flash” conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy.

I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write ‘*Romola*’—neglecting nothing I could find that would help me to what I may call the “idiom” of Florence, in the largest sense one could stretch the word to: and then I was only trying to give *some* out of the normal relations. I felt that the necessary idealisation could only be attained by adopting the clothing of the past. And again, it is my way (rather too much so perhaps) to urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.
1866.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Aug.
1866.

and terror, as well as admiration and delight. I only say all this to show the tenfold arduousness of such a work as the one your problem demands. On the other hand, my whole soul goes with your desire that it should be done; and I shall at least keep the great possibility (or impossibility) perpetually in my mind, as something towards which I must strive, though it may be that I can do so only in a fragmentary way.

At present I am going to take up again a work which I laid down before writing 'Felix.' It is—*but please, let this be a secret between ourselves*—an attempt at a drama, which I put aside at Mr Lewes's request, after writing four acts, precisely because it was in that stage of creation—or *Werden*—in which the idea of the characters predominates over the incarnation. Now I read it again, I find it impossible to abandon it: the conceptions move me deeply, and they have never been wrought out before. There is not a thought or symbol that I do not long to use: but the whole requires recasting: and, as I never recast anything before, I think of the issue very doubtfully. When one has to work out the dramatic action for one's self, under the inspiration of an idea, instead of having a grand myth or an Italian novel ready to one's hand, one feels anything but omnipotent. Not that I should have done any better if I had had the myth or the novel, for I am not a good user of opportunities. I think I have the right *locus* and historic conditions, but much else is wanting.

I have not, of course, said half what I meant to

say; but I hope opportunities of exchanging thoughts will not be wanting between us.

It is so long since we exchanged letters, that I feel inclined to break the silence by telling you that I have been reading with much interest the 'Operations of War,' which you enriched me with. Also that I have had a pretty note, in aged handwriting, from Dean Ramsay, with a present of his 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life.' I suppose you know him quite well, but I never heard you mention him. Also —what will amuse you —that my readers take quite a tender care of my text, writing to me to tell me of a misprint, or of "one phrase" which they entreat to have altered, that no blemish may disfigure 'Felix.' Dr Althaus has sent me word of a misprint which I am glad to know of —or rather of a word slipped out in the third volume. 'She *saw* streaks of light, &c. . . . *and* sounds.' It must be corrected when the opportunity comes.

We are very well, and I am swimming in Spanish history and literature. I feel as if I were molesting you with a letter without any good excuse, but you are not bound to write again until a wet day makes golf impossible, and creates a dreariness in which even letter-writing seems like a recreation.

I am glad to know that Dean Ramsay is a friend of yours. His sympathy was worth having, and I at once wrote to thank him. Another wonderfully lively old man —Sir Henry Holland—came to see me about two Sundays ago, to bid me good-bye before going on an excursion to—North America! and to tell me that he had just been re-reading

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
Sept. 1866.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 11th
Sept. 1866.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 11th
Sept. 1866.

'Adam Bede' for the fourth time. "I often read in it, you know, besides. But this is the fourth time quite through." I, of course, with the mother's egoism on behalf of the youngest born, was jealous for 'Felix.' Is there any possibility of satisfying an author? But one or two things that George read out to me from an article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' by Mr Morley did satisfy me. And yet I sicken again with despondency under the sense that the most carefully written books lie, both outside and inside people's minds, deep undermost in a heap of trash.

Journal,
1866.

Sept. 15.—Finished Depping's '*Juifs au Moyen Âge.*' Reading Chaucer, to study English. Also reading on Acoustics, Musical instruments, &c.

Oct. 15.—Recommended the '*Spanish Gypsy,*' intending to give it a new form.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1866.

For a wonder, I remembered the day of the month, and felt a delightful confidence that I should have a letter from her who always remembers such things at the right moment. You will hardly believe in my imbecility. I can never be quite sure whether your birthday is the 21st or the 23d. I know every one must think the worse of me for this want of retentiveness that seems a part of affection; and it is only justice that they should. Nevertheless I am not quite destitute of lovingness and gratitude, and perhaps the consciousness of my own defect makes me feel your goodness the more keenly. I shall reckon it part of the next year's happiness for me if it brings a great deal of happiness to you. That will depend some-

what — perhaps chiefly — on the satisfaction you have in giving shape to your ideas. But you say nothing on that subject.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1866.

We knew about Faraday's preaching, but not of his loss of faculty. I begin to think of such things as very near to me—I mean decay of power and health. But I find age has its fresh elements of cheerfulness.

Bless you, dear Sara, for all the kindness of many years, and for the newest kindness that comes to me this morning. I am very well now, and able to enjoy my happiness. One has happiness sometimes without being able to enjoy it.

Nov. 22.—Reading Renan's '*Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*'—Ticknor's '*Spanish Literature*.'

Journal,
1866.

Dec. 6.—We returned from Tunbridge Wells, where we have been for a week. I have been reading Cornwall Lewis's '*Astronomy of the Ancients*,' Ockley's '*History of the Saracens*,' '*Astronomical Geography*,' and Spanish ballads on Bernardo del Carpio.

We have been to Tunbridge Wells for a week, hoping to get plenty of fresh air, and walking in that sandy undulating country. But for three days it rained incessantly!

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
Dec. 1866.

No; I don't feel as if my faculties were failing me. On the contrary, I enjoy all subjects—all study—more than I ever did in my life before. But that very fact makes me more in need of resignation to the certain approach of age and death. Science, history, poetry—I don't know which draws me most, and there is little time

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 7th
Dec. 1866.

left me for any one of them. I learned Spanish last year but one, and see new vistas everywhere. That makes me think of time thrown away when I was young—time that I should be so glad of now. I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to anti-quarianism, if I had large spaces of life before me. But instead of that I have a very small space. Unfeigned, unselfish, cheerful resignation is difficult. But I strive to get it.

Journal,
1866.

Dec. 11.—Ill ever since I came home, so that the days seem to have made a muddy flood, sweeping away all labour and all growth.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 22d
Dec. 1866.

Just before we received Dr Congreve's letter, we had changed our plans. George's increasing weakness, and the more and more frequent intervals in which he became unable to work, made me at last urge him to give up the idea of "finishing," which often besets us vainly. It will really be better for the work as well as for himself that he should let it wait. However, I care about nothing just now except that he should be doing all he can to get better. So we start next Thursday for Bordeaux, staying two days in Paris on our way. Madame Mohl writes us word that she hears from friends of the delicious weather—mild, sunny weather—to be had now on the French south-western and south-eastern coast. You will all wish us well on our journey, I know. But *I* wish I could carry a happier thought about you than that of your being an invalid. I shall write to you when we are at Biarritz or some other place that suits us, and when I have something good to tell. No; in any case I shall write,

because I shall want to hear all about you. Tell Dr Congreve we carry the 'Politique' with us. Mr Lewes gets more and more impressed by it, and also by what he is able to understand of the 'Synthèse.' I am writing in the dark. Farewell. With best love to Emily, and dutiful regards to Dr Congreve.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 22d
Dec. 1866.

Dec. 27.—Set off in the evening on our journey to the south.

Journal,
1866.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1866 TO DECEMBER 1866.

Letters to Frederic Harrison on Industrial Co-operation—Consults him about law in 'Felix Holt'—Asks his opinion on other questions—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Visit to Tunbridge Wells—Reading Comte's 'Synthèse'—Letter to F. Harrison on "case" for 'Felix Holt'—Letter to Miss Hennell—Joy in the world getting better—Letter to Madame Bodichon—'Felix Holt' growing like a sickly child—Want of sincerity in England—Desire for knowledge increases—Blackwood offers £5000 for 'Felix Holt'—Letters to John Blackwood renewing correspondence—Thanks for encouragement—Pains taken with 'Felix Holt'—Letter to F. Harrison on legal points—The book finished—Inscription—Letter of adieu to Mrs Congreve—Letter to Mrs Bray—Excitement of finishing 'Felix Holt'—Journey to Holland and Germany—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Schwalbach—Return to The Priory—Letter to F. Harrison asking for sympathy—Letter to John Blackwood—Colonel Hamley—Letter to Miss Hennell describing German trip—Miracle play at Antwerp—Amsterdam synagogue—Takes up drama 'The Spanish Gypsy' again—Reading on Spanish subjects—Letter to F.

Harrison—Need of sympathy—Esthetic teaching—Tells him of the proposed drama—Letters to John Blackwood—Dean Ramsay—Sir Henry Holland—Article on 'Felix Holt' in Macmillan's Magazine—'The Spanish Gypsy' recommenced—Reading Renan's 'Histoire des Langues Sémitiques' and Ticknor's 'Spanish Literature'—Visit to Tunbridge Wells for a week—Reading Cornwall Lewis's 'Astronomy of the Ancients'—Ockley's 'History of the Saracens' and Spanish Ballads—Letter to Miss Hennell—Enjoyment of study—Depression—Letter of adieu to Mrs Congreve—Set off on journey to Spain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE new year of 1867 opens with the description of the journey to Spain.

We enjoyed our stay in Paris, in order to see Madame Mohl, who was very good to us: invited the Scherers and other interesting people to meet us at dinner on the 29th, and tempted us to stay and breakfast with her on the 31st, by promising to invite Renan, which she did successfully, and so procured us a bit of experience that we were glad to have, over and above the pleasure of seeing a little more of herself and M. Mohl. I like them both, and wish there were a chance of knowing them better. We paid for our pleasure by being obliged to walk in the rain (from the impossibility of getting a carriage) all the way from the Rue de Rivoli—where a charitable German printer, who had taken us up in his *fiacre*, was obliged to set us down—to the Hotel du Helder, through streets literally jammed with carriages and omnibuses, carrying people who were doing the severe social duties of the last day in the year. The rain it raineth every day,

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon
Jan. 1867,
from
Bordeaux

with the exception of yesterday : we can't travel away from it apparently. But we start in desperation for Bayonne in half an hour.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 16th
Jan. 1867,
from
Biarritz.

Snow on the ground here too—more, we are told, than has been seen here for fifteen years before. But it has been obliging enough to fall in the night, and the sky is glorious this morning, as it was yesterday. Sunday was the one exception since the 6th, when we arrived here to a state of weather which has allowed us to be out of doors the greater part of our daylight. We think it curious that among the many persons who have talked to us about Biarritz, the Brownings alone have ever spoken of its natural beauties ; yet these are transcendent. We agree that the sea never seemed so magnificent to us before, though we have seen the Atlantic breaking on the rocks at Ilfracombe, and on the great granite walls of the Scilly Isles. In the southern division of the bay we see the sun set over the Pyrenees ; and in the northern we have two splendid stretches of sand, one with huge fragments of dark rock scattered about for the waves to leap over, the other an unbroken level, firm to the feet, where the hindmost line of wave sends up its spray on the horizon like a suddenly rising cloud. This part of the bay is worthily called the *Chambre de l'Amour* ; and we have its beauties all to ourselves, which, alas ! in this stage of the world one can't help feeling to be an advantage. The few families and bachelors who are here (chiefly English) scarcely ever come across our path. The days pass so rapidly,

we can hardly believe in their number when we come to count them. After breakfast we both read the 'Politique'—George one volume and I another, interrupting each other continually with questions and remarks. That morning study keeps me in a state of enthusiasm through the day—a moral glow, which is a sort of *milieu subjectif* for the sublime sea and sky. Mr Lewes is converted to the warmest admiration of the chapter on language in the third volume, which about three years ago he thought slightly of. I think the first chapter of the fourth volume is among the finest of all, and the most finely written. My gratitude increases continually for the illumination Comte has contributed to my life. But we both of us study with a sense of having still much to learn and to understand. About ten or half-past ten we go out for our morning walk, and then while we plunge about in the sand or march along the cliff, George draws out a book and tries my paces in Spanish, demanding a quick-as-light translation of nouns and phrases. Presently I retort upon him, and prove that it is easier to ask than to answer. We find this system of *vis-à-vis* mutual instruction so successful, that we are disgusted with ourselves for not having used it before through all our many years of companionship; and we are making projects for giving new interest to Regent's Park, by pursuing all sorts of studies in the same way there. We seldom come indoors till one o'clock, and we turn out again at three, often remaining to see the sunset. One other thing I have been reading here

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 16th
Jan. 1867,
from
Biarritz.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 16th
Jan. 1867,
from
Biarritz.

which I must tell you of. It is a series of three papers by Saveney, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' of last year, on "La Physique Moderne,"—an excellent summary, giving a glimpse of the great vista opened in that region. I think you would like to read them when you are strong enough for that sort of exertion.

We stayed three days in Paris, and passed our time very agreeably. The first day we dined with Madame Mohl, who had kindly invited Professor Scherer and his wife, Jules Simon, Lomenie, Lavergne, "and others," to meet us. That was on the Saturday, and she tempted us to stay the following Monday by saying she would invite Renan to breakfast with us. Renan's appearance is something between the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister. His manners are very amiable, his talk pleasant, but not distinguished. We are entertaining great projects as to our further journeying. It will be best for you to address *Poste Restante*, Barcelona.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.
1867.

Are you astonished to see our whereabouts? We left Biarritz for San Sebastian, where we stayed three days; and both there and all our way to Barcelona our life has been a succession of delights. We have had perfect weather, blue skies, and a warm sun. We travelled from San Sebastian to Saragossa, where we passed two nights; then to Lerida for one night, and yesterday to Barcelona. You know the scenery from San Sebastian to Alsua, through the lower Pyrenees, because it lies on

the way to Burgos and Madrid. At Alsasua we turned off through Navarre into Aragon, seeing famous Pampeluna, looking as beautiful as it did ages ago amongst the grand hills. At Saragossa the scene was thoroughly changed: all through Aragon, as far as we could see, I should think the country resembles the highlands of Central Spain. There is the most striking effect of hills, flanking the plain of Saragossa, I ever saw. They are of palish clay, washed by the rains into undulating forms, and some slight herbage upon them makes the shadows of an exquisite blue.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.
1867.

These hills accompanied us in the distance all the way through Aragon, the snowy mountains topping them in the far distance. The land is all pale brown; the numerous towns and villages just match the land, and so do the sheep-folds, built of mud or stone. The herbage is all of an ashy green. Perhaps if I had been in Africa, I should say as you do that the country reminded me of Africa: as it is, I think of all I have read about the East. The men who look on while others work at Saragossa also seem to belong to the East, with a great striped blanket wrapped grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their hair. But though Aragon was held by the Moors longer than any part of Northern Spain, the features and skins of the people seem to me to bear less traces of the mixture there must have been than one would fairly expect. Saragossa has a grand character still, in spite of the stucco with which the people have daubed the beautiful

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Feb.
1867.

small brick of which the houses are built. Here and there one sees a house left undecorated by stucco; and all of them have the fluted tiles and the broad eaves beautifully ornamented. Again, one side of the old cathedral still shows the exquisite inlaid work which in the *façade* has been overlaid hideously. Gradually, as we left Aragon, and entered Catalonia, the face of the country changed, and we had almost every sort of beauty in succession: last of all, between Monserrat and Barcelona, a perfect garden, with the richest red soil—blossoms on the plum and cherry trees, aloes thick in the hedges. At present we are waiting for the Spanish hardships to begin. Even at Lerida, a place scarcely at all affected by foreign travellers, we were perfectly comfortable—and such sights! The people scattered on the brown slopes of rough earth round the fortress—the women knitting, &c., the men playing at cards; one wonderful gaudily dressed group, another of handsome gipsies. We are actually going by steamboat to Alicante, and from Alicante to Malaga. Then we mean to see Granada, Cordova, and Seville. We shall only stay here a few days—if this weather continues.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
18th Feb.
1867, from
Granada.

Your kind letter, written on the 5th, reached me here this morning. I had not heard of the criticism in the 'Edinburgh.' Mr Lewes read the article, but did not tell me of the reviewer's legal wisdom, thinking that it would only vex me to no purpose. However, I had felt sure that something of that sort must have appeared in one review article or another. I am heartily glad and grateful that you have helped

justice in general, as well as justice to me in particular, by getting the vindication written for the 'Pall Mall.' It was the best possible measure to adopt. Since we left Barcelona a fortnight ago we have seen no English papers, so that we have been in the dark as to English news.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
18th Feb.
1867, from
Granada

Were you not surprised to hear that we had come so far? The journey from San Sebastian by Saragossa and Lerida turned out to be so easy and delightful, that we ceased to tremble, and determined to carry out our project of going by steamer to Alicante and Malaga. You cannot do better than follow our example,—I mean, so far as coming to Spain is concerned. Believe none of the fictions that bookmakers get printed about the horrors of Spanish hotels and cookery, or the hardships of Spanish travel—still less about the rudeness of Spaniards. It is true that we have not yet endured the long railway journeys through Central Spain, but wherever we have been hitherto we have found nothing formidable, even for our rickety bodies.

We came hither from Malaga in the *berlina* (*coupé*) of the diligence, and have assured ourselves that Mr Blackburne's description of a supposed hen-roost, overturned in the Alameda at Malaga, which proved to be the Granada diligence, is an invention. The vehicle is comfortable enough, and the road is perfect: and at the end of it we have found ourselves in one of the loveliest scenes on earth.

We shall remain here till the 23d, and then go to Cordova first, to Seville next, and finally to

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
18th Feb.
1867, from
Granada.

Madrid, making our way homeward from thence by easy stages. We expect to be in the smoky haze of London again soon after the middle of March, if not before.

I wish I could believe that you were all having anything like the clear skies and warm sun which have cheered our journeying for the last month. At Alicante we walked among the palm-trees with their golden fruit hanging in rich clusters, and felt a more delightful warmth than that of an English summer. Last night we walked out and saw the towers of the Alhambra, the wide Vega, and the snowy mountains by the brilliant moonlight. You see we are getting a great deal of pleasure, but we are not working as you seem charitably to imagine. We tire ourselves, but only with seeing or going to see unforgettable things. You will say that we ought to work to better purpose when we get home. Amen. But just now we read nothing but Spanish novels—and not much of those. We said good-bye to philosophy and science when we packed up our trunks at Biarritz.

Please keep some friendship warm for us, that we may not be too much chilled by the English weather when we get back.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Feb. 1867.

We are both heartily rejoiced that we came to Spain. It was a great longing of mine, for, three years ago, I began to interest myself in Spanish history and literature, and have had a work lying by me, partly written, the subject of which is connected with Spain. Whether I shall ever bring it to maturity so as to satisfy myself sufficiently to

print it, is a question not settled; but it is a work very near my heart. We have had perfect weather ever since the 27th of January—magnificent skies and a summer sun. At Alicante, walking among the palm-trees, with the bare brown rocks and brown houses in the background, we fancied ourselves in the Tropics; and a gentleman who travelled with us, assured us that the aspect of the country closely resembled Aden on the Red Sea. Here, at Granada, of course it is much colder; but the sun shines uninterruptedly; and in the middle of the day, to stand in the sunshine against a wall, reminds me of my sensations at Florence in the beginning of June. The aspect of Granada as we first approached it was a slight disappointment to me, but the beauty of its position can hardly be surpassed. To stand on one of the towers of the Alhambra and see the sun set behind the dark mountains of Loja, and send its after-glow on the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, while the lovely Vega spreads below, ready to yield all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, is worth a very long, long journey. We shall start to-morrow evening for Cordova—then we shall go to Seville, back to Cordova, and on to Madrid.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Feb. 1867.

During our short stay in Paris we went a little into society, and saw, among other people who interested us, Professor Scherer, of whom you know something. He charmed me greatly. He is a Genevese, you know, and does not talk in ready-made epigrams, like a clever Frenchman, but with well-chosen moderate words, intended to express

what he really thinks and feels. He is highly cultivated; and his wife, who was with him, is an Englishwoman of refined simple manners.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 10th
March 1867.
from
Biarritz.

At Biarritz again, you see, after our long delightful journey, in which we have made a great loop all round the east and through the centre of Spain. Mr Lewes says he thinks he never enjoyed a journey so much; and you will see him so changed—so much plumper and ruddier—that if pity has entered much into your regard for him, he will be in danger of losing something by his bodily prosperity. We crowned our pleasures in Spain with the sight of the pictures in the Madrid gallery. The skies were as blue at Madrid as they had been through the previous part of our journeying, but the air was bitterly cold: and naughty officials receive money for warming the museum, but find other uses for the money. I caught a severe cold the last day of our visit, and after an uncomfortable day and night's railway journey arrived at Biarritz, only fit for bed and coddling.

Journal,
1867.

March 16.—This evening we got home after a journey to the South of Spain. I go to my poem and the construction of two prose works—if possible.

Letter to
John Blackwood, 18th
March 1867.

We got home on Saturday evening, after as fine a passage from Calais to Dover as we ever had, even in summer. Your letter was amongst the pleasant things that smiled at me on my return, and helped to reconcile me to the rather rude transition from summer to winter which we have made in our journey from Biarritz. This morning

it is snowing hard and the wind is roaring—a sufficiently sharp contrast to the hot sun, the dust, and the mosquitoes of Seville.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
March 1867.

We have had a glorious journey. The skies alone, both night and day, were worth travelling all the way to see. We went to Cordova and Seville, but we feared the cold of the central lands in the north, and resisted the temptation to see Toledo or anything else than the Madrid pictures, which are transcendent.

Among the letters awaiting me was one from an American travelling in Europe, who gives me the history of a copy of 'Felix Holt,' which, he says, has been read by no end of people, and is now on its way through Ireland, "where he found many friends anxious but unable to get it." It seems people nowadays economise in nothing but books. I found also the letter of a "Conveyancer" in the 'Pall Mall,' justifying the law of 'Felix Holt' in answer to the 'Edinburgh Reviewer.' I did not know, before I was told of this letter in reply, that the 'Edinburgh Reviewer' had found fault with my law.

March 21.—Received from Blackwood a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., being the second instalment of £1666, 13s. 4d. towards the £5000 for 'Felix Holt,' together with £500 as the first instalment of £1000 for ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of my novels.

Journal,
1867.

Your letters, with the valuable enclosure of a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., have come to me this morning, and I am much obliged to you for your punctual attention.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
March 1867.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
March 1867.

I long to see a specimen of the cheap edition of the novels. As to the illustrations, I have adjusted my hopes so as to save myself from any great shock. When I remember my own childish happiness in a frightfully illustrated copy of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' I can believe that illustration may be a great good relatively, and that my own present liking has no weight in the question.

I fancy that the placarding at railway stations is an effective measure, for Ruskin was never more mistaken than in asserting that people have no spare time to observe anything in such places. I am a very poor reader of advertisements, but even I am forced to get them unpleasantly by heart at the stations.

It is rather a vexatious kind of tribute when people write, as my American correspondent did, to tell me of one paper-covered American copy of 'Felix Holt' being brought to Europe, and serving for so many readers that it was in danger of being worn away under their hands. He—good man—finds it easy "to urge greater circulation by means of cheap sale," having "found so many friends in Ireland anxious but unable to obtain the book." I suppose putting it in a yellow cover with figures on it, reminding one of the outside of a show, and charging a shilling for it, is what we are expected to do for the good of mankind. Even then I fear it would hardly bear the rivalry of 'The Pretty Milliner,' or of 'The Horrible Secret.'

The work connected with Spain is not a romance. It is—prepare your fortitude—it is—a poem. I con-

ceived the plot, and wrote nearly the whole as a drama, in 1864. Mr Lewes advised me to put it by for a time and take it up again, with a view to recasting it. He thinks hopefully of it. I need not tell you that I am *not* hopeful—but I am quite sure the subject is fine. It is not historic, but has merely historic connections. The plot was wrought out entirely as an incorporation of my own ideas. Of course, if it is ever finished to my satisfaction, it is not a work for us to get money by, but Mr Lewes urges and insists that it shall be done. I have also my private projects about an English novel, but I am afraid of speaking as if I could depend on myself: at present I am rather dizzy, and not settled down to home habits of regular occupation.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
March 1867.

I understand that the conveyancer who wrote to the 'Pall Mall' is an excellent lawyer in his department, and the lecturer on Real Property at the Law Institution.

If a reviewer ever checked himself, by considering that a writer whom he thinks worth praising would take some pains to know the truth about a matter which is the very hinge of said writer's story, review articles would cut a shrunken figure.

May 5.—We went to Bouverie Street to hear the first of a course of lectures on Positivism, delivered by Dr Congreve. There were present seventy-five people, chiefly men. Journal,
1867.

May 11.—We had Mr and Mrs Call to dine with us, and an evening party afterwards.

May 12.—We went to hear Dr Congreve's second

lecture. The morning was thoroughly wet — the audience smaller, but still good.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th May
1867.

Yesterday we went to the second of a course of lectures which Dr Congreve is delivering on Positivism in Bouverie Street. At the first lecture on the 5th there was a considerable audience—about seventy-five, chiefly men—of various ranks, from lords and M.P.'s downwards, or upwards, for what is called social distinction seems to be in a shifting condition just now. Yesterday the wet weather doubtless helped to reduce the audience—still it was good. Curiosity brings some, interest in the subject others, and the rest go with the wish to express adhesion more or less thorough.

I am afraid you have ceased to care much about pictures, else I should wish that you could see the Exhibition of historical portraits at Kensington. It is really worth a little fatigue to see the English of past generations in their habit as they lived—especially when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua are the painters. But even Sir Godfrey Kneller delights me occasionally with a finely conceived portrait carefully painted. There is an unforgettable portrait of Newton by him.

Journal,
1867.

May 27. Went with G. to the Academy Exhibition.

May 29.—Went to the Exhibition of French pictures very agreeable and interesting.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 30th
May 1867.

I do sympathise with you most emphatically in the desire to see women socially elevated—educated equally with men, and secured as far as possible along with every other breathing creature from

suffering the exercise of any unrighteous power. That is a broader ground of sympathy than agreement as to the amount, and kind, of result that may be hoped for from a particular measure. But on this special point I am far from thinking myself an oracle, and on the whole I am inclined to hope for much good from the serious presentation of women's claims before Parliament. I thought Mill's speech sober and judicious from his point of view---Karslake's an abomination.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 30th
May 1867.

Appropos of what you say about Mr Congreve, I think you have mistaken his, or rather Comte's, position. There is no denial of an unknown cause, but only a denial that such a conception is the proper basis of a practical religion. It seems to me pre-eminently desirable that we should learn not to make our personal comfort a standard of truth.

June 1 (Saturday).—Wrote up to the moment when Fedalma appears in the *Plaça*. Journal,
1867.

June 5.—Blackwood dined with us, and I read to him my poem down to page 56. He showed great delight.

June 26.—We went to Niton for a fortnight, returning July 10.

July 16.—Received £2166, 13s. 4d. from Blackwood, being the final instalment for 'Felix Holt,' and (£500) copyright for ten years.

Again we take flight! To North Germany this time, and chiefly to Dresden, where we shall be accessible through the *Poste Restante*. I am ashamed of saying anything about our health--we

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 28th
July 1867.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 28th
July 1867.

are both "objects" for compassion or contempt, according to the disposition of the subject who may contemplate us.

Mr Beesly (I think it was he) sent us Dr Congreve's pamphlet last night, and I read it aloud to George. We both felt a cordial satisfaction in it. We have been a good deal beset by little engagements with friends and acquaintances lately, and these, with the preparations for our journey, have been rather too much for me. Mr Lewes is acting on the advice of Sir Henry Holland in giving up zoologising for the present, because it obliges him to hang down his head. That is the reason we go inland, and not to the coast, as I think I hinted to you that we expected to do.

You are sympathetic enough to be glad to hear that we have had thoroughly cheerful and satisfactory letters from both our boys in Natal. They are established in their purchased farm, and are very happy together in their work. Impossible for mortals to have less trouble than we. I should have written to you earlier this week—for we start to-morrow—but that I have been laid prostrate with crushing headache one half of my time, and always going out or seeing some one the other half.

Farewell, dear. Don't write unless you have a real desire to gossip with me a little about yourself and our mutual friends. You know I always like to have news of you, but I shall not think it unkind—I shall only think you have other things to do—if you are silent.

July 29.—We went to Dover this evening as the start on a journey into Germany (North). Journal,
1867.

Oct. 1.—We returned home after revisiting the scenes of cherished memories—Ilmenau, Dresden, and Berlin. Of new places we have seen Wetzlar, Cassel, Eisenach, and Hanover. At Ilmenau I wrote Fedalma's soliloquy after her scene with Silva, and the following dialogue between her and Juan. At Dresden I rewrote the whole scene between her and Zarca.

Oct. 9.—Reading 'Los Judios en España,' Percy's 'Reliques,' 'Isis,' occasionally aloud.

Oct. 10.—Reading the 'Iliad,' Book III. Finished 'Los Judios en España,' a wretchedly poor book.

Oct. 11.—Began again Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella.'

Oct. 19.—George returned last evening from a walking expedition in Surrey with Mr Spencer.

This entry is an interesting one to me, as it fixes the date of the first acquaintance with my family. Mr Herbert Spencer was an old friend of ours, and in the course of their walk, he and Mr Lewes happened to pass through Weybridge, where my mother at that time lived. They came to pay a visit. Mr Lewes with his wonderful social powers charmed all, and they passed a delightful evening. I was myself in America at the time, where I was in business as a banker at New York. My eldest sister had just then published a little volume of poems,¹ which was

¹ 'An Old Story and Other Poems,' by Elizabeth D. Cross.

kindly received by the press. On the invitation of Mr Lewes, she went shortly afterwards to see George Eliot—then in the zenith of her fame : nor did she ever forget the affectionate manner in which the great author greeted her. This was the beginning of a close friendship between the families, which lasted, and increased in intimacy, to the end. Mr Spencer, in writing to tell me that it was he who first made Mr Lewes acquainted with George Eliot, adds, “ You will perhaps be struck by the curious coincidence, that it was also by me that Lewes was introduced to your family at Weybridge, and remoter issues entailed.”

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Oct.
1867.

Before I got your letter, I was about to write to you and direct your attention to an article in the forthcoming (October) number of the ‘Quarterly Review’ on the Talmud. You really must go out of your way to read it. It is written by one of the greatest Oriental scholars,—the man among living men who probably knows the most about the Talmud ; and you will appreciate the pregnancy of the article. There are also beautiful soul-cheering things selected for quotation.

Journal,
1867.

Oct. 31.—I have now inserted all that I think of for the first part of ‘The Spanish Gypsy.’ On Monday I wrote three new Lyrics. I have also rewritten the first scenes in the gypsy camp, to the end of the dialogue between Juan and Fedalma. But I have determined to make the commencement of the second part continue the picture of what goes forward in Bedmar.

Nov. 1.—Began this morning Part II.—“Silva was marching homeward,” &c.

About putting Fedalma in type. There would be advantages, but also disadvantages; and on these latter I wish to consult you. I have more than 3000 lines ready in the order I wish them to stand in, and it would be good to have them in print to read them critically. Defects reveal themselves more fully in type, and emendations might be more conveniently made on proofs, since I have given up the idea of copying the MS. as a whole. On the other hand, *could the thing be kept private when it had once been in the printing-office?* And I particularly wish not to have it set afloat, for various reasons. Among others—I want to keep myself free from all inducements to premature publication—I mean, publication before I have given my work as much revision as I can hope to give it while my mind is still nursing it. Beyond this, delay would be useless. The theory of laying by poems for nine years may be a fine one, but it could not answer for me to apply it. I could no more live through one of my books a second time, than I can live through last year again. But I like to keep checks on myself, and not to create external temptations to do what I should think foolish in another. If you thought it possible to secure us against the oozing out of proofs and gossip, the other objections would be less important. One difficulty is, that in my MS. I have frequently two readings of the same passage, and being uncertain which of them is preferable, I wish them both to

Letter to
John Black
wood, 9th
Nov. 1867.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 9th
Nov. 1867.

stand for future decision. But perhaps this might be managed in proof. The length of the poem is at present uncertain, but I feel so strongly what Mr Lewes insists on —namely, the evil of making it too long —that I shall set it before me as a duty not to make it more than 9000 lines, and shall be glad if it turns out a little shorter.

Will you think over the whole question? I am sure your mind will supply any prudential considerations that I may have omitted.

I am vexed by the non-success of the serial edition. It is not, heaven knows, that I read my own books or am puffed up about them, but I have been of late quite astonished by the strengthening testimonies that have happened to come to me, of people who care about every one of my books and continue to read them—especially young men, who are just the class I care most to influence. But what sort of data can one safely go upon with regard to the success of editions?

Felix Holt is immensely tempted by your suggestion,¹ but George Eliot is severely admonished by his domestic critic not to scatter his energies.

Mr Lewes sends his best regards. He is in high spirits about the poem.

Journal,
1867.

Nov. 22. —Began an address to the Working Men by Felix Holt, at Blackwood's repeated request.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1867.

Yes, indeed—when I do *not* reciprocate “chaos is come again.” I was quite sure your letter would come, and was grateful beforehand.

There is a scheme on foot for a Woman's College,

¹ Address to the Working Men.

or rather University, to be built between London and Cambridge, and to be in connection with the Cambridge University, —sharing its professors, examinations, and degrees! *Si muove.*

I have written to Miss Davies to ask her to come to see me on Tuesday.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
1st Dec. (?)
1867.

I am much occupied just now, but the better education of women is one of the objects about which I have *no doubt*, and shall rejoice if this idea of a college can be carried out.

I see Miss Julia Smith's beautiful handwriting, and am glad to think of her as your guardian angel.

The author of the glorious article on the Talmud is "that bright little man" Mr Deutsch—a very dear, delightful creature.

Dec. 4.—Sent off the MS. of the address to Edinburgh.

Journal,
1867.

I agree with you about the phrase, "Masters of the country."¹ I wrote that part twice, and originally I distinctly said that the epithet was false. Afterwards, I left that out, preferring to make a stronger *argumentum ad hominem*, in case any workman believed himself a future master.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
Dec. 1867.

I think it will be better for you to write a preliminary note washing your hands of any over-trenchant statements on the part of the well-meaning radical. I much prefer that you should do so.

Whatever you agree with will have the advantage of not coming from one who can be suspected of being a special pleader.

What you say about Fedalma is very cheering.

¹ In the Address to the Working Men.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
Dec. 1867.

But I am chiefly anxious about the road still untravelled—the road I have still *zurück zu legen*.

Mr Lewes has to request several proofs of *Fedalma*—to facilitate revision. But I will leave him to say how many. We shall keep them strictly to ourselves, you may be sure, so that three or four will be enough—one for him, one for me, and one for the resolution of our differences.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 12th
Dec. 1867.

I am very grateful to you for your generous words about my work. That you not only feel so much sympathy, but are moved to express it so fully, is a real help to me.

I am very glad to have had the revise of the "Address." I feel the danger of not being understood. Perhaps, by a good deal longer consideration and gradual shaping, I might have put the ideas into a more concrete easy form.

Mr Lewes read the proof of the poem all through to himself for the first time last night, and expressed great satisfaction in the impression it produced. Your suggestion of having it put into type is a benefit for which we have reason to be obliged to you.

I cannot help saying again, that it is a strong cordial to me to have such letters as yours, and to know that I have such a *first reader* as you.

Journal,
867.

Dec. 21.—Finished reading 'Averroës and Averroisme,' and 'Les Médecins Juifs.' Reading 'First Principles.'

Letter to
Mrs Con-
reve, 22d
Dec. 1867.

Our Christmas will be very quiet. On the 27th Mr Lewes means to start on a solitary journey to Bonn, and perhaps to Würzburg, for anatomical

purposes. I don't mean that he is going to offer himself as an anatomical subject, but that he wants to get answers to some questions bearing on the functions of the nerves. It is a bad time for him to travel in, but he hopes to be at home again in ten days or a fortnight, and *I* hope the run will do him good rather than harm.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 22d
Dec. 1867.

Dec. 25.—George and I dined happily alone : he better for weeks than he has been all the summer before,—I more ailing than usual, but with much mental consolation, part of it being the delight he expresses in my poem, of which the first part is now in print.

Journal,
1867.

Thanks for the pretty remembrance. You were not unthought of before it came. Now, however, I rouse all my courage under the thick fog to tell you my inward wish—which is, that the New Year, as it travels on towards its old age, may bring you many satisfactions undisturbed by bodily ailment.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
26th Dec.
1867.

Mr Lewes is going to-morrow on an unprecedented expedition—a rapid run to Bonn to make some anatomical researches with Professor Schultze there. If he needs more than he can get at Bonn, he may go to Heidelberg and Würzburg. But in any case he will not take more than a fortnight.

Public questions, which by a sad process of reduction become piteous private questions, hang cloudily over all prospects. The state of Europe, the threat of a general war, the starvation of multitudes—one can't help thinking of these things at one's breakfast. Nevertheless there is much enjoyment going on, and abundance of rosy children's parties.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 30th
Dec. 1867.

It is very good and sweet of you to propose to come round for me on Sunday, and I shall cherish particularly the remembrance of that kindness. But on our reading your letter, Mr Lewes objected, on grounds which I think just, to my going to any public manifestation without him, since his absence could not be divined by outsiders.

I am companioned by dyspepsia, and feel life a struggle under the leaden sky. Mme. Bodichon writes that in Sussex the air is cold and clear, and the woods and lanes dressed in wintry loveliness of fresh grassy patches, mingled with the soft grays and browns of the trees and hedges. Mr Harrison shed the agreeable light of his kind eyes on me yesterday for a brief space; but I hope I was more endurable to my visitors than to myself, else I think they will not come again. I object strongly to myself as a bundle of unpleasant sensations with a palpitating heart and awkward manners. Impossible to imagine the large charity I have for people who detest me. But don't you be one of them.

Letter to
John Blackwood, 30th
Dec. 1867.

I am much obliged to you for your handsome cheque, and still more gratified that "The Address" has been a satisfaction to you.

I am very glad to hear of your projected visit to town, and shall hope to have a good batch of MS. for you to carry back. Mr Lewes is in an unprecedented state of delight with the poem, now that he is reading it with close care. He says he is astonished that he can't find more faults. He is especially pleased with the sense of variety it gives; and this testimony is worth the more, because he

urged me to put the poem by (in 1865) on the ground of monotony. He is really exultant about it now, and after what you have said to me I know this will please you.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th Dec. 1867.

Hearty wishes that the coming year may bring you much good, and that 'The Spanish Gypsy' may contribute a little to that end.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1867 TO DECEMBER 1867.

Letter to Madame Bodichon from Bordeaux—Madame Mohl—Scherer—Renan—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Biarritz—Delight in Comte's 'Politique'—Gratitude to him for illumination—Learning Spanish—Papers in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' by Saveney—Letter to Madame Bodichon from Barcelona—Description of scenery—Pampeluna—Sargossa—Lerida—Letter to F. Harrison from Granada—The vindication of the *law* in 'Felix Holt'—Spanish travelling—Letter to John Blackwood from Granada—Alicante—Granada—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Biarritz—Delight of the journey—Madrid pictures—Return to The Priory—Letter to John Blackwood—'Felix Holt'—Cheap edition of novels—'The Spanish Gypsy'—Dr Congreve's Lectures on Positivism—Letter to Miss Hennell—Historical Portraits at South Kensington—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Women's claims—Comte's position—Fortnight's visit to the Isle of Wight—Letter of adieu to Mrs Congreve—Two months' visit to North Germany—Return to England—Reading on Spanish subjects—Mr Lewes and Mr Spencer at Weybridge—Acquaintance with Mrs Cross and family—Letter to Miss Hennell

—Deutsch's article on the Talmud—Letter to Blackwood about putting 'The Spanish Gypsy' in type—Address to Working Men by Felix Holt—Letter to Miss Hennell—Girton College—Letter to Madame Bodichon—The higher education of women—Letter to John Blackwood on "The Address"—Christmas Day at The Priory—Letter to Miss Hennell—Visit of Mr Lewes to Bonn—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Depression—Letter to John Blackwood—Mr Lewes on 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

CHAPTER XV.

THERE is a good genius presiding over your gifts —they are so felicitous. You always give me something of which I have felt the want beforehand, and can use continually. It is eminently so with my pretty mittens: there was no little appendage I wanted more; and they are just as warm at the wrist as I could have wished them to be—warming, too, as a mark of affection at a time when all cheering things are doubly welcome.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 9th
Jan 1868.

Mr Lewes came home last night, and you may imagine that I am glad. Between the bad weather, bad health, and solitude, I have been so far unlike the wicked, that I have not flourished like the green bay-tree. To make amends, he -- Mr Lewes, not the wicked—has had a brilliant time, gained great instruction, and seen some admirable men who have received him warmly.

I go out of doors very little, but I shall open the drawer and look at my mittens on the days when I don't put them on.

Journal,
868.

Jan.—Engaged in writing Part III. of ‘Spanish Gypsy.’

Feb. 27.—Returned last evening from a very pleasant visit to Cambridge.¹ I am still only at p. 5 of Part IV., having had a wretched month of *malaise*.

March 1.—Finished Guillemin on ‘The Heavens,’ and the 4th Book of the ‘Iliad.’ I shall now read Grote.

March 6.—Reading Lubbock’s ‘Prehistoric Ages.’

March 8.—Saturday concert. Joachim and Piatti, with Schubert’s Ottett.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 17th
March 1868.

We go to-morrow morning to Torquay for a month, and I can’t bear to go without saying a word of farewell to you. How sadly little we have seen each other this winter! It will not be so any more, I hope, will it?

We are both much in need of the change, for Mr Lewes has got rather out of sorts again lately. When we come back I shall ask you to come and look at us before the bloom is off. I should like to know how you all are; but you have been so little inspired for note-writing lately, that I am afraid to ask you to send me a line to the Post Office at Torquay. I really deserve nothing of my friends at present.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Kennell,
2d March
868.

I don’t know whether you have ever seen Torquay. It is pretty, but not comparable to Ilfracombe; and like all other easily accessible sea-places, it is sadly spoiled by wealth and fashion, which leave no secluded walks, and tattoo all the hills with ugly

¹ Visit to Mr W. G. Clark and Mr Oscar Browning.

patterns of roads and villa gardens. Our selfishness does not adapt itself well to these on-comings of the millennium.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d March
1868.

I am reading about savages and semi-savages, and think that our religious oracles would do well to study savage ideas by a method of comparison with their own. Also, I am studying that semi-savage poem, the '*Iliad*.' How enviable it is to be a classic. When a verse in the '*Iliad*' bears six different meanings, and nobody knows which is the right, a commentator finds this equivocalness in itself admirable!

Mr Lewes quite agrees with you, that it is desirable to announce the poem. His suggestion is, that it should be simply announced as "a poem" first, and then a little later as '*The Spanish Gypsy*,' in order to give a new detail for observation in the second announcement. I chose the title, '*The Spanish Gypsy*,' a long time ago, because it is a little in the fashion of the elder dramatists, with whom I have perhaps more cousinship than with recent poets. Fedalma might be mistaken for an Italian name, which would create a definite expectation of a mistaken kind, and is, on other grounds, less to my taste than '*The Spanish Gypsy*.'

Letter to
John Black-
wood, end of
March 1868.

This place is becoming a little London, or London suburb. Everywhere houses and streets are being built, and Babbicombe will soon be joined to Torquay.

I almost envy you the excitement of golf, which helps the fresh air to exhilarate, and gives variety of exercise. Walking can never be so good as a game—if one loves the game. But when a friend

Letter to
John Black-
wood, end of
March 1868.

of Mr Lewes's urges him angrily to play raquets for his health, the prospect seems dreary.

We are afraid of being entangled in excursion trains, or crowds of Easter holiday-makers, in Easter week, and may possibly be driven back next Wednesday. But we are loth to have our stay so curtailed.

Mr Lewes sends his kind regards, and pities all of us who are less interested in ganglionic cells. He is in a state of beatitude about the poem.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve, 4th
April 1868.

We find a few retired walks, and are the less discontented because the weather is perfect. I hope you are sharing the delights of sunshine and moonlight. There are no waves here, as you know: but under such skies as we are having, sameness is so beautiful that we find no fault,—and there is a particular hill at Babbicombe of the richest Spanish red. On the whole, we are glad we came here, having avoided all trouble in journeying and settling. But we should not come again without special call, for in a few years all the hills will be parts of a London suburb.

How glorious this weather is for the hard workers who are looking forward to their Easter holiday! But for ourselves, we are rather afraid of the railway stations in holiday time. Certainly we are ill prepared for what Tennyson calls the "To-be," and it is good that we shall soon pass from this objective existence.

Letter to
Madame
Bodiehon,
6th April
1868.

I think Ruskin has not been encouraged about women by his many and persistent attempts to teach them. He seems to have found them want-

ing in real scientific interest—bent on sentimentalising in everything.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
6th April
1868.

What I should like to be sure of, as a result of higher education for women—a result that will come to pass over my grave—is their recognition of the great amount of social unproductive labour which needs to be done by women, and which is now either not done at all or done wretchedly. No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each aims at doing the highest kind of work which ought rather to be held in sanctity as what only the few can do well. I believe, and I want it to be well shown, that a more thorough education will tend to do away with the odious vulgarity of our notions about functions and employment, and to propagate the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing work for which we are unfit—to do work of any sort badly. There are many points of this kind that want being urged, but they do not come well from me.

Your letter came just at the right time to greet us. Thanks for that pretty remembrance. We are glad to be at home again with our home comforts around us, though we became deeply in love with Torquay in the daily heightening of spring beauties, and the glory of perpetual blue skies. The eight hours' journey (one hour more than we paid for) was rather disturbing; and, I think, Mr Lewes has got more zoological experience than health from our month's delight—but a delight it really has been to us to have perfect quiet with the red hills, the sunshine, and the sea.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 17th
April 1868.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 17th
April 1868.

I shall be absorbed for the next fortnight, so that I cannot allow myself the sort of pleasure you kindly project for us; and when May begins, I want you to come and stay a night with us. I shall be ready by-and-by for such holiday-making, and you must be good to me. Will you give Dr Congreve my thanks for his pamphlet, which I read at Torquay with great interest? All protests tell, however slowly and imperceptibly, and a protest against the doctrine that England is to keep Ireland under all conditions was what I had wished to be made. But in this matter he will have much more important concurrence than mine. I am bearing much in mind the great task of the translation. When it is completed we shall be able and glad to do what we were not able to do in the case of the 'Discours Préliminaire,' namely, to take our share, if we may, in the expenses of publication.

Journal,
1868.

April 16. Returned home, bringing Book IV. finished.

April 18. -Went with Mr Pigott to see Holman Hunt's great picture, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

Letter to
John Blackwood, 21st
April 1868.

I send you by to-day's post the manuscript of Book IV., that it may be at hand whenever there is opportunity for getting it into print, and letting me have it in that form for correction. It is desirable to get as forward as we can, in case of the Americans asking for delay after their reception of the sheets—if they venture to make any arrangement. I shall send the MS. of Book V. (the last) as soon as headache will permit, but that is an uncertain limit.

We returned from Torquay on the 16th, leaving the glorious weather behind us. We were more in love with the place on a better acquaintance: the weather, and the spring buds, and the choirs of birds, made it seem more of a paradise to us every day.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
April 1868.

The poem will be less tragic than I threatened: Mr Lewes has prevailed on me to return to my original conception, and give up the additional development, which I determined on subsequently. The poem is rather shorter in consequence. Don't you think that my artistic deference and pliability deserve that it should also be better in consequence? I now end it as I determined to end it when I first conceived the story.

April 25.—Finished the last dialogue between Silva and Fedalma. Mr and Mrs Burne Jones dined with us.

Journal,
1868.

April 29.—Finished 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

I send you by to-day's post the conclusion of the poem in MS., and the eighteen sheets of revise. The last book is brief, but I may truly use the old epigram—that it would have taken less time to make it longer. It is a great bore that the name of my heroine is wrongly spelt in all the earlier sheets. It is a fresh proof of the fallibility of our impressions as to our own doings, that I would have confidently affirmed the name to be spelt Fedalma (as it ought to be) in my manuscript. Yet I suppose I should have affirmed falsely, for the *i* occurs in the slips constantly.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 29th
April 1868.

As I shall not see these paged sheets again,

will you charitably assure me that the alterations are safely made?

Among my wife's papers were four or five pages of MS. headed, "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general." There is no evidence as to the date at which this fragment was written, and it seems to have been left unfinished. But there was evidently some care to preserve it; and as I think she would not have objected to its presentation, I give it here exactly as it stands. It completes the history of the poem.

Notes on
'The Span-
ish Gypsy.'

The subject of 'The Spanish Gypsy' was originally suggested to me by a picture which hangs in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, over the door of the large Sala containing Tintoretto's frescoes. It is an Annunciation, said to be by Titian. Of course I had seen numerous pictures of this subject before, and the subject had always attracted me. But in this my second visit to the Scuola di San Rocco, this small picture of Titian's, pointed out to me for the first time, brought a new train of thought. It occurred to me that here was a great dramatic motive of the same class as those used by the Greek dramatists, yet specifically differing from them. A young maiden, believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life--marriage about to share in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of young hope, has suddenly announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny, entailing a terribly different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen, not by any momentary

arbitrariness, but as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions: she obeys. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Here, I thought, is a subject grander than that of Iphigenia, and it has never been used. I came home with this in my mind, meaning to give the motive a clothing in some suitable set of historical and local conditions. My reflections brought me nothing that would serve me except that moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was attaining its climax, and when there was the gypsy race present under such conditions as would enable me to get my heroine and the hereditary claim on her among the gypsies. I required the opposition of race to give the need for renouncing the expectation of marriage. I could not use the Jews or the Moors, because the facts of their history were too conspicuously opposed to the working out of my catastrophe. Meanwhile the subject had become more and more pregnant to me. I saw it might be taken as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions; for even in cases of just antagonism to the narrow view of hereditary claims, the whole background of the particular struggle is made up of our inherited nature. Suppose for a moment that our conduct at great epochs was determined entirely by reflection, without the immediate intervention of feeling which supersedes reflection, our determination as to the right would consist in an adjustment of our individual needs to the dire necessities

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of our lot, partly as to our natural constitution, partly as sharers of life with our fellow-beings. Tragedy consists in the terrible difficulty of this adjustment—

“The dire strife
Of poor Humanity's afflicted will,
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.”

Looking at individual lots, I seemed to see in each the same story, wrought out with more or less of tragedy, and I determined the elements of my drama under the influence of these ideas.

In order to judge properly of the dramatic structure, it must not be considered first in the light of doctrinal symbolism, but in the light of a tragedy representing some grand collision in the human lot. And it must be judged accordingly. A good tragic subject must represent a possible, sufficiently probable, not a common action; and to be really tragic, it must represent irreparable collision between the individual and the general (in differing degrees of generality). It is the individual with whom we sympathise, and the general of which we recognise the irresistible power. The truth of this test will be seen by applying it to the greatest tragedies. The collision of Greek tragedy is often that between hereditary, entailed Nemesis, and the peculiar individual lot, awakening our sympathy, of the particular man or woman whom the Nemesis is shown to grasp with terrific force. Sometimes, as in the “*Oresteia*,” there is the clashing of two irreconcilable requirements—two duties, as we should say in these times. The murder of the father must be

avenged by the murder of the mother, which must again be avenged. These two tragic relations of the individual and general, and of two irreconcilable "oughts," may be—will be—seen to be almost always combined. The Greeks were not taking an artificial, entirely erroneous standpoint in their art—a standpoint which disappeared altogether with their religion and their art. They had the same essential elements of life presented to them as we have, and their art symbolised these in grand schematic forms. The Prometheus represents the ineffectual struggle to redeem the small and miserable race of man, against the stronger adverse ordinances that govern the frame of things with a triumphant power. Coming to modern tragedies, what is it that makes "Othello" a great tragic subject? A story simply of a jealous husband is elevated into a most pathetic tragedy by the hereditary conditions of Othello's lot, which give him a subjective ground for distrust. Faust, Rigoletto ("Le Roi s'Amuse"), Brutus. It might be a reasonable ground of objection against the whole structure of 'The Spanish Gypsy' if it were shown that the action is outrageously improbable—lying outside all that can be congruously conceived of human actions. It is *not* a reasonable ground of objection that they would have done better to act otherwise, any more than it is a reasonable objection against the "Iphigenia" that Agamemnon would have done better not to sacrifice his daughter.

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As renunciations coming under the same great class, take the renunciation of marriage, where mar-

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riage cannot take place without entailing misery on the children.

A tragedy has not to expound why the individual must give way to the general: it has to show that it is compelled to give way, the tragedy consisting in the struggle involved, and often in the entirely calamitous issue in spite of a grand submission. Silva presents the tragedy of entire rebellion: Fed-alma of a grand submission, which is rendered vain by the effects of Silva's rebellion: Zarca, the struggle for a great end, rendered vain by the surrounding conditions of life.

Now what is the fact about our individual lots? A woman, say, finds herself on the earth with an inherited organisation: she may be lame, she may inherit a disease, or what is tantamount to a disease: she may be a negress, or have other marks of race repulsive in the community where she is born, &c., &c. One may go on for a long while without reaching the limits of the commonest inherited misfortunes. It is almost a mockery to say to such human beings, "Seek your own happiness." The utmost approach to wellbeing that can be made in such a case is through large resignation and acceptance of the inevitable, with as much effort to overcome any disadvantage as good sense will show to be attended with a likelihood of success. Any one may say, that is the dictate of mere rational reflection. But calm can, in hardly any human organism, be attained by rational reflection. Happily we are not left to that. Love, pity, constituting sympathy, and generous joy with regard to the lot of our fellowmen,

comes in—has been growing since the beginning—enormously enhanced by wider vision of results—by an imagination actively interested in the lot of mankind generally; and these feelings become piety—*i.e.*, loving, willing submission, and heroic Promethean effort towards high possibilities, which may result from our individual life.

There is really no moral “sanction” but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. Disjoined from any perceived good, the divine will is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril. Any other notion comes from the supposition of arbitrary revelation.

That favourite view, expressed so often in Clough’s poems, of doing duty in blindness as to the result, is likely to deepen the substitution of egoistic yearnings for really moral impulses. We cannot be utterly blind to the results of duty, since that cannot be duty which is not already judged to be for human good. To say the contrary, is to say that mankind have reached no inductions as to what is for their good or evil.

The art which leaves the soul in despair is lamming to the soul, and is denounced by the healthy sentiment of an active community. The consolatory elements in ‘The Spanish Gypsy’ are derived from two convictions or sentiments which so conspicuously pervade it, that they may be said to be its very warp on which the whole action is woven.

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ish Gypsy.'

These are—(1) The importance of individual deeds ; (2) The all-sufficiency of the soul's passions in determining sympathetic action.

In Silva is presented the claim of fidelity to social pledges ; in Fedalma, the claim constituted by an hereditary lot less consciously shared.

With regard to the supremacy of Love : if it were a fact without exception that man or woman never did renounce the joys of love, there could never have sprung up a notion that such renunciation could present itself as a duty. If no parents had ever cared for their children, how could parental affection have been reckoned among the elements of life ? But what are the facts in relation to this matter ? Will any one say that faithfulness to the marriage tie has never been regarded as a duty, in spite of the presence of the profoundest passion experienced after marriage ? Is Guinevere's conduct the type of duty ?

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
7th May
1868.

Yes, I am at rest now—only a few pages of revise to look at more. My chief excitement and pleasure in the work are over ; for when I have once written anything, and it is gone out of my power, I think of it as little as possible. Next to the doing of the thing, of course, Mr Lewes's delight in it is the cream of all sympathy, though I care enough about the sympathy of others to be very grateful for any they give me. Don't you imagine how the people who consider writing simply as a money-getting profession will despise me for choosing a work by which I could only get hundreds, where

for a novel I could get thousands? I cannot help asking you to admire what my husband is, compared with many possible husbands—I mean, in urging me to produce a poem rather than anything in a worldly sense more profitable. I expect a good deal of disgust to be felt towards me in many quarters for doing what was not looked for from me, and becoming unreadable to many who have hitherto found me readable and debatable. Religion and novels every ignorant person feels competent to give an opinion upon, but *en fait de poésie*, a large number of them “only read Shakspeare.” But enough of that.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
7th May
1868.

Before we set off to Germany, I want to tell you that a copy of ‘The Spanish Gypsy’ will be sent to you. If there had been time before our going away, I should have written on the fly-leaf that it was offered by the author “in grateful remembrance.” For I especially desire that you should understand my reasons for asking you to accept the book to be retrospective and not prospective.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
25th May
1868.

And I am going out of reach of all letters, so that you are free from any need to write to me, and may let the book lie till you like to open it.

I give away my books only by exception, and in venturing to make you an exceptional person in this matter, I am urged by the strong wish to express my value for the help and sympathy you gave me two years ago.

The manuscript of ‘The Spanish Gypsy’ bears the following inscription :—

“To my dear —every day dearer—Husband.”

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
26th (?) May
1868.

Yes, indeed, I not only remember your letter, but have always kept it at hand, and have read it many times. Within these latter months I have seemed to see in the distance a possible poem shaped on your idea. But it would be better for you to encourage the growth towards realisation in your own mind, rather than trust to transplantation.

My own faint conception is that of a frankly Utopian construction, freeing the poet from all local embarrassments. Great epics have always been more or less of this character—only the construction has been of the past, not of the future.

Write to me *Poste Restante*, Baden-Baden, within the next fortnight. My head will have got clearer then.

Journal,
1868.

May 26. —We set out this evening on our journey to Baden, spending the night at Dover. Our route was by Tournay, Liège, Bonn, and Frankfort, to Baden, where we stayed nine days: then to Petersthal, where we stayed three weeks: then to Freiburg, St Märgen, Basle, Thun, and Interlaken. From Interlaken we came by Fribourg, Neuchâtel, Dijon, to Paris and Folkestone.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
July 1868.

Your welcome letter was forwarded to me in Germany in Germany whither we had set out at the beginning of June. When we found ourselves as far south as Basle, we indulged ourselves with the project of returning home by Geneva; but we finally gave up that pleasure for this year, because we found that the long railway journeying it involved would not be good for us at the end of our sanitary excursions among the pine-woods and mountains of

the Black Forest. But we look forward with hope to some other Continental journey which will give us a route through Geneva. I long to see you and always-loved "Maman" again; and Mr Lewes, besides the delight he takes in seeing those who have shown me so much sympathy and tenderness, wishes to make the acquaintance of some men of science who are your fellow-citizens.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
July 1868.

It is always charming to me to read your letters. You have the happy talent of remembering all the little details which have associations in my memory, and so making a little picture of the life around you. For example, that son of Mr Heyer, whom you mention as an "étudiant en théologie," I remember to have seen standing on the table in my room as a tiny pretty boy! If the excellent parents remember me too, pray ask them to accept my kind regards. I have often spoken of them and described them to Mr Lewes.

I imagine "Maman" looking beautiful with the beauty of age, as upright as ever, and still a presiding genius of order and comfort in the household. It is very pretty that her sister can still travel all the way from Trieste to spend the summer months with her.

We are increasingly happy, although the years carry away with them some of our strength and buoyancy. Our life is absolutely untroubled, and I grow much more cheerful as I grow older. We have good news (although too rarely) from our exiled boys in Africa; and Charlie's lot is altogether satisfactory to us—prosperous outwardly, and with

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
July 1868.

evidence of constant improvement in his mind and character.

We should often remain longer on the Continent than the two months which we usually allow ourselves at a time, but that Mr Lewes's mother is very aged (82), and does not of course like him to go very far beyond easy reach for months together. Otherwise we should perhaps carry out a plan of going to the East before we get too old for that daring enterprise.

My poem has been a great source of added happiness to me—all the more, or rather principally, because it has been a deeper joy to Mr Lewes than any work I have done before. I seem to have gained a new organ, a new medium that my nature had languished for. The public here and in America has received it very kindly, and it has sold well. I care for the sale, not in a monetary light (for one does not write poems as the most marketable commodity), but because sale means large distribution. We are so happy now as to be independent of all monetary considerations, and Mr Lewes plunges at his will into the least lucrative of studies, while I, on my side, follow tastes not much in keeping with these of our noisy, hurrying, ostentatious times.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
July 1868.

We got your letter yesterday here among the peaceful mountain-tops. After ascending gradually (in a carriage) for nearly four hours, we found ourselves in a region of grass, corn, and pine woods, so beautifully varied that we seem to be walking in a great park laid out for our special delight. The monks as usual found out the friendly solitude, and

this place of St Märgen was originally nothing but an Augustinian monastery. About three miles off is another place of like origin, called St Peter's, formerly a Benedictine monastery, and still used as a place of preparation for the Catholic priesthood. The monks have all vanished, but the people are devout Catholics. At every half-mile by the roadside is a carefully kept crucifix; and last night, as we were having our supper in the common room of the inn, we suddenly heard sounds that seemed to me like those of an accordion. "Is that a zither?" said Mr Lewes to the German lady by his side. "No—it is prayer." The servants, by themselves—the host and hostess were in the same room with us—were saying their evening prayers, men's and women's voices blending in unusually correct harmony. The same loud prayer is heard at morning, noon, and evening, from the shepherds and workers in the fields. We suppose that the believers in Mr Home and in Madame Rachel would pronounce these people "grossly superstitious." The land is cultivated by rich peasant proprietors, and the people here, as in Petersthal, look healthy and contented. This really adds to one's pleasure in seeing natural beauties. In North Germany, at Ilmenau, we were constantly pained by meeting peasants who looked underfed and miserable. Unhappily, the weather is too cold and damp, and our accommodations are too scanty under such circumstances, for us to remain here and enjoy the endless walks and the sunsets that would make up for other negatives in fine warm weather. We return to Freiburg to-mor-

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
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Letter to
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wood, 7th.
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row, and from thence we shall go on by easy stages through Switzerland, by Thun and Vevay to Geneva, where I want to see my old friends once more.

We shall be so constantly on the move, that it might be a vain trouble on your part to shoot another letter after such flying birds.

Journal,
1868.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
July 1868.

July 23.—Arrived at home (from Baden journey).

We got home last night—sooner than we expected, because we gave up the round by Geneva, as too long and exciting. I daresay the three weeks since we heard from you seem very short to you, passed amid your usual occupations. To us they seem long, for we have been constantly changing our scene. Our two months have been spent delightfully in seeing fresh natural beauties, and with the occasional cheering influence of kind people. But I think we were hardly ever, except in Spain, so long ignorant of home sayings and doings, for we have been chiefly in regions innocent even of ‘Galigmani.’ The weather with us has never been oppressively hot; and storms or quiet rains have been frequent. But our bit of burnt-up lawn is significant of the dryness here. I believe I did not thank you for the offer of ‘Kinglake,’ which we gratefully accept. And will you kindly order a copy of the poem to be sent to Gerald Massey, Hemel-Hempstead.

A friendly gentleman at Belfast sends me a list of emendations for some of my verses, which are very characteristic and amusing.

I hope you have kept well through the heat. We are come back in great force—for such feeble wretches.

As to the reviews, we expected them to be written by omniscient personages, but we did *not* expect so bad a review as that Mr Lewes found in the 'Pall Mall.' I have read no notice except that in the 'Spectator,' which was modest in tone. A very silly gentleman, Mr Lewes says, undertakes to admonish me in the 'Westminster;' and he thinks the best *literary* notice of the poem that has come before him is in the 'Athenæum.' After all, I think there would have been good reason to doubt that the poem had either novelty or any other considerable intrinsic reason to justify its being written, if the periodicals had cried out "Hosanna!" I am sure you appreciate all the conditions better than I can, after your long experience of the relations between authors and critics. I am serene, because I only expected the unfavourable. To-day the heat is so great, that it is hardly possible even to read a book that requires any thought. London is a bad exchange for the mountains.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 28th
July 1868.

I enclose a list of corrections for the reprint. I am indebted to my friendly correspondent from Belfast for pointing out several oversights, which I am ashamed of, after all the proof-reading. But among the well-established truths of which I never doubt, the fallibility of my own brain stands first.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
July 1868.

I suppose Mudie and the other librarians will not part with their copies of the poems quite as soon as they would part with their more abundant copies of a novel. And this supposition, if warranted, would be an encouragement to reprint another moderate edition at the same price. Perhaps before a cheaper

Letter to *
John Black-
wood, 30th
July 1868.

edition is prepared, I may add to the corrections, but at present my mind resists strongly the effort to go back on its old work.

I think I never mentioned to you that the occasional use of irregular verses, and especially verses of twelve syllables, has been a principle with me, and is found in all the finest writers of blank verse. I mention it now because, as you have a certain *solidarité* with my poetical doings, I would not have your soul vexed by the detective wisdom of critics. Do you happen to remember that saying of Balzac's—"When I want the world to praise my novels, I write a drama; when I want them to praise my drama, I write a novel"?

On the whole, however, I should think I have more to be grateful for than to grumble at. Mr Lewes read me out last night some very generous passages from the 'St Paul's Magazine.'

Letter to
the Rev.
Canon Mac-
Ilwaine,
30th July
1868.

The author of 'The Spanish Gypsy' begs to thank the Rev. W. MacIlwaine for the care he has kindly shown in sending her a list of errata, which would have been acknowledged long ago but for her absence on the Continent.

Some of the passages marked by Mr MacIlwaine for revision were deliberately-chosen irregularities, but others are real oversights in the correction of the press. These will be thankfully attended to in the immediate reprint, and the suggestion of them is the more acceptable because the author is at present unable to give the work any close revision.

George Eliot adheres strongly to the principles, —1, That metrical time must be frequently deter-

mined in despite of syllable-counting; and 2, That redundant lines are a power in blank verse. But the principles may be true, while her particular application of them is often mistaken. She hopes always to keep in mind that distinction between strong theory and feeble practice.

Letter to
the Rev.
Canon Mac-
Ilwaine,
30th July
1868.

August.—Reading 1st Book of Lucretius, 6th Book of the ‘Iliad,’ “Samson Agonistes,” Warton’s ‘History of English Poetry,’ Grote, 2d volume, ‘Marcus Aurelius,’ ‘Vita Nuova,’ vol. iv. chap. i. of the ‘Politique Positive,’ Guest on ‘English Rhythms,’ Maurice’s ‘Lectures on Casuistry.’

Journal,
1868.

From one of the poems which you have kindly sent me, I gather that you knew intimately the late Dr Craik, who was also one of Mr Lewes’s earliest and most revered friends. Those who have such a reverence in common are not quite strangers.

Letter to
the Rev.
Canon Mac-
Ilwaine,
10th Aug.
1868.

I am sincerely obliged to you for your expressions of sympathy, which are the more valuable to me now that I know them to have come from one of long experience.

I assure you I shall not cease carefully to study the great medium of verse, bearing in mind, however, that what are called laws in the “art which nature makes” were at one time undiscovered possibilities, and that some such possibilities may yet lie in store for watchful spirits.

It seems to me that Milton wrote his grand verse partly in virtue of such hopeful watching—such listening for new melodies and harmonies with *instructed* ears. He is very daring, and often shocks the weaklings who think that verse is sing-

song.—Believe me, my dear sir, gratefully and sincerely yours.

Journal,
1868.

Sept. 19.—We returned from a visit to Yorkshire. On Monday we went to Leeds, and were received by Dr Clifford Allbutt, with whom we stayed till the middle of the day on Wednesday. Then we went by train to Ilkley, and from thence took a carriage to Bolton. The weather had been gray for two days, but on this evening the sun shone out, and we had a delightful stroll before dinner, getting our first view of the Priory. On Thursday we spent the whole day in rambling through the woods to Barden Tower and back. Our comfortable little inn was the Red Lion, and we were tempted to lengthen our stay. But on Friday morning the sky was threatening, so we started for Newark, which we had visited in old days on our expedition to Gainsborough. At Newark we found our old inn, the Ram, opposite the ruins of the castle, and then we went for a stroll along the banks of the Trent, seeing some charming quiet landscapes.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 20th
Sept. 1868.

This note comes to greet you on your return home, but it cannot greet you so sweetly as your letter did me on our arrival from Leeds last night. I think it gave me a deeper pleasure than any I have had for a long while. I am very grateful to you for it.

We went to Leeds on Monday, and stayed two days with Dr Allbutt. Dr Bridges dined with us one day, and we had a great deal of delightful chat. But I will tell you everything when we see you. Let that be soon—will you not? We shall be glad

of any arrangement that will give us the pleasure of seeing you, Dr Congreve, and Emily, either separately or all together. Please forgive me if I seem very fussy about your all coming. I want you to understand that we shall feel it the greatest kindness in you if you will all choose to come, and also choose *how* to come—either to lunch or dinner, and either apart or all together. I hope to find that you are much the better for your journey—better both in body and soul. One has immense need of encouragement, but it seems to come more easily from the dead than from the living.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 20th
Sept. 1868.

Your letter gave an additional gusto to my tea and toast this morning. The greater confidence of the trade in subscribing for the second edition is, on several grounds, a satisfactory indication; but, as you observe, we shall be still better pleased to know that the copies are not slumbering on the counters, but having an active life in the hands of readers.

Letter to
John Blackwood, 24th
Sept. 1868.

I am now going carefully through the poem for the sake of correction. I have read it through once, and have at present found some ten or twelve *small* alterations to be added to those already made. But I shall go through it again more than once, for I wish to be able to put "revised" to the third edition, and to leave nothing that my conscience is not ready to swear by. I think it will be desirable for me to see proofs. It is possible in many closely consecutive readings not to see errors which strike one immediately on taking up the pages after a good long interval.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Sept. 1868.

We are feeling much obliged for a copy of 'Kinglake,' which I am reading aloud to Mr Lewes as a part of our evening's entertainment and edification, beginning again from the beginning.

This week we have had perfect autumnal days, though last week, when we were in Yorkshire, we also thought that the time of outside chills and inside fires was beginning.

We do not often see a place which is a good foil for London, but certainly Leeds is in a lower circle of the great town—*Inferno*.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
25th Sept.
1868.

I can imagine how delicious your country home has been under the glorious skies we have been having—glorious even in London. Yesterday we had Dr and Mrs Congreve, and went with them to the Zoological Gardens, and on our return, about 5 o'clock, I could not help pausing and exclaiming at the exquisite beauty of the light on Regent's Park, exalting it into something that the young Turner would have wanted to paint.

We went to Leeds last week—saw your favourite David Cox, and thought of you the while. Certainly there was nothing finer there in landscape than that Welsh funeral. Among the figure-painters Watts and old Philip are supreme.

We went on from Leeds to Bolton, and spent a day in wandering through the grand woods on the banks of the Wharfe. Altogether our visit to Yorkshire was extremely agreeable. Our host, Dr Allbutt, is a good, clever, graceful man, enough to enable one to be cheerful under the horrible smoke of ugly Leeds; and the fine hospital, which, he says,

is admirably fitted for its purpose, is another mitigation. You would like to see the tasteful subdued ornamentation in the rooms which are to be sick wards. Each physician is accumulating ornamental objects for his own ward—chromo-lithographs, &c.—such as will soothe sick eyes.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
25th Sept.
1868.

It was quite cold in that northerly region. Your picture keeps a memory of sunshine on my wall even on this dark morning.

I have gone through the poem twice for the sake of revision, and have a crop of small corrections—only in one case extending to the insertion of a new line. But I wish to see the proof-sheets, so that “Revised by the Author” may be put in the advertisement and on the title-page.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Oct. 1868.

Unhappily my health has been unusually bad since we returned from abroad, so that the time has been a good deal wasted on the endurance of *malaise*; but I am brooding over many things, and hope that coming months will not be barren. As to the criticisms, I suppose that better poets than I have gone through worse receptions. In spite of my reason and of my low expectations, I am too susceptible to all discouragement not to have been depressingly affected by some few things in the shape of criticism which I have been obliged to know. Yet I am ashamed of caring about anything that cannot be taken as strict evidence against the value of my book. So far as I have been able to understand, there is a striking disagreement among the reviewers as to what is best and what is worst; and the weight of agreement, even on the latter point,

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Oct. 1868.

is considerably diminished by the reflection that three different reviews may be three different phases of the same gentleman, taking the opportunity of earning as many guineas as he can by making easy remarks on George Eliot. But as dear Scott's characters say, "Let that flee stick in the wa'—when the dirt's dry it'll rub out." I shall look at 'Doubles and Quits,' as you recommend. I read the two first numbers of 'Madame Amelia,' and thought them promising.

I sympathise with your melancholy at the prospect of quitting the country—though compared with London, beautiful Edinburgh is country. Perhaps some good thick mists will come to reconcile you with the migration.

We have been using the fine autumn days for flights into Kent between Sundays. The rich woods about Sevenoaks and Chiselhurst are a delight to the eyes, and the stillness is a rest to every nerve.

Journal,
1868.

Oct. 22.—Received a letter from Blackwood, saying that 'The Spanish Gypsy' must soon go into a third edition. I sent my corrections for it.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 27th
Oct. 1868.

At last I have spirit enough in me to thank you for your valuable gift, which Emily kindly brought me in her hand. I am grateful for it—not only because the medallion¹ is a possession which I shall always hold precious, but also because you thought of me among those whom you would choose to be its owners.

I hope you are able to enjoy some walking in

¹ Of Comte.

these sunshiny mornings. We had a long drive round by Hendon and Finchley yesterday morning, and drank so much clear air and joy from the sight of trees and fields, that I am quite a new-old-creature.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 27th
Oct. 1868.

I think you will not be sorry to hear that 'The Spanish Gypsy' is so nearly out of print again, that the publishers are preparing a new cheaper edition. The second edition was all bought up (subscribed for) by the booksellers the first day.

Your pretty letter is irresistible. May we then be with you on Tuesday somewhere about twelve, and return home on Wednesday by afternoon daylight? If the weather should be very cold or wet on Tuesday, we must renounce or defer our pleasure, because we are both too rickety to run the risk of taking cold. So you see we are very much in need of such sweet friendliness as yours gives us faith in, to keep us cheerful under the burthen of the flesh.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 30th
Oct. 1868.

Nov. 3.—Went to dine and sleep at the Congreves at Wandsworth.

Journal,
1868.

Nov. 4.—We set off for Sheffield, where we went over a great iron and steel factory, under the guidance of Mr Benzon. On Saturday, the 7th, we went to Matlock, and stayed till Tuesday. I recognised the objects which I had seen with my father nearly thirty years before—the turn of the road at Cromford, the Arkwrights' house, and the cottages with the stone floors chalked in patterns. The landscape was still rich with autumn leaves.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
Thursday
evening,
12th Nov.
1868.

We got home last night, after delicious days spent at Matlock. I was so renovated that my head was clearer, and I was more unconscious of my body, than at the best of times for many months. But it seemed suddenly colder when we were in London, and old uneasy sensations are revisiting us both to-day.

I wonder whether you will soon want to come to town, and will send me word that you will come and take shelter with us for the night. The bed is no softer and no broader; but will you not be tempted by a new carpet and a new bit of matting for your bath?—perhaps there will even be a new fender! If you want to shop, I will take you in the brougham.

I think you will be just able to make out this note, written, by a sudden impulse, on my knee over the fire.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
16th Nov.
1868.

No oracle would dare to predict what will be our next migration. Don't be surprised if we go to the borders of the White Sea, to escape the fitful fast and loose, hot and cold, of the London climate.

We enjoyed our journey to the North. It was a great experience to me to see the stupendous iron-works at Sheffield: and then, for a variety, we went to the quiet and beauty of Matlock, and I recognised all the spots I had carried in my memory for more than five-and-twenty years. I drove through that region with my father when I was a young grig—not very full of hope about my woman's future. I am one of those perhaps exceptional people whose early childish dreams

were much less happy than the real outcome of life.

I think your birthday comes after mine; but I am determined to write beforehand to prove to you that I bear you in my thoughts without any external reminder.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Nov.
1868.

I suppose we are both getting too old to care about being wished *many* happy returns of the day. We shall be content to wish each other as many more years as can carry with them some joy and calm satisfaction in the sense of living. But there is one definite prospect for you which I may fairly hope for, as I do most tenderly—the prospect that this time next year you will be looking back on your achieved work as a good seed-sowing. Some sadness there must always be in saying good-bye to a work which is done with love; but there may—I trust there *will*—be a compensating good in feeling that the thing you yearned to do is gone safely out of reach of casualties that might have cut it short.

We have been to Sheffield at the seducing invitation of a friend, who showed us the miraculous iron-works there; and afterwards we turned aside to beautiful Matlock, where I found again the spots, the turns of road, the rows of stone cottages, the rushing river Derwent, and the Arkwright mills—among which I drove with my father when I was in my teens. We had glorious weather, and I was quite regenerated by the bracing air. Our friend Mr Spencer is growing younger with the years. He really looks brighter and more enjoying than he

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Nov.
1868.

ever did before, since he was in the really young, happy time of fresh discussion and inquiry. His is a friendship which wears well, because of his truthfulness. He always asks with sympathetic interest how you are going on.

Journal,
1868.

Nov. 22.—The return of this St Cecilia's Day finds me in better health than has been usual with me in these last six months. But I am not yet engaged in any work that makes a higher life for me—a life that is young and grows, though in my other life I am getting old and decaying. It is a day for resolves and determinations. I am meditating the subject of Timoleon.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
30th Nov.
1868.

I like to think of you painting the physiological charts, although they tire your eyes a little; for you must be sure that the good of such work is of a kind that goes deep into young lives. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" are words quite unshaken by any theory as to the making; and I think a great awe in the contemplation of man's delicate structure, freighted with terrible destinies, is one of the most important parts of education. A much-writing acquaintance of ours, one day expressed his alarm for "the masses" at the departure of a religion which had *terror* in it. Surely terror is provided for sufficiently in this life of ours—if only the dread could be directed towards the really dreadful.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
12th Dec.
1868.

We have been having a little company, and are rejoicing to think that our duties of this sort are done for the present. We like our studies and our dual solitude too well to feel company desirable

more than one day a-week. I wish our affection may be with you as some little cheering influence through the dark months. We hardly estimate enough the difference of feeling that would come to us, if we did not imagine friendly souls scattered here and there in places that make the chief part of the world, so far as we have known it.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
12th Dec.
1868.

Tell Dr Congreve that the "mass of Positivism," in the shape of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' is so rapidly finding acceptance with the public that, the second edition being all sold, the third, just published, has already been demanded to above 700. Do not think that I am becoming an egotistical author. The news concerns the doctrine, not the writer.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 16th
Dec. 1868.

I am moved to congratulate you on writing against the ballot, with such admirably good sense—having just read your "slip" at the breakfast-table. It has been a source of amazement to me that men acquainted with practical life can believe in the suppression of bribery by the ballot, as if bribery in all its protean forms could ever disappear by means of a single external arrangement. They might as well say that our female vanity would disappear at an order that women should wear felt hats and cloth dresses. It seems to me that you have put the main unanswerable arguments against the ballot with vigorous brevity.

Letter to th
Brays, 19th
Dec. 1868.

Thanks for letting me know about the meeting. I shall not be able to join it bodily, but I am glad always to have the possibility of being with you in thought. I have a twofold sympathy on the occasion, for I cannot help entering specially into your

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 29th
Dec. 1868.

own wifely anxieties, and I shall be glad to be assured that Dr Congreve has borne the excitement without being afterwards conscious of an excessive strain.

Journal,
1868.

Dec. 30.—I make to-day the last record that I shall enter of the old year 1868. It has been as rich in blessings as any preceding year of our double life, and I enjoy a more and more even cheerfulness and continually increasing power of dwelling on the good that is given to me, and dismissing the thought of small evils. The chief event of the year to us has been the publication and friendly reception by the public of ‘The Spanish Gypsy.’ The greatest happiness (after our growing love) which has sprung and flowed onward during the latter part of the year, is George’s interest in his psychological inquiries. I have, perhaps, gained a little higher ground and firmer footing in some studies, notwithstanding the yearly loss of retentive power. We have made some new friendships that cheer us with the sense of new admiration of actual living beings whom we know in the flesh, and who are kindly disposed towards us. And we have had no real trouble. I wish we were not in a minority of our fellow-men! I desire no added blessing for the coming year but this,—that I may do some good lasting work, and make both my outward and inward habits less imperfect—that is, more directly tending to the best uses of life.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 31st
Dec. 1868.

Many thanks for the cheque, which I received yesterday afternoon. Mr Lewes is eminently satisfied with the sales; and, indeed, it does appear

from authoritative testimony that the number sold is unusually large even for what is called a successful poem.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 31st
Dec. 1868.

The cheap edition of the novels is so exceptionally attractive in print, paper, and binding for 3s. 6d., that I cannot help fretting a little at its not getting a more rapid sale. The fact rather puzzles me, too, in presence of the various proofs that the books really are liked. I suppose there is some mystery of reduced prices accounting for the abundant presentation of certain works and series on the bookstalls at the railways, and the absence of others, else surely those pretty volumes would have a good chance of being bought by the travellers whose taste shrinks from the diabolical red-and-yellow-pictured series. I am sure you must often be in a state of wonderment as to how the business of the world gets done, so as not to ruin two-thirds of the people concerned in it; for judging from the silly propositions and requests sometimes made to me by bald-headed, experienced men, there must be a very thin allowance of wisdom to the majority of their transactions.

Mr Lewes is attracted by the biographical studies of George the Second's time; but last night, after he had done reading about Berkeley, I heard him laughing over 'Doubles and Quits.' It is agreeable to think that I have that bit of cheerful reading in store.

Our first snow fell yesterday, and melted immediately. This morning the sun is warm on me as I write. The doctors say that the season has been

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 31st
Dec. 1868.

horribly unhealthy, and that they have been afraid to perform some operations from the low state of vitality in the patients, due to the atmospheric conditions. This looks like very wise writing, and worthy of Molière's "Médecin."

Mr Lewes joins me in sincere good wishes to Mr William Blackwood, as well as yourself, for the coming year—wishes for general happiness. The chief particular wish would be, that we should all in common look back next Christmas on something achieved in which we share each other's satisfaction.

Letter to
Hon. Robert
Lytton (now
Lord
Lytton).
No date.
Probably in
1868.

I am much obliged to you for mentioning, in your letter to Mr Lewes, the two cases of inaccuracy (I fear there may be more) which you remembered in 'The Spanish Gypsy.' How I came to write Zíncalo instead of Zíncalo is an instance which may be added to many sadder examples of that mental infirmity which makes our senses of little use to us in the presence of a strong prepossession. As soon as I had conceived my story with its gypsy element, I tried to learn all I could about the names by which the gypsies called themselves, feeling that I should occasionally need a musical name, remote from the vulgar English associations which cling to "gypsy." I rejected Gitana, because I found that the gypsies themselves held the name to be opprobrious; and Zíncalo—which, with a fine capacity for being wrong, I at once got into my head as Zíncalo—seemed to be, both in sound and meaning, just what I wanted. Among the books from which I made notes was

‘Pott, die Zigeuner,’ &c. ; and in these notes I find that I have copied the sign of the tonic accent in Romanó, while in the very same sentence I have not copied it in Zíncalo, though a renewed reference to Pott shows it in the one word as well as the other. But “my eyes were held”—by a demon prepossession—“so that I should not see it.” Behold the fallibility of the human brain, and especially of George Eliot’s.

I have been questioned about my use of Andalus for Andalusia, but I had a sufficient authority for that in the ‘Mohammedan Dynasties,’ translated by Gayangos.

It may interest you, who are familiar with Spanish literature, to know that after the first sketch of my book was written, I read Cervantes’s novel ‘La Gitanélla,’ where the hero turns gypsy for love. The novel promises well in the earlier part, but falls into sad commonplace towards the end. I have written my explanation, partly to show how much I value your kind help towards correcting my error, and partly to prove that I was not careless, but simply stupid. For in authorship I hold carelessness to be a mortal sin.

Letter to
Hon. Robert
Lytton (now
Lord
Lytton).
No date.
Probably in
1868.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1868 TO DECEMBER 1868.

Letter to Mrs Congreve—Mr Lewes's return from Bonn—First visit to Cambridge—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Month's visit to Torquay—Letter to Miss Hennell—Reading the 'Iliad'—Letter to John Blackwood—Title of 'Spanish Gypsy'—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Women's work—Letter to Mrs Congreve—England and Ireland—Translation of the 'Politique'—Return to London from Torquay—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to John Blackwood—Ending of 'Spanish Gypsy'—The poem finished—George Eliot's "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general"—Suggestion of the poem an Annunciation by Titian at Venice—Motive—Hereditary conditions—Gypsy race—Determination of conduct—Nature of tragedy—Collision between the individual and the general—Greek tragedy—Hereditary misfortunes—Growth of human sympathy—Moral sanction is obedience to facts—Duty what tends to human good—Letter to Mrs Bray on the writing of poetry instead of novels—Letter to F. Harrison presenting copy of 'Spanish Gypsy'—Inscription on MS. of 'Spanish Gypsy'—Letter to F. Harrison on suggestion of a poem—Six weeks' journey to Baden, &c.—Letter to John Blackwood from St Märgen—Catholic worship—Return to London—Letters to John Blackwood—'Pall Mall' review of 'Spanish Gypsy'—Saying of Balzac—Letters to Rev. Canon MacIlwaine—Milton's verse—Reading Lucretius, Homer, Milton, Warton, 'Marcus Aurelius,' Dante, Comte, Guest, Maurice—Visit to Dr Clifford Allbutt at Leeds—Visit to Newark—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Letters to John Blackwood—Second edition of 'Spanish Gypsy'—'Kinglake'—Criticisms on 'Spanish Gypsy'—Visit to the Congreves—Visit to Sheffield with Mr Benzon—Matlock—Letters to Madame Bodichon and Miss Hennell on Sheffield journey—Herbert Spencer—Meditating subject of Timoleon—Letter to Mrs

Bray—Physiological charts—Letter to Madame Bodichon on influence of friends—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Positivism in 'Spanish Gypsy'—Letter to Charles Bray on vote by ballot—Retrospect of 1868 Letter to John Blackwood—The cheap edition of novels—Letter to the Hon. Robert Lytton—Pronunciation in 'Spanish Gypsy'—Cervantes's 'La Gitanélla.'

CHAPTER XVI.

Journal,
1869.

Jan. 1.—I have set myself many tasks for the year—I wonder how many will be accomplished?—a novel called ‘Middlemarch,’ a long poem on Timoleon, and several minor poems.

Jan. 23.—Since I wrote last, I have finished a little poem on old Agatha. But the last week or two I have been so disturbed in health that no work prospers. I have made a little way in constructing my new tale; have been reading a little on philology; have finished the 24th Book of the ‘Iliad,’ the 1st Book of the ‘Faery Queene,’ Clough’s poems, and a little about Etruscan things, in Mrs Grey and Dennis. Aloud to G. I have been reading some Italian, Ben Jonson’s “Alchemist” and “Volpone,” and Bright’s speeches, which I am still reading—besides the first four cantos of “Don Juan.” But the last two or three days I have seemed to live under a leaden pressure—all movement, mental or bodily, is grievous to me. In the evening read aloud Bright’s fourth speech on India, and a story in Italian. In the ‘Spectator’ some interesting facts about loss of memory and “double life.” In the ‘Revue des

Cours,' a lecture by Sir W. Thomson, of Edinburgh, on the retardation of the earth's motion round its axis. Journal,
1869.

Jan. 27.—The last two days I have been writing a rhymed poem on Boccaccio's story of "*Lisa*." Aloud I have read Bright's speeches, and "*I Promessi Sposi*." To myself I have read Mommsen's '*Rome*.'

Feb. 6.—We went to the third concert. Madame Schumann played finely in Mendelssohn's quintett, and a trio of Beethoven's. As a solo she played the sonata in D minor. In the evening I read aloud a short speech of Bright's on Ireland, delivered twenty years ago, in which he insists that nothing will be a remedy for the woes of that country unless the Church Establishment be annulled: after the lapse of twenty years, the measure is going to be adopted. Then I read aloud a bit of the "*Promessi Sposi*," and afterwards the '*Spectator*,' in which there is a deservedly high appreciation of Lowell's poems.

Feb. 14.—Finished the poem from Boccaccio. We had rather a numerous gathering of friends to-day, and among the rest came Browning, who talked and quoted admirably *apropos* of versification. The Rector of Lincoln thinks the French have the most perfect system of versification in these modern times!

Feb. 15.—I prepared and sent off "*How Lisa loved the King*" to Edinburgh.

I have looked back to the verses in Browning's poem about Elisha, and I find no mystery in them. The foregoing context for three pages describes that

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Feb.
1869.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Feb.
1869.

function of genius which revivifies the past. Man, says Browning (I am writing from recollection of his general meaning), cannot create, but he can restore: the poet gives forth of his own spirit, and reanimates the forms that lie breathless. His use of Elisha's story is manifestly symbolical, as his mention of Faust is—the illustration which he abandons the moment before, to take up that of the Hebrew Seer. I presume you did not read the context yourself, but only had the two concluding verses pointed out or quoted to you by your friends. It is one of the afflictions of authorship to know that the brains which should be used in understanding a book, are wasted in discussing the hastiest misconceptions about it; and I am sure you will sympathise enough in this affliction to set any one right, when you can, about this quotation from Browning.

Journal,
1869.

Feb. 20. —A glorious concert: Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, winding up with Schubert's trio.

Feb. 21. —Mr Deutsch and Mrs Pattison lunched with us—he in farewell before going to the East. A rather pleasant gathering of friends afterwards.

Feb. 24. —I am reading about plants, and Helmholtz on music. A new idea of a poem came to me yesterday.

March 3. We started on our fourth visit to Italy, *viâ* France and the Cornice.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 4th
May 1869,
from Paris.

I found your letter at Florence on our arrival there (on the 23d); but until now, bodily ease and leisure enough to write to you have never happened to me in the same moments. Our long journey

since we left home on the 3d March, seen from a point of view which, happily, no one shares with me, has been a history of ailments. In shunning the English March, we found one quite as disagreeable, without the mitigation of home comforts; and though we went even as far as Naples in search of warmth, we never found it until we settled in Rome, at the beginning of April. Here we had many days of unbroken sunshine, and enjoyed what we were never able to enjoy during our month's stay in 1860—the many glorious views of the city and the mountains. The chief novelty to us in our long route has been the sight of Assisi and Ravenna: the rest has been a revisiting of scenes already in our memories; and to most of them we have probably said our last good-bye. Enough of us and our travels. The only remarkable thing people can tell of their doings in these days is, that they have stayed at home.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 4th
May 1869,
from Paris.

The 'Fortnightly' lay uncut at Mr Trollope's, and Mr Lewes had nothing more pressing to do than to cut it open at the reply to Professor Huxley.¹ He presently came to me, and said it was excellent. It delighted him the more because he had just before, at Rome, alighted on the 'Pall Mall' account of the article, which falsely represented it as entirely apologetic. At the first spare moment I plunged into an easy-chair, and read, with thorough satisfaction in the admirable temper and the force of the reply. We intend to start for Calais this evening; and as

¹ Dr Congreve's article, "Mr Huxley on M. Comte," in 'Fortnightly Review,' April 1869.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 4th
May 1869,
from Paris.

the rain prevents us from doing anything agreeable out of doors, I have nothing to hinder me from sitting, with my knees up to my chin, and scribbling, now that I am become a little sounder in head and in body generally than beautiful Italy allowed me to be. As beautiful as ever—more beautiful—it has looked to me on this last visit; and it is the fault of my *physique* if it did not agree with me. Pray offer my warmest sympathy to Dr Congreve in the anxieties of his difficult task. What hard work it seems to go on living sometimes! Blessed are the dead.

Journal,
1869.

May. 5.—We reached home after our nine weeks' absence. In that time we have been through France to Marseilles, along the Cornice to Spezia, then to Pisa, Florence, Naples, Rome, Assisi, Perugia, Florence again, Ravenna, Bologna, Verona; across the Brenner Pass to Munich; then to Paris *viâ* Strasburg. In such a journey there was necessarily much interest both in renewing old memories and recording new; but I never had such continuous bad health in travelling as I have had during these nine weeks. On our arrival at home, I found a delightful letter from Mrs H. B. Stowe, whom I have never seen, addressing me as her "dear friend."

It was during this journey that I, for the first time, saw my future wife at Rome. My eldest sister had married Mr W. H. Bullock (now Mr W. H. Hall), of Six-Mile Bottom, Cambridge-shire, and they were on their wedding journey at Rome, when they happened to meet Mr and

Mrs Lewes by chance in the Pamfili Doria Gardens. They saw a good deal of one another, and when I arrived with my mother and another sister, we went by invitation to call at the Hotel Minerva, where Mr Lewes had found rooms on their first arrival in Rome. I have a very vivid recollection of George Eliot sitting on a sofa with my mother by her side, entirely engrossed with her. Mr Lewes entertained my sister and me on the other side of the room. But I was very anxious to hear also the conversation on the sofa, as I was better acquainted with George Eliot's books than with any other literature. And through the dimness of these fifteen years, and all that has happened in them, I still seem to hear, as I first heard them, the low, earnest, deep musical tones of her voice: I still seem to see the fine brows, with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, the long head broadening at the back, the grey-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating, look at my mother, the finely-formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole *Wesen*, that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected to find in the author of 'Romola.' The next day Mr and Mrs Lewes went on to Assisi and we to Naples, and we did not meet again till the following August at Weybridge.

I value very highly the warrant to call you friend which your letter has given me. It lay awaiting me on our return the other night from a nine

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 8th
May 1869.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 8th
May 1869.

weeks' absence in Italy, and it made me almost wish that you could have a momentary vision of the discouragement — nay, paralysing despondency — in which many days of my writing life have been passed, in order that you might fully understand the good I find in such sympathy as yours — in such an assurance as you give me that my work has been worth doing. But I will not dwell on any mental sickness of mine. The best joy your words give me is the sense of that sweet, generous feeling in you which dictated them, and I shall always be the richer because you have in this way made me know you better. I must tell you that my first glimpse of you as a woman came through a letter of yours, and charmed me very much. The letter was addressed to Mrs Follen; and one morning when I called on her in London (how many years ago!¹), she was kind enough to read it to me because it contained a little history of your life, and a sketch of your domestic circumstances. I remember thinking that it was very kind of you to write that long letter in reply to the inquiries of one who was personally unknown to you; and looking back with my present experience, I think it was still kinder than it then appeared. For at that time you must have been much oppressed with the immediate results of your fame. I remember, too, that you wrote of your husband as one who was richer in Hebrew and Greek than in pounds or shillings; and as the ardent scholar has always been a character of peculiar interest to me, I have rarely had

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 248.

your image in my mind without the accompanying image (more or less erroneous) of such a scholar by your side. I shall welcome the fruit of his Goethe studies, whenever it comes. In the meantime, let me assure you that whoever else gave you that description of my husband's 'History of Philosophy'—namely, "that it was to solve and settle all things"—he himself never saw it in that light. The work has been greatly altered, as well as enlarged, in three successive editions; and his mind is so far from being a captive to his own written words, that he is now engaged in physiological and psychological researches which are leading him to issues at variance in some important respects with the views expressed in some of his published works. He is one of the few human beings I have known who will often, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity.

I have good hopes that your fears are groundless as to the obstacles your new book may find here from its thorough American character. Most readers who are likely to be really influenced by writing above the common order, will find that special aspect an added reason for interest and study; and I daresay you have long seen, as I am beginning to see with new clearness, that if a book which has any sort of exquisiteness happens also to be a popular, widely circulated book, its power over the social mind for any good is, after all, due to its reception by a few appreciative natures, and

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, Sth
May 1869.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 8th
May 1869.

is the slow result of radiation from that narrow circle. I mean, that you can affect a few souls, and that each of these in turn may affect a few more, but that no exquisite book tells properly and directly on a multitude, however largely it may be spread by type and paper. Witness the things the multitude will say about it, if one is so unhappy as to be obliged to hear their sayings. I do not write this cynically, but in pure sadness and pity. Both travelling abroad and staying at home among our English sights and sports, one must continually feel how slowly the centuries work towards the moral good of men. And that thought lies very close to what you say as to your wonder or conjecture concerning my religious point of view. I believe that religion, too, has to be modified—"developed," according to the dominant phrase—and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deeply awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which of all things is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot. I do not find my temple in Pantheism, which, whatever might be its value speculatively, could not yield a practical religion, since it is an attempt to look at the universe from the outside of our relations to it (that universe) as human beings. As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate, -love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind. For years of my youth I dwelt in dreams of a pantheistic sort, falsely supposing that I was enlarging my sym-

pathy. But I have travelled far away from that time. Letters are necessarily narrow and fragmentary, and when one writes on wide subjects, are liable to create more misunderstanding than illumination. But I have little anxiety of that kind in writing to you, dear friend and fellow-labourer, for you have had longer experience than I as a writer, and fuller experience as a woman, since you have borne children and known the mother's history from the beginning. I trust your quick and long-taught mind as an interpreter little liable to mistake me.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 8th
May 1869.

When you say, "We live in an orange grove and are planting many more," and when I think that you must have abundant family love to cheer you, it seems to me that you must have a paradise about you. But no list of circumstances will make a paradise. Nevertheless, I must believe that the joyous, tender humour of your books clings about your more immediate life, and makes some of that sunshine for yourself which you have given to us.

I see the advertisement of 'Old Town Folk,' and shall eagerly expect it.

That and every other new link between us will be reverentially valued.

May 8 (Saturday).—Poor Thornie arrived from Natal, sadly wasted by suffering.

Journal,
1869.

May 24.—Sold 'Agatha' to Fields & Osgood, for the 'Atlantic Monthly,' for £300.

That "disturbance" in my favourite work, with which you and Dr Congreve are good enough to sympathise, is unhappily greater now than it has

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 26th
May 1869.

Letter to
Mrs Congre-
ve; 26th
May 1869.

been for years before. Our poor Thornie came back to us about seventeen days ago. We can never rejoice enough that we were already at home, seeing that we held it impossible for him to set out on his voyage until at least six weeks later than he did. Since he arrived, our lives have been chiefly absorbed by cares for him; and though we now have a nurse to attend on him constantly, we spend several hours of the day by his side. There is joy in the midst of our trouble, from the tenderness towards the sufferer being altogether unchecked by anything unlovable in him. Thornie's disposition seems to have become sweeter than ever with the added six years; and there is nothing that we discern in his character or habits to cause us grief. Enough of our troubles. I gather from your welcome letter, received this morning, that there is a good deal of enjoyment for you in your temporary home, in spite of bad weather and face-ache, which I hope will have passed away when you read this.

Mr Beesly¹ wrote to me to tell me of his engagement, and on Sunday we had the pleasure of shaking him by the hand and seeing him look very happy. His is one of a group of prospective marriages which we have had announced to us since we came home. Besides Mr Harrison's, there is Dr Allbutt's, our charming friend at Leeds. I told Mr Beesly that I thought myself magnanimous in really rejoicing at the engagements of men friends, because, of course,

¹ Professor Edmund Spenser Beesly—a well-known member of the Positivist body, who married Miss Crompton, daughter of Mr Justice Crompton.

they will be comparatively indifferent to their old intimates.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 26th
May 1869.

Dear Madame Bodichon is a precious help to us. She comes twice a-week to sit with Thornie, and she is wonderfully clever in talking to young people. One finds out those who have real practical sympathy in times of trouble.

Your letter has fulfilled two wishes of mine. It shows me that you keep me in your kind thoughts, and that you are very happy. I had been told by our friends, the Nortons, of your engagement, but I knew nothing more than that bare fact, and your letter gives me more of a picture. A very pretty picture—for I like to think of your love having grown imperceptibly along with sweet family affections. I do heartily share in your happiness, for however space and time may keep us asunder, you will never to my mind be lost in the distance, but will hold a place of marked and valued interest quite apart from those more public hopes about you which I shall not cease to cherish.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
6th June
1869.

Both Mr Lewes and I shall be delighted to see you any evening. I imagine that when you are obliged to stay in town, the evening will be the easiest time for you to get out to us. Any time after eight you will find us thoroughly glad to shake hands with you. Do come when you can.

July 3.—Finished my reading in Lucretius. Reading Victor Hugo's '*L'homme qui rit*;' also the Frau von Hillern's novel, '*Ein Arzt der Seele*.' This week G. and I have been to Sevenoaks, but were driven home again by the cold winds and

Journal,
1869.

Journal,
1869.

cloudy skies. "Sonnets on Childhood"—five—finished.

July 10.—I wrote to Mrs Stowe, in answer to a second letter of hers, accompanied by one from her husband.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
July 1869.

I hoped before this to have seen our friend, Mrs Fields, on her return from Scotland, and to have begged her to send you word of a domestic affliction, which has prevented me from writing to you since I received your and your husband's valued letters. Immediately on our return from Italy, Mr Lewes's second son, a fine young man of five-and-twenty, returned to us from Natal, wasted by suffering from a long-standing spinal injury. This was on the 8th of May, and since then we have both been absorbed in our duties to this poor child, and have felt our own health and nervous energy insufficient for our needful activity of body and mind. He is at present no better, and we look forward to a long trial. Nothing but a trouble so great as this would have prevented me from writing again to you, not only to thank you and Professor Stowe for your letters, but also to tell you that I have received and read '*Old Town Folks.*' I think few of your many readers can have felt more interest than I have felt in that picture of an elder generation; for my interest in it has a double root,—one in my own love for our old-fashioned provincial life, which had its affinities with a contemporary life, even all across the Atlantic, and of which I have gathered glimpses in different phases, from my father and mother with their relations; the

other is, my experimental acquaintance with some shades of Calvinistic orthodoxy. I think your way of presenting the religious convictions, which are not your own except by indirect fellowship, is a triumph of insight and true tolerance. A thorough comprehension of the mixed moral influence shed on society by dogmatic systems is rare even among writers, and one misses it altogether in English drawing-room talk. I thank you sincerely for the gift (in every sense) of this book, which, I can see, has been a labour of love.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
July 1869.

Both Mr Lewes and I are deeply interested in the indications which the Professor gives of his peculiar psychological experience, and we should feel it a great privilege to learn much more of it from his lips. It is a rare thing to have such an opportunity of studying exceptional experience in the testimony of a truthful and in every way distinguished mind. He will, I am sure, accept the brief thanks which I can give in this letter, for all that he has generously written to me. He says—"I have had no connection with any of the modern movements, except as father confessor;" and I can well believe that he must be peculiarly sensitive to the repulsive aspects which those movements present. Your view as to the cause of that "great wave of spiritualism" which is rushing over America—namely, that it is a sort of Rachel-cry of bereavement towards the invisible existence of the loved ones—is deeply affecting. But so far as "spiritualism" (by which I mean, of course, spirit-communication, by rapping, guidance of the pencil, &c.) has

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
July 1869.

come within reach of my judgment on our side of the water, it has appeared to me either as degrading folly, imbecile in the estimate of evidence, or else as impudent imposture. So far as my observation and experience have hitherto gone, it has even seemed to me an impiety to withdraw from the more assured methods of studying the open secret of the universe any large amount of attention to alleged manifestations which are so defiled by low adventurers and their palpable trickeries, so hopelessly involved in all the doubtfulness of individual testimonies as to phenomena witnessed—which testimonies are no more true objectively because they are honest subjectively, than the Ptolemaic system is true because it seemed to Tycho Brahé a better explanation of the heavenly movements than the Copernican. This is a brief statement of my position on the subject, which your letter shows me to have an aspect much more compulsory on serious attention in America than I can perceive it to have in England. I should not be as simply truthful as my deep respect for you demands, if I did not tell you exactly what is my mental attitude in relation to the phenomena in question. But whatever you print on the subject and will send me, I shall read with attention; and the idea you give me of the hold which spiritualism has gained on the public mind in the United States, is already a fact of historic importance.

Forgive me, dear friend, if I write in the scantiest manner, unworthily responding to letters which have touched me profoundly. You have

known so much of life, both in its more external trials and in the peculiar struggles of a nature which is made twofold in its demands by the yearnings of the author as well as of the woman, that I can count on your indulgence and power of understanding my present inability to correspond by letter.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
July 1869.

May I add my kind remembrances to your daughter to the high regard which I offer to your husband?

July 14.—Returned from Hatfield, after two days' stay. Journal,
1869.

July 15.—Began Nisard's 'History of French Literature'—Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Christine de Pisan, Philippe de Comines, Villers.

July 16.—Read the articles "Phœnicia" and "Carthage" in 'Ancient Geography.' Looked into Jewitt's 'Universal History' again for Carthaginian religion. Looked into Sismondi's 'Littérature du Midi' for "Roman de la Rose;" and ran through the first chapter about the formation of the Romance languages. Read about *Thallogens* and *Acrogens* in the 'Vegetable World.' Read Drayton's "Nymphidia"—a charming poem,—a few pages of his 'Polyolbion.' Re-read Grote, v.-vii., on Sicilian affairs, down to rise of Dionysius.

July 18.—Miss Nannie Smith came, after a long absence from England; Professor Masson and Dr Bastian, Madame Bodichon and Dr Payne. Some conversation about Saint Simonism, *apropos* of the meeting on Woman's Suffrage the day before—M. Arlès Dufour being uneasy because Mill did not in

his speech recognise what women owed to Saint Simon.

July 19.—Writing an introduction to 'Middlemarch.' I have just re-read the fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus, and have written three more sonnets. My head uneasy. We went in the afternoon to the old water-colours, finding that the exhibition was to close at the end of the week. Burne-Jones's Circe and St George affected me by their colours more than any of the other pictures—they are poems. In the evening read Nisard on Rabelais and Marot.

July 22.—Read Reybaud's book on 'Les Réformateurs Modernes.' In the afternoon Mrs P. Taylor came and saw Thornie, who has been more uneasy this week, and unwilling to move or come out on the lawn.

July 23.—Read Theocritus, Id. 16. Meditated characters for 'Middlemarch.' Mrs F. Malleson came.

July 24.—Still not quite well and clear-headed, so that little progress is made. I read aloud Fourier and Owen, and thought of writing something about Utopists.

July 25.—Read Plato's 'Republic' in various parts. After lunch Miss Nannie Smith, Miss Blythe, Mr Burton, and Mr Deutsch. In the evening I read Nisard, and Littré on Comte.

Aug. 1.—Since last Sunday I have had an uncomfortable week from mental and bodily disturbance. I have finished eleven sonnets on "Brother and Sister," read Littré, Nisard, part of 22d Idyll of Theocritus, Sainte-Beuve aloud to G. two even-

ings. Monday evening looked through Dickson's Journal, 1869.
 'Fallacies of the Faculty.' On Tuesday afternoon we went to the British Museum to see a new bronze, and I was enchanted with some fragments of glass in the Slade collection, with dyes of sunset in them. Yesterday, sitting in Thornie's room, I read through all Shakspeare's Sonnets. Poor Thornie has had a miserably unsatisfactory week, making no progress. After lunch came Miss N. Smith and Miss Blythe, Mr Burton, Mr and Mrs Burne-Jones, and Mr Sanderson.

My last words to you might appear to imply something laughably opposed to my real meaning. "Think of me only as an example" meant—an example to be avoided. It was an allusion in my mind to the servant girl who, being arrested for theft, said to her fellow-servant, "Take example by me, Sally." With the usual caprice of language, we say, "Make an example of her," in that sense of holding up for a warning, which the poor girl and I intended. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 1st Aug. 1869.

Aug. 2.—Began 'Middlemarch' (the Vincy and Featherstone parts). Journal, 1869.

Aug. 5.—Thornie during the last two or three days gives much more hopeful signs: has been much more lively, with more regular appetite and quieter nights. This morning I finished the first chapter of 'Middlemarch.' I am reading Renouard's 'History of Medicine.'

Aug. 31.—We went to Weybridge, walked on St George's Hill, and lunched with Mrs Cross and her family.

This visit to Weybridge is a very memorable one to me, because there my own first intimacy with George Eliot began, and the bonds with my family were knitted very much closer. Mr and Mrs Bullock were staying with us; and my sister, who had some gift for music, had set one or two of the songs from 'The Spanish Gypsy.' She sang one of them—"On through the woods, the pillared pines,"—and it affected George Eliot deeply. She moved quickly to the piano, and kissed Mrs Bullock very warmly in her tears. Mr and Mrs Lewes were in deep trouble, owing to the illness of Thornton Lewes; we were also in much anxiety as to the approaching confinement of my sister with her first child; and I was on the eve of departure for America. Sympathetic feelings were strong enough to overleap the barrier (often hard to pass) which separates acquaintanceship from friendship. A day did the work of years. Our visitors had come to the house as acquaintances, they left it as lifelong friends. And the sequel of that day greatly intensified the intimacy. For within a month my sister had died in childbirth, and her death called forth one of the most beautiful of George Eliot's letters. A month later Thornton Lewes died.

Journal,
1869.

Sept. 1.—I meditated characters and conditions for 'Middlemarch,' which stands still in the beginning of chapter iii.

Sept. 2.—We spent the morning in Hatfield Park, arriving at home again at half-past three.

Sept. 10.—I have achieved little during the last week, except reading on medical subjects—Encyclopædia about the Medical Colleges, ‘Cullen’s Life,’ Russell’s ‘Heroes of Medicine,’ &c. I have also read Aristophanes’s ‘Ecclesiazusæ,’ and “Macbeth.”

Journal,
1869.

Sept. 11.—I do not feel very confident that I can make anything satisfactory of ‘Middlemarch.’ I have need to remember that other things which have been accomplished by me were begun under the same cloud. G. has been reading ‘Romola’ again, and expresses profound admiration. This is encouraging.

Sept. 15. George and I went to Sevenoaks for a couple of nights, and had some delicious walks.

Sept. 21.—Finished studying again Becker’s ‘Charikles.’ I am reading Mandeville’s Travels. As to my work, *in Stich gerathen*. Mrs Congreve and Miss Bury came; and I asked Mrs Congreve to get me some information about provincial hospitals, which is necessary to my imagining the conditions of my hero.

As to the Byron subject, nothing can outweigh to my mind the heavy social injury of familiarising young minds with the desecration of family ties. The discussion of the subject in newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets is simply odious to me, and I think it a pestilence likely to leave very ugly marks. One trembles to think how easily that moral wealth may be lost which it has been the work of ages to produce in the refinement and differencing of the affectionate relations. As to the high-flown stuff which is being reproduced about Byron and his

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
21st Sept.
1869.

poetry, I am utterly out of sympathy with it. He seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature.

Journal,
369.

Sept. 22.—We went down to Watford for a change.

Sept. 24.—Returned home this morning because of the unpromising weather. It is worth while to record my great depression of spirits, that I may remember one more resurrection from the pit of melancholy. And yet what love is given to me! What abundance of good I possess. All my circumstances are blessed, and the defect is only in my own organism. Courage and effort!

Oct. 5.—Ever since the 28th I have been good for little, ailing in body and disabled in mind. On Sunday an interesting Russian pair came to see us—M. and Mme. Kovilevsky: she, a pretty creature, with charming modest voice and speech, who is studying mathematics (by allowance through the aid of Kirchhoff) at Heidelberg; he, amiable and intelligent, studying the concrete sciences apparently—especially geology: and about to go to Vienna for six months for this purpose, leaving his wife at Heidelberg!

I have begun a long-meditated poem, "The Legend of Jubal," but have not written more than twenty or thirty verses.

Oct. 13.—Yesterday Mr W. G. Clark of Cambridge came to see us, and told of his intention to give up his oratorship and renounce his connection with the Church.

I have read rapidly through Max Müller's 'His-

tory of Sanskrit Literature,' and am now reading Lecky's 'History of Morals.' I have also finished Herbert Spencer's last number of his 'Psychology.' My head has been sadly feeble, and my whole body ailing of late. I have written about 100 verses of my poem. Poor Thornie seems to us in a state of growing weakness.

Oct. 19.—This evening at half-past six our dear Thornie died. He went quite peacefully. For three days he was not more than fitfully and imperfectly conscious of the things around him. He went to Natal on the 17th October 1863, and came back to us ill on the 8th May 1869. Through the six months of his illness, his frank impulsive mind disclosed no trace of evil feeling. He was a sweet-natured boy—still a boy, though he had lived for twenty-five years and a-half. On the 9th of August he had an attack of paraplegia, and although he partially recovered from it, it made a marked change in him. After that he lost a great deal of his vivacity, but he suffered less pain. This death seems to me the beginning of our own.

The day after our dear boy's funeral we went into the quietest and most beautiful part of Surrey, four miles and a half from any railway station. I was very much shaken in mind and body, and nothing but the deep calm of fields and woods would have had a beneficent effect on me. We both of us felt, more than ever before, the blessedness of being in the country, and we are come back much restored. It will interest you, I think, to know that a friend of ours, Mr W. G. Clark, the

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Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Dec.
1869.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Dec.
1869.

public orator at Cambridge, laid down his orator-ship as a preparatory step to writing a letter to his bishop renouncing, or rather claiming to be free from, his clerical status, because he no longer believes what it presupposes him to believe. Two other men whom we know are about to renounce Cambridge fellowships on the same ground.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 31st
Dec. 1869.

We shall be delighted to have you on Monday. I hope you will get your business done early enough to be by a good fire in our drawing-room before lunch. Mr Doyle is coming to dine with us, but you will not mind that. He is a dear man, a good Catholic, full of varied sympathies and picturesque knowledge.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Jan.
1870.

I am moved to write to you rather by the inclination to remind you of me, than by the sense of having anything to say. On reading "The Positivist Problem"¹ a second time, I gained a stronger impression of its general value, and I also felt less jarred by the more personal part at the close. Mr Lewes would tell you that I have an unreasonable aversion to personal statements, and when I come to like them it is usually by a hard process of *con-version*. But my second reading gave me a new and very strong sense that the last two or three pages have the air of an appendix, added at some distance of time from the original writing of the article. Some more thoroughly explanatory account of your non-adhesion seems requisite as a nexus—since the statement of your non-adhesion

¹ An article by Mr Frederic Harrison in the 'Fortnightly Review' of November 1869.

had to be mentioned after an argument for the system against the outer Gentile world. However, it is more important for me to say that I felt the thorough justice of your words, when, in conversation with me, you said, "I don't see why there should be any mystification: having come to a resolution after much inward debate, it is better to state the resolution." Something like that you said, and I give a hearty "Amen," praying that I may not be too apt myself to prefer the haze to the clearness. But the fact is, I shrink from decided "deliverances" on momentous subjects from the dread of coming to swear by my own "deliverances," and sinking into an insistent echo of myself. That is a horrible destiny—and one cannot help seeing that many of the most powerful men fall into it.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
15th Jan.
1870.

Cara has told me about your republication of the 'Inquiry,' and I have a longing to write—not intrusively I hope—just to say "thank you" for the good it does me to know of your being engaged in that act of piety to your brother's memory. I delight in the act itself, and in the satisfaction which I know you have in performing it. When I remember my own obligation to the book, I must believe that among the many new readers a cheap edition will reach, there must be minds to whom it will bring welcome light in studying the New Testament,—sober, serious help toward a conception of the past, instead of stage-lights and make-ups. And this value is, I think, independent of the opinions that might be held as to the different degrees of success in the construction of proba-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th March
1870.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th March
1870.

bilities or in particular interpretations. Throughout there is the presence of grave sincerity. I would gladly have a word or two directly from yourself when you can scribble a note without feeling me a bore for wanting it. People who write many letters without being forced to do so are fathomless wonders to me, but you have a special faculty for writing such letters as one cares to read, so it is a pity that the accomplishment should lie quite unused. I wonder if you have read Emerson's new essays. I like them very much.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
April 1870.

We shall leave Berlin on Tuesday, so that I must ask you to send me the much-desired news of you to Vienna, addressed to the Hon. Robert Lytton, British Embassy. We do not yet know the name of the hotel where rooms have been taken for us. Our journey has not been unfortunate hitherto. The weather has been cold and cheerless; but we expected this, and on the 1st of April the sun began to shine. As for my *Wenigkeit*, it has never known a day of real bodily comfort since we got to Berlin: headache, sore throat, and *Schnupfen* have been alternately my companions, and have made my enjoyment very languid. But think of this as all past when you get my letter; for this morning I have a clearer head, the sun is shining, and the better time seems to be come for me. Mr Lewes has had a good deal of satisfaction in his visits to laboratories and to the *Charité*, where he is just now gone for the third time to see more varieties of mad people, and hear more about Psychiatrie from Dr Westphal, a quiet, unpretending little man, who

seems to have been delighted with George's sympathetic interest in this (to me) hideous branch of practice. I speak with all reverence: the world can't do without hideous studies.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
April 1870.

People have been very kind to us, and have overwhelmed us with attentions, but we have felt a little weary in the midst of our gratitude, and since my cold has become worse, we have been obliged to cut off further invitations.

We have seen many and various men and women, but except Mommsen, Bunsen, and Du Bois Reymond, hardly any whose names would be known to you. If I had been in good health, I should probably have continued to be more amused than tired of sitting on a sofa and having one person after another brought up to bow to me, and pay me the same compliment. Even as it was, I felt my heart go out to some good women who seemed really to have an affectionate feeling towards me for the sake of my books. But the sick animal longs for quiet and darkness.

The other night at Dr Westphal's I saw a young English lady marvellously like Emily in face, figure, and voice. I made advances to her on the strength of that external resemblance, and found it carried out in the quickness of her remarks. But new gentlemen to be introduced soon divided us. Another elegant, pretty woman there was old Boeckh's daughter. One enters on all subjects by turns in these evening parties, which are something like reading the 'Conversations-Lexicon' in a nightmare. Among lighter entertainments, we have been four

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
April 1870.

times to the opera, being tempted at the very beginning of our stay by Gluck, Mozart, and an opportunity of hearing Tannhäuser for the second time. Also we have enjoyed some fine orchestral concerts, which are to be had for sixpence! Berlin has been growing very fast since our former stay here, and luxury in all forms has increased so much, that one only here and there gets a glimpse of the old-fashioned German housekeeping. But though later hours are becoming fashionable, the members of the Reichstag who have other business than politics complain of having to begin their sitting at eleven, ending, instead of beginning, at four, when the solid day is almost gone. We went to the Reichstag one morning, and were so fortunate as to hear Bismarck speak. But the question was one of currency, and his speech was merely a brief winding up.

Now I shall think that I have earned a letter telling me all about you. May there be nothing but good to tell of! Pray give my best love to Emily, and my earnest wishes to Dr Congreve, that he may have satisfaction in new work.

I gladly and gratefully keep the portrait.¹ For my own part, I should have said, without hesitation, "prefix it to the 'Inquiry.'" One must not be unreasonable about portraits. How can a thing which is always the same be an adequate representation of a living being who is always varying—especially of a living being who is sensitive, bright, many-sided, as your brother was? But I think the

¹ Portrait of Charles Hennell.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th May
1870.

impression which this portrait gives excites interest. I am often sorry for people who lose half their possible good in the world by being more alive to deficiencies than to positive merits.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th May
1870.

I like to know that you have felt in common with me while you read 'Jubal.' Curiously enough, Mr Lewes, when I first read it to him, made just the remark you make about the scene of Jubal coming with the Lyre. We laughed at Mr Bray's sharp criticism. Tell him it is not the fashion for authors ever to be in the wrong. They have always justifying reasons. But also it is the fashion for critics to know everything, so that the authors don't think it needful to tell their reasons.

May 20. —I am fond of my little old book in which I have recorded so many changes, and shall take to writing in it again. It will perhaps last me all through the life that is left to me. Since I wrote in it last, the day after Thornie's death, the chief epochs have been our stay at Limpsfield, in Surrey, till near the beginning of December; my writing of 'Jubal,' which I finished on the 13th of January; the publication of the poem in the May number of 'Macmillan's Magazine;' and our journey to Berlin and Vienna, from which we returned on the 6th of this month, after an absence of eight weeks. This is a fortnight ago, and little has been done by me in the interim. My health is in an uncomfortable state, and I seem to be all the weaker for the continual depression produced by cold and sore throat, which stretched itself all through our long journey.

Journal,
1870.

Journal,
1870.

These small bodily grievances make life less desirable to me, though every one of my best blessings—my one perfect love, and the sympathy shown towards me for the sake of my works, and the personal regard of a few friends—have become much intensified in these latter days. I am not hopeful about future work. I am languid, and my novel languishes too. But to-morrow may be better than to-day.

May 25. —We started for Oxford, where we were to stay with the Rector of Lincoln and his wife. After luncheon G. and I walked alone through the town, which, on this first view, was rather disappointing to me. Presently we turned through Christ Church into the meadows, and walked along by the river. This was beautiful to my heart's content. The buttercups and hawthorns were in their glory, the chestnuts still in sufficiently untarnished bloom, and the grand elms made a border towards the town. After tea we went with Mrs Pattison and the Rector to the croquet ground near the Museum. On our way we saw Sir Benjamin Brodie, and on the ground Professor Rawlinson, the "narrow-headed man;" Mrs Thurstfield, and her son, who is a Fellow (I think of Jesus); Miss Arnold, daughter of Mr Thomas Arnold, and Professor Phillips, the geologist. At supper we had Mr Bywater and Miss Arnold, and in chat with them the evening was passed.

May 26.—G. and I went to the Museum, and had an interesting morning with Dr Rolleston, who dissected a brain for me. After lunch we went

again to the Museum, and spent the afternoon with Sir Benjamin Brodie, seeing various objects in his laboratories,—amongst others, the method by which weighing has been superseded in delicate matters by *measuring* in a graduated glass tube. Afterwards Mrs Pattison took me a drive in her little pony carriage round by their country refuge, the Firs, Haddington, and by Littlemore, where I saw J. H. Newman's little conventual dwelling. Returning, we had a fine view of the Oxford towers. To supper came Sir Benjamin and Lady Brodie.

May 27.—In the morning we walked to see the two Martyrs' Memorial, and then to Sir Benjamin Brodie's pretty place near the river and bridge. Close by their grounds is the original ford whence the place took its name. The Miss Gaskells were staying with them, and after chatting some time, we two walked with Sir Benjamin to New College, where we saw the gardens surrounded by the old city wall; the chapel where William of Wykeham's crozier is kept; and the cloisters, which are fine but gloomy, and less beautiful than those of Magdalen, which we saw in our walk on Thursday before going to the Museum. After lunch we went to the Bodleian, and then to the Sheldonian Theatre, where there was a meeting *apropos* of Palestine Exploration. Captain Warren, conductor of the Exploration at Jerusalem, read a paper; and then Mr Deutsch gave an account of the interpretation, as hitherto arrived at, of the Moabite Stone. I saw squeezes of this stone for the first time, with photographs taken from the squeezes. After tea, Mrs Thursfield

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kindly took us to see a boat race. We saw it from the Oriel barge, under the escort of Mr Creighton, Fellow of Merton, who, on our return, took us through the lovely gardens of his college. At supper were Mr Jowett, Professor Henry Smith, and Miss Smith, his sister, Mr Fowler, author of 'Deductive Logic,' &c.

May 28.—After a walk to St John's College, we started by the train for London, and arrived at home about two o'clock.

May 29.—Mr Spencer, Mrs Burne-Jones, and Mr Crompton came. I read aloud No. 3 of 'Edwin Drood.'

May 30.—We went to see the autotypes of Michael Angelo's frescoes at 36 Rathbone Place. I began Grove on the 'Correlation of the Physical Forces,'—needing to read it again—with new interest, after the lapse of years.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th June
1870.

Dr Reynolds advises Mr Lewes to leave London again, and go to the bracing air of the Yorkshire coast. I said that we should be here till the beginning of August, but the internal order proposes and the external order disposes—if we are to be so priggish as to alter all our old proverbs into agreement with new formulas! Dickens's death came as a great shock to us. He lunched with us just before we went abroad, and was telling us a story of President Lincoln having told the Council, on the day he was shot, that something remarkable would happen, because he had just dreamt, for the third time, a dream which twice before had preceded events momentous to the nation. The dream was,

that he was in a boat on a great river, all alone, and he ended with the words—"I drift—I drift—I drift." Dickens told this very finely. I thought him looking dreadfully shattered then. It is probable that he never recovered from the effect of the terrible railway accident.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
13th June
1870.

We have been driven away from home again by the state of Mr Lewes's health. Dr Reynolds recommended the Yorkshire coast; but we wanted to know Cromer, and so we came here first, for the sake of variety. To me the most desirable thing just now seems to be to have one home, and stay there till death comes to take me away. I get more and more disinclined to the perpetual makeshifts of a migratory life, and care more and more for the order and habitual objects of home. However, there are many in the world whose whole existence is a makeshift, and perhaps the formula which would fit the largest number of lives is "a doing without, more or less patiently." The air just now is not very invigorating anywhere, I imagine, and one begins to be very anxious about the nation generally, on account of the threatening drought.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
23d June
1870, from
Cromer.

I did not like to write to you until Mr Lytton sent word that I might do so, because I had not the intimate knowledge that would have enabled me to measure your trouble; and one dreads of all things to speak or write a wrong or unseasonable word when words are the only signs of interest and sympathy that one has to give. I know now, from what your dear

Letter to
the Hon.
Mrs Robert
Lytton¹
(now Lady
Lytton), 8th
July 1870,
from Har-
rogate.

¹ Written after the death of Lord Clarendon, who, Lady Lytton tells me, had been like a father to her.

Letter to
the Hon.
Mrs Robert
Lytton, 8th
July 1870.

husband has told us, that your loss is very keenly felt by you,—that it has first made you acquainted with acute grief, and this makes me think of you very much. For learning to love any one is like an increase of property,—it increases care, and brings many new fears lest precious things should come to harm. I find myself often thinking of you with that sort of proprietor's anxiety, wanting you to have gentle weather all through your life, so that your face may never look worn and storm-beaten, and wanting your husband to be and do the very best, lest anything short of that should be disappointment to you. At present the thought of you is all the more with me, because your trouble has been brought by death; and for nearly a year death seems to me my most intimate daily companion. I mingle the thought of it with every other, not sadly, but as one mingles the thought of some one who is nearest in love and duty with all one's motives. I try to delight in the sunshine that will be when I shall never see it any more. And I think it is possible for this sort of impersonal life to attain great intensity,—possible for us to gain much more independence, than is usually believed, of the small bundle of facts that make our own personality. I don't know why I should say this to you, except that my pen is chatting as my tongue would if you were here. We women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections; and though our affections are perhaps the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life—some joy

in things for their own sake. It is piteous to see the helplessness of some sweet women when their affections are disappointed—because all their teaching has been, that they can only delight in study of any kind for the sake of a personal love. They have never contemplated an independent delight in ideas as an experience which they could confess without being laughed at. Yet surely women need this sort of defence against passionate affliction even more than men. Just under the pressure of grief, I do not believe there is any consolation. The word seems to me to be drapery for falsities. Sorrow must be sorrow, ill must be ill, till duty and love towards all who remain recover their rightful predominance. Your life is so full of those claims, that you will not have time for brooding over the unchangeable. Do not spend any of your valuable time now in writing to me, but be satisfied with sending me news of you through Mr Lytton when he has occasion to write to Mr Lewes.

Letter to
the Hon.
Mrs Robert
Lytton, 8th
July 1870.

I have lately finished reading aloud Mendelssohn's 'Letters,' which we had often resolved and failed to read before. They have been quite cheering to us, from the sense they give of communion with an eminently pure, refined nature, with the most rigorous conscience in art. In the evening we have always a concert to listen to—a concert of modest pretensions, but well conducted enough to be agreeable.

I hope this letter of chit-chat will not reach you at a wrong moment. In any case, forgive all mis-

takes on the part of one who is always yours sincerely and affectionately.

Journal,
1870.

Aug. 4.—Two months have been spent since the last record! Their result is not rich, for we have been sent wandering again by G.'s want of health. On the 15th June we went to Cromer, on the 30th to Harrogate, and on the 18th July to Whitby, where Mrs Burne-Jones also arrived on the same day. On Monday, August 1, we came home again for a week only, having arranged to go to Limpsfield next Monday. To-day, under much depression, I begin a little dramatic poem,¹ the subject of which engaged my interest at Harrogate.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Aug.
1870.

We too, you see, have come back to a well-trying refuge—the same place that soothed us in our troubles last October—and we especially delight in this deep country after the fuss which belongs even to quiet watering-places, such as Cromer, Harrogate, and Whitby, which are, after all, “alleys where the gentle folks live.” We are excited, even among the still woods and fields, by the vicissitudes of the war, and chiefly concerned because we cannot succeed in getting the day's ‘Times.’ We have entered into the period which will be marked in future historical charts as “The period of German ascendancy.” But how saddening to think of the iniquities that the great harvest moon is looking down on! I am less grieved for the bloodshed than for the hateful trust in lies which is continually disclosed. Meanwhile Jowett's ‘Translation of Plato’ is being prepared for publication, and he

¹ ‘Armgart.’

has kindly sent us the sheets of one volume. So I pass from discussions of French lying and the Nemesis that awaits it, to discussions about rhetorical lying at Athens in the fourth century before Christ. The translations and introductions to the Dialogues seem to be charmingly done.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
12th Aug.
1870.

We shall return to town on Monday, various small reasons concurring to make us resolve on quitting this earthly paradise. I am very sorry for the sufferings of the French nation ; but I think these sufferings are better for the moral welfare of the people than victory would have been. The war has been drawn down on them by an iniquitous Government ; but in a great proportion of the French people there has been nourished a wicked glorification of selfish pride, which, like all other conceit, is a sort of stupidity, excluding any true conception of what lies outside their own vain wishes. The Germans, it seems, were expected to stand like toy-soldiers for the French to knock them down. It is quite true that the war is in some respects the conflict of two differing forms of civilisation. But whatever charm we may see in the Southern Latin races, this ought not to blind us to the great contributions which the German energies have made in all sorts of ways to the common treasure of mankind. And who that has any spirit of justice can help sympathising with them in their grand repulse of the French project to invade and divide them ? If I were a Frenchwoman, much as I might wail over French sufferings, I cannot help believing that I should

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
25th Aug.
1870.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
25th Aug.
1870.

detest the French talk about the "Prussians." They wanted to throttle the electric eel for their own purposes.

But I imagine that you and the doctor would not find us in much disagreement with you in these matters. One thing that is pleasant to think of is the effort made everywhere to help the wounded.

Journal,
1870.

Oct. 27.—On Monday the 8th August we went to our favourite Surrey retreat—Limpsfield,—and enjoyed three weeks there reading and walking together. The weather was perfect, and the place seemed more lovely to us than before. Aloud I read the concluding part of Walter Scott's life, which we had begun at Harrogate; two volumes of Froude's 'History of England,' and Comte's 'Correspondence with Valat.' We returned on Monday the 29th.

During our stay at Limpsfield I wrote the greater part of 'Armigart,' and finished it at intervals during September. Since then I have been continually suffering from headache and depression, with almost total despair of future work. I look into this little book now to assure myself that this is not unprecedented.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th Nov.
1870, from
The Priory

Yesterday, for the first time, we went to hear A. (a popular preacher). I remembered what you had said about his vulgar, false emphasis; but there remained the fact of his celebrity. I was glad of the opportunity. But my impressions fell below the lowest judgment I ever heard passed upon him. He has the gift of a fine voice, very flexible and various; he is admirably fluent and

clear in his language, and every now and then his enunciation is effective. But I never heard any pulpit reading and speaking which, in its level tone, was more utterly common and empty of guiding intelligence or emotion: it was as if the words had been learned by heart and uttered without comprehension by a man who had no instinct of rhythm or music in his soul. And the doctrine! It was a libel on Calvinism that it should be presented in such a form. I never heard any attempt to exhibit the soul's experience that was more destitute of insight. The sermon was against Fear, in the elect Christian, as being a distrust of God; but never once did he touch the true ground of fear—the doubt whether the signs of God's choice are present in the soul. We had plenty of anecdotes, but they were all poor and pointless—Tract Society anecdotes of the feeblest kind. It was the most superficial grocer's-back-parlour view of Calvinistic Christianity; and I was shocked to find how low the mental pitch of our society must be, judged by the standard of this man's celebrity.

Mr Lewes was struck with some of his tones as good actor's tones, and was not so wroth as I was. But just now, with all Europe stirred by events that make every conscience tremble after some great principle as a consolation and guide, it was too exasperating to sit and listen to doctrine that seemed to look no farther than the retail Christian's tea and muffins. He said, "Let us approach the throne of God," very much as he might have invited you to take a chair; and then followed this

Letter to
Miss Sara.
Hennell,
18th Nov.
1870, from
The Priory.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
18th Nov.
1870, from
The Priory.

fine touch—"We feel no love to God because He hears the prayers of others: it is because He hears *my* prayer that I love Him."

You see I am relieving myself by pouring out my disgust to you. Oh, how short life—how near death—seems to me! But this is not an uncheerful thought. The only great dread is the protraction of life into imbecility or the visitation of lingering pain. That seems to me the insurmountable calamity, though there is an ignorant affectation in many people of underrating what they call bodily suffering. I systematically abstain from correspondence, yet the number of acquaintances and consequent little appeals so constantly increases, that I often find myself inwardly rebelling against the amount of note-writing that I cannot avoid. Have the great events of these months interfered with your freedom of spirit in writing? One has to dwell continually on the permanent, growing influence of ideas in spite of temporary reactions, however violent, in order to get courage and perseverance for any work which lies aloof from the immediate wants of society. You remember Goethe's contempt for the Revolution of '30 compared with the researches on the Vertebrate Structure of the Skull? "My good friend, I was not thinking of those people." But the changes we are seeing cannot be doffed aside in that way.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Nov. 1870.

Lying awake early in the morning, according to a bad practice of mine, I was visited with much compunction and self-disgust that I had ever said a word to you about the faults of a friend whose

good qualities are made the more sacred by the endurance his lot has in many ways demanded. I think you may fairly set down a full half of any alleged grievances to my own susceptibility, and other faults of mine which necessarily call forth less agreeable manifestations from others than as many virtues would do, if I had them. I trust to your good sense to have judged well in spite of my errors in the presentation of any matter. But I wish to protest against myself, that I may, as much as possible, cut off the temptation to what I should like utterly to purify myself from for the few remaining years of my life—the disposition to dwell for a moment on the faults of a friend.

Tell the flower and fern giver, whoever it may be, that some strength comes to me this morning from the pretty proof of sympathy.

I have it on my conscience that I may not have given you a clear impression of my wishes about the poor pensioner who was in question between us to-day, so I write at once to secure us both against a possible misunderstanding. I would rather not apply any more money in that direction, because I know of other channels—especially a plan which is being energetically carried out for helping a considerable group of people without almsgiving, and solely by inducing them to work,—into which I shall be glad to pour a little more aid.¹ The repugnance to have relief from the parish was a feeling which it was good to encourage in the old days of

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
Nov. 1870.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 2d
Dec. 1870.

¹ Walmer Street Industrial Experiment, tried by Canon Fremantle under Miss Octavia Hill's supervision.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 2d
Dec. 1870.

contra-encouragement to sturdy pauperism ; but I question whether one ought now to indulge it, and not rather point out the reasons why, in a case of real helplessness, there is no indignity in receiving from a public fund.

After you had left me, it rang in my ears that I had spoken of my greater cheerfulness as due to a reduced anxiety about myself and my doings, and had not seemed to recognise that the deficit or evil in other lives could be a cause of depression. I was not really so ludicrously selfish while dressing myself up in the costume of unselfishness. But my strong egoism has caused me so much melancholy, which is traceable simply to a fastidious yet hungry ambition, that I am relieved by the comparative quietude of personal cravings which age is bringing. That is the utmost I have to boast of, and really to be cheerful in these times could only be a virtue in the sense in which it was felt to be so by the old Romans, when they thanked their general for not despairing of the Republic.

I have been reading aloud to Mr Lewes this evening Mr Harrison's article on Bismarckism, which made me cry — it is in some passages movingly eloquent.

Journal,
1870.

Dec. 2.—I am experimenting in a story ('Miss Brooke') which I began without any very serious intention of carrying it out lengthily. It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction, but will probably take new shapes in the development. I am to-day at p. 44. I am reading Wolf's 'Prolego-

mena to Homer.' In the evening aloud 'Wilhelm Meister' again!

Journal,
1870.

Dec. 10.—George's mother died this morning quite peacefully as she sat in her chair.

Dec. 17.—Reading 'Quintus Fixlein' aloud to G. in the evening. Grote on Sicilian history.

Dec. 31.—On Wednesday the 21st we went to Ryde to see Madame Bodichon at Swanmore Parsonage, a house which she had taken for two months. We had a pleasant and healthy visit, walking much in the frosty air. On Christmas Day I went with her to the Ritualist Church which is attached to the parsonage, and heard some excellent intoning by the delicate-faced, tenor-voiced clergyman. On Wednesday last, the 28th, Barbara came up to town with us. We found the cold here more severe than at Ryde; and the papers tell us of still harder weather about Paris, where our fellow-men are suffering and inflicting horrors.

Here is the last day of 1870. I have written only 100 pages—good printed pages—of a story which I began about the opening of November, and at present mean to call 'Miss Brooke.' Poetry halts just now.

We spent our Christmas in the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Day I went to a Ritualist Church, and heard some fine intoning of the service by a clear, strong, tenor voice, sweet singing from boys' throats, and all sorts of Catholic ceremonial in a miniature way.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 2d
Jan. 1871.

It is good to see what our neighbours are doing.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 2d
Jan. 1871.

To live in seclusion with one's own thoughts is apt to give one very false notions as to the possibilities of the present time in the matter of conversion either to superstition or anti-superstition.

In this cruel time, I no sooner hear of an affliction than I see it multiplied in some one of the endless forms of suffering created by this hellish war. In the beginning I could feel entirely with the Germans, and could say of that calamity called "victory"—I am glad. But now I can be glad of nothing. No people can carry on a long fierce war without being brutalised by it, more or less, and it pains me that the educated voices have not a higher moral tone about national and international duties and prospects. But, like every one else, I feel that the war is too much with me, and am rather anxious to avoid unwise speech about it than to utter what may seem to me to be wisdom. The pain is, that one can *do* so little.

I have not read 'Sir Harry Hotspur,' but as to your general question, I reply that there certainly are some women who love in that way, but "their sex as well as I may chide them for it." Men are very fond of glorifying that sort of dog-like attachment. It is one thing to love because you falsely imagine goodness, — that belongs to the finest natures, — and another to go on loving when you have found out your mistake. But married constancy is a different affair. I have seen a grandly heroic woman who, out of her view as to the responsibilities of the married relation, condoned everything, took her drunken husband to

her home again, and at last nursed and watched him into penitence and decency. But there may be two opinions even about this sort of endurance—*i.e.*, about its ultimate tendency, not about the beauty of nature which prompts it. This is quite distinct from mere animal constancy. It is duty and human pity.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 2d
Jan. 1871.

I write to say God bless you for your letter to the 'Times' of this morning. It contains the best expression of right principle—I was almost ready to say, the only good sensible words—that I have yet seen on the actual state of things between the Germans and the French.

Letter to
Colonel
Hamley
(now Gen-
eral Sir
Edward
Hamley),
24th Jan.
1871.

You will not pause, I trust, but go on doing what can be done only by one who is at once a soldier, a writer, and a clear-headed man of principle.

I had a great longing to hear from you, and I confess I had almost suspected you of having ceased to think of me.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
27th Jan.
1871.

That was an unworthy suspicion, for since I had not ceased to think of you, I had the best reason for trusting in your faithful kindness as greater than my own. It is unspeakably sweet to me to have some intimation of what you and dear Madame D'Albert have been feeling and doing in these late months. Seventy-one! I imagine how beautifully venerable she must look now. Is it not nearly ten years since I saw her, with her fine figure as firm and upright as ever? I bless her from my heart. She is one of the sweet memories of my life. This war has been a personal sorrow to every human creature with any sympathy, who has

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
27th Jan.
1871.

been within reach of hearing about it, still more to those who have gone out to see and help the sufferers. Several of our friends have been among these latter. But even we who have stayed at home have seen as well as heard the effects of the great calamity, for the French who are among us are many of them half or wholly ruined. Last Sunday we had the eminent *paysagiste* D'Aubigny to see us,—a grave, amiable, simple-mannered man. His house on the Loire, full of his own painting and all family memories, has been completely destroyed. He is now lodging with his parents in small lodgings at Kensington. This is but a mild sample of the myriad sorrows produced by the regression of barbarism from that historical tomb where we thought it so picturesquely buried—if indeed we ought not to beg pardon of barbarism, which had no weapons for making eight wounds at once in our body, and rather call the present warfare that of the devil and all his legions. Enough! I like better to think how Madame D'Albert would exert herself in all helpfulness as long as she had strength to do it.

Journal,
1871.

March 19 (Sunday).—It is grievous to me how little, from one cause or other, chiefly languor and occasionally positive ailments, I manage to get done. I have written about 236 pages (print) of my novel, which I want to get off my hands by next November. My present fear is that I have too much matter—too many *momenti*.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
3d April
1871.

I happened to-day to be talking to a very sweet-faced woman (the sister of Dr Bridges, whom I think you know something of), and she mentioned,

apropos of educating children in the love of animals, that she had felt the want of some good little book as a help in this matter. I told her of yours, and when I said that it was written by Mrs Bray, the author of 'Physiology for Schools,' she said, "Oh, I know that book well." I have made her a present of my copy of 'Duty to Animals,' feeling that this was a good quarter in which to plant that offset. For she had been telling me of her practical interest in the infant and other schools in Suffolk, where she lives. We have had a great pleasure to-day in learning that our friend Miss Bury is engaged to be married to Mr Geddes, a Scotch gentleman. There is a streak of sadness for her family in the fact that she is to go to India with her husband next November, but all else is bright in her prospect. It is very sweet to see, and think of, the happiness of the young. I am scribbling with an infirm head, at the end of the day, just for the sake of letting you know one proof, in addition doubtless to many others which you have already had, that your pretty little book is likely to supply a want.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
3d April
1871.

We are very much obliged to you for your kind methodical thoughtfulness as to all which is necessary for our accommodation at Brookbank, and also for your hints about the points of beauty to be sought for in our walks. That "sense of standing on a round world," which you speak of, is precisely what I most care for amongst out-of-door delights. The last time I had it fully was at St Märgen, near Freiburg, on green hill-tops, whence we could see the Rhine and poor France.

Letter to
Mrs Gil-
christ, 19th
April 1871.

The garden has been, and is being, attended to, and I trust that we shall not find the commissariat unendurable.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 6th
June 1871.

It seems like a resurrection of a buried-alive friendship once more to have a letter from you. Welcome back from your absorption in the Franchise! Somebody else ought to have your share of work now, and you ought to rest.

Ever since the 1st of May we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs Gilchrist, wife of the Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake the artist. We have a ravishing country round us, and pure air and water—in short, all the conditions of health, if the east wind were away. We have old prints for our dumb companions—charming children of Sir Joshua's, and large hatted ladies of his and Romney's. I read aloud—almost all the evening—books of German science, and other gravities. So you see we are like two secluded owls, wise with unfashionable wisdom, and knowing nothing of pictures and French plays. I confess that I should have gone often to see Got act, if I had been in town; he is so really great as an actor. And yet one is ashamed of seeking amusement in connection with anything that belongs to poor unhappy France. I am saved from the shame by being safely shut out from the amusement.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th June
1871.

How about Madame Mohl and her husband? I have been wondering through all the horrors whether M. Mohl had returned to Paris, and whether their house, containing, too probably,

the results of much studious work, lies buried among ruins. But I will not further recall the sorrows in that direction.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th June
1871.

I am glad to see the words, "very satisfactory," in connection with the visit to Hitchin and Cambridge. Ely Cathedral I saw last year, but too cursorily. It has more of the massive grandeur that one adores in Le Mans and Chartres than most of our English cathedrals—though I am ready to recall the comparison as preposterous.

I don't know how long we shall stay here—perhaps, more or less, till the end of August; for I have given up the idea of going to the Scott Festival at Edinburgh, to which I had accepted an invitation. The fatigue of the long journey, with the crowd at the end, would be too much for me.

Let us know beforehand when you are about coming.

George is gloriously well and studying, writing, walking, eating, and sleeping with equal vigour. He is enjoying the life here immensely. Our country could hardly be surpassed in its particular kind of beauty—perpetual undulation of heath and copse, and clear views of hurrying water, with here and there a grand pine wood, steep wood-clothed promontories, and gleaming pools.

If you want delightful reading, get Lowell's 'My Study Windows,' and read the essays called "My Garden Acquaintances" and "Winter."

Get the volumes of a very cheap publication—the 'Deutscher Novellenschatz.' Some of the tales are remarkably fine. I am reading aloud the last

Letter to
Madame
Bodiehon,
17th June
1871.

three volumes, which are even better than the others. I have just been so deeply interested in one of the stories—“Diethelm von Buchenberg”—that I want everybody to have the same pleasure who can read German.

Letter to
Mrs Gil-
christ, 3d
July 1871.

We are greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have so sympathetically taken on our behalf, and we shall prepare to quit our quiet shelter on Wednesday the 2d of August. During the first weeks of our stay I did not imagine that I should ever be so fond of the place as I am now. The departure of the bitter winds, some improvement in my health, and the gradual revelation of fresh and fresh beauties in the scenery, especially under a hopeful sky such as we have sometimes had—all these conditions have made me love our little world here, and wish not to quit it until we can settle in our London home. I have the regret of thinking that it was my original indifference about it (I hardly ever like things until they are familiar) that hindered us from securing the cottage until the end of September, for the chance of coming to it again after a temporary absence. But all regrets ought to be merged in thankfulness for the agreeable weeks we have had, and probably shall have till the end of July. And amongst the virtues of Brookbank, we shall always reckon this—that our correspondence about it has been with you rather than with any one else, so that along with the country we have had a glimpse of your ready, quick-thoughted kindness.

One word to you in response to Emily's note, which comes to me this morning, and lets me know that by this time she is probably in the last hours of her unmarried life. My thoughts and love and tender anxiety are with her and with all of you. When you receive this she will, I suppose, be far away, and it is of little consequence that I can make no new sign to her of my joy in her joy.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 13th
July 1871.

For the next few weeks my anxiety will be concentrated on you and yours at Yarmouth. Pray, when your mind and body are sufficiently free from absorbing occupation, remember my need of news about you, and write to me. The other day I seemed to get a glimpse of you through Mrs Call, who told me that you looked like a new creature—so much stronger than you were wont: and she told me of Dr Congreve's address at the school, which raised my keenest sympathy, and made me feel myself a very helpless friend.

Please give my love to the children, and tell Sophy especially, that I think her happy in this—that there is a place made for all the effort of her young life to fill it with something like the goodness and brightness which she has known and has just now to part with. I expect her to be your guardian angel, perhaps in a new way—namely, in saving you from some fatigue about details.

I still feel that I owe you my thanks for your kind letter, although Mr Lewes undertook to deliver them in the first instance. You certainly made a seat at the Commemoration Table¹ look

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 15th
July 1871.

¹ Scott Commemoration.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 15th
July 1871.

more tempting to me than it had done before ; but I think that prudence advises me to abstain from the fatigue and excitement of a long railway journey, with a great gathering at the end of it. If there is a chance that 'Middlemarch' will be good for anything, I don't want to break down and die without finishing it. And whatever "the tow on my distaff" may be, my strength to unwind it has not been abundant lately.

Appropos of bodily prosperity, I am sincerely rejoiced to know, by your postscript this morning, that Mr Simpson is recovered. I hope he will not object to my considering him a good friend of mine, though it is so long since I saw him. The blank that is left when thorough workers like him are disabled is felt not only near at hand, but a great way off. I often say after the fashion of people who are getting older—that the capacity for good work, of the kind that goes on without trumpets, is diminishing in the world.

The continuous absence of sunshine is depressing in every way, and makes one fear for the harvest, and so grave a fear that one is ashamed of mentioning one's private dreariness. You cannot play golf in the rain, and I cannot feel hopeful without the sunlight ; but I daresay you work all the more, whereas when my spirits flag my work flags too.

I should have liked to see Principal Tulloch again, and to have made the acquaintance of Captain Lockhart, whose writing is so jaunty and cheery, yet so thoroughly refined in feeling. Perhaps I may still have this pleasure in town, when he comes up

at the same time with you. Please give my kind regards to Mr William Blackwood.

Thanks for the prompt return of the MS., which arrived this morning.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
July 1871.

I don't see how I can leave anything out, because I hope there is nothing that will be seen to be irrelevant to my design, which is to show the gradual action of ordinary causes rather than exceptional, and to show this in some directions which have not been from time immemorial the beaten path—the Cremorne walks and shows of fiction. But the best intentions are good for nothing until execution has justified them. And you know I am always compassed about with fears. I am in danger in all my designs of parodying dear Goldsmith's satire on Burke, and think of refining when novel readers only think of skipping.

We are obliged to turn out of this queer cottage next week; but we have been fortunate enough to get the more comfortable house on the other side of the road, so that we can move without any trouble. Thus our address will continue to be the same until the end of August.

Tennyson, who is one of the "hill-folk" about here, has found us out.

This morning your husband's letter came to us, but if I did not know that it would be nearly a week before any words of mine could reach you, I should abstain from writing just yet, feeling that in the first days of sorrowing it is better to keep silence. For a long while after a great bereavement

Letter to
the Hon.
Mrs Robert
Lytton¹
(now Lady
Lytton).
25th July
1871.

¹ Written just before the death of Mrs Lytton's eldest boy.

Letter to
the Hon.
Mrs Robert
Lytton
(now Lady
Lytton),
25th July
1871.

our only companionship is with the lost one. Yet I hope it will not be without good to you to have signs of love from your friends, and to be reminded that you have a home in their affections, which is made larger for you by your trouble. For weeks my thought has been continually going out to you, and the absence of news has made me so fearful that I have mourned beforehand. I have been feeling that probably you were undergoing the bitterest grief you had ever known. But under the heart-stroke, is there anything better than to grieve?—Strength will come back for the duty and the fellowship which gradually bring new contentments, but at first there is no joy to be desired that would displace sorrow.

What is better than to love and live with the loved?—But that must sometimes bring us to live with the dead; and this too turns at last into a very tranquil and sweet tie, safe from change and injury.

You see, I make myself a warrant out of my regard for you, to write as if we had long been near each other. And I cannot help wishing that we were physically nearer—that you were not on the other side of Europe. We shall trust in Mr Lytton's kindness to let us hear of you by-and-by. But you must never write except to satisfy your own longing. May all true help surround you, dear Mrs Lytton, and whenever you can think of me, believe in me as yours with sincere affection.

I read your touching story¹ aloud yesterday to Mr Lewes, and we both cried over it. Your brother

¹ "Marie of Villefranche" — 'Macmillan's Magazine,' August 1871.

Letter to
Miss Mary
Cross, 31st
July 1871.

wrote to me that you had doubts about giving your name. My faith is, that signature is right in the absence of weighty special reasons against it.

Letter to
Miss Mary
Cross, 31st
July 1871.

We think of you all very often, and feel ourselves much the richer for having a whole dear family to reckon among our friends. We are to stay here till the end of the month. When the trees are yellow, I hope you will be coming to see us in St John's Wood. How little like the woods we have around us! I suppose Weybridge is more agreeable than other places at present, if it has any of its extra warmth in this arctic season.

Our best love, to your dear mother supremely, and then to all.

I always say that those people are the happiest who have a peremptory reason for staying in one place rather than another. Else I should be sorry for you that you are kept in London—by Parliamentary business, of course.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 2d
Aug. 1871.

There is sunshine over our fields now, but the thermometer is only 64° in the house; and in the warmest part of the day I, having a talent for being cold, sit shivering, sometimes even with a warm water-bottle at my feet. I wonder if you went to the French plays to see the supreme Got. That is a refined pleasure which I enjoyed so much in Paris a few years ago, that I was sorry to be out of reach of it this spring.

About the Crystal Palace music, I remember feeling just what you mention—the sublime effect of the Handel choruses, and the total futility of the solos.

Letter to
Mrs Bray, 3d
Aug. 1871.

Thanks for your little picture of things. Eminently acceptable in place of vague conjectures. I am a bitter enemy to make-believe about the human lot, but I think there is a true alleviation of distress in thinking of the intense enjoyment which accompanies a spontaneous, confident, intellectual activity. This may not be a counterpoise to the existing evils, but it is at least a share of mortal good, and good of an exquisite kind.

Are you not happy in the long-wished-for sunshine? I have a pretty lawn before me, with hills in the background. The train rushes by every now and then to make one more glad of the usual silence.

A good man writes to me from Scotland this morning, asking me if he is not right in pronouncing Romōla, in defiance of the world around him (not a large world, I hope) who *will* say Romōla. Such is correspondence in these days; so that quantity is magnificent *en gros* but shabby *en détail*—*i.e.*, in single letters like this.

Letter to
Alex. Main,¹
3d Aug.
1871.

You have been rightly inspired in pronouncing Romōla, and in conceiving Romōlo as the Italian equivalent of Romulus. I can assure you that the Italians say Romōlo, and consequently Romōla. The music of the name is quite lost in the painful quantity Romola. So pray go on defying an evil custom—if custom it be.

I am touched by the sympathy you express with a book ('Romola') which was an intense occupation

¹ The collector of the 'Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse: Selected from the Works of George Eliot.'

of my feeling as well as thought for three years before it was completed in print.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
3d Aug.
1871.

The general ignorance of old Florentine literature, and the false conceptions of Italy bred by idle travelling (with the sort of culture which combines Shakspeare and the musical glasses), have caused many parts of 'Romola' to be entirely misunderstood—the scene of the quack doctor and the monkey, for example, which is a specimen, not of humour as I relish it, but of the practical joking which was the amusement of the gravest old Florentines, and without which no conception of them would be historical. The whole piquancy of the scene in question was intended to lie in the antithesis between the puerility which stood for wit and humour in the old Republic, and the majesty of its front in graver matters.

I suppose that our beloved Walter Scott's imagination was under the influence of a like historical need when he represented the chase of the false herald in 'Quentin Durward' as a joke which made Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy laugh even to tears, and turned their new political amity into a genuine fellowship of buffoonery.

I like to tell you that my worship for Scott is peculiar. I began to read him when I was seven years old; and afterwards, when I was grown-up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels. No other writer would serve as a substitute for Scott, and my life at that time would

Letter to
Alex. Main,
9th Aug.
1871.

have been much more difficult without him. It is a personal grief, a heart-wound to me, when I hear a depreciatory or slighting word about Scott.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 14th
Aug. 1871.

We shall stay here only till the end of this month—at least, I have no hope that our *propriétaires* will be induced to protract their absence; and if the lingering smell of paint does not drive us away from The Priory again, we expect to stay there from the first of September, without projects of travel for many, many months.

We enjoy our roomy house and pretty lawn greatly. Imagine me seated near a window, opening under a verandah, with flower-beds and lawn and pretty hills in sight, my feet on a warm water-bottle, and my writing on my knees. In that attitude my mornings are passed. We dine at two; and at four, when the tea comes in, I begin to read aloud. About six or half-past we walk on to the commons and see the great sky over our head. At eight we are usually in the house again, and fill our evening with physics, chemistry, or other wisdom if our heads are at par; if not, we take to folly, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's poems, or something akin to them.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
11th Sept.
1871.

Perhaps you do not imagine me as a writer who suffers much from self-distrust and despondency. If I had not had a husband who is not only sympathetic, but so sagacious in criticism that I can rely on his pleasure in my writing as a satisfactory test, it would be difficult for me to bring myself into print, especially as I have the conviction that excessive literary production is a social offence.

These facts will help you to believe that your letters have been a cup of strength to me.

Your letters are always delightful to me, because I imagine you speaking while I read them: you have that power of easy description and narration in your letters and your talk which is exceedingly rare among us English. We are for the most part hesitating, clumsy talkers, and our letters are either curt or laboured.

Letter to
M. D'Albert
13th Sept.
1871.

You must know that I am very busy now, preparing a long, long book; but when I have finished it, one of my first plans will be to visit Geneva. My husband is equally inclined to make that our next journey—in the first place, because he is always inclined to do what I wish; and in the next, because he will enjoy seeing not only you and Madame D'Albert, but certain scientific men of whom you can boast, as the fine writers say, though I fancy you have never used that privilege of boasting.

I suppose I shall not be at liberty to get so far away from home until next year—probably in July, if I live so long.

Your mention of Madame Chancel quite startled me, for I had believed that she was dead. It was very prettily done of the German Empress to visit her old governess *incognito*. I have heard from those who know the Empress that she is a thoughtful and sympathetic woman, much subdued by experience. But you, of course, have heard abundant details about her from Madame Chancel. How one pities these royal people, who are necessarily human monstrosities, having little experience in

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
13th Sept.
1871.

common with the multitude of their fellow-men—except in their diseases. I suppose a royal toothache is much like a bourgeois toothache. But the royal point of view about everything else, even the stars, changes the very quality of knowledge. The German princes, in some instances, have a better chance of being tolerably common human beings than any other royalties.

Pray pardon me for writing a hasty letter. I have been ill since we came back, and my strength will not permit me to write anything but my necessary, or rather my voluntary, author's work in the mornings. Even that I can only do irregularly, so I scribble my letters at night before going to bed.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 29th
Oct. 1871.

Yesterday we returned from Weybridge, where, for a few days, I have been petted by kind friends (delightful Scotch people), and have had delicious drives in the pure autumn air. That must be my farewell to invalidism and holiday making. I am really better—not robust or fat, but perhaps as well as I am likely to be till death mends me.

Your account of Mr Main sets my mind at ease about him; for in this case I would rather have your judgment than any opportunity of forming my own. The one thing that gave me confidence was his power of putting his finger on the right passages, and giving emphasis to the right idea (in relation to the author's feeling and purpose). Apart from that, enthusiasm would have been of little value.

One feels rather ashamed of authoresses this week, after the correspondence in the 'Times.' One hardly knows which letter is in the worst taste.

However, if we are to begin with marvelling at the little wisdom with which the world is governed, we can hardly expect that much wisdom will go to the making of novels.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 29th
Oct. 1871.

I should think it quite a compliment if the General got through "Miss Brooke." Mr Lewes amused himself with the immeasurable contempt that Mr Casaubon would be the object of in the General's mind.

I hardly dare hope that the second part will take quite so well as the first, the effects being more subtle and dispersed; but Mr Lewes seems to like the third part better than anything that has gone before it. But can anything be more uncertain than the reception of a book by the public? I am glad to see that the 'Coming Race' has got into a fourth edition. Let us hope that the Koom Posh may be at least mitigated by the sale of a good book or two.

As for me, I get more and more unable to be anything more than a feeble sceptic about all publishing plans, and am thankful to have so many good heads at work for me. *Allah illah allah!*

I will not longer await the packet of extracts which Mr Lewes is expecting from you, before I thank you for all the feeling and intelligence you have given to that best part of me which has long ago taken paper wings, and left me rather a shrunken residue. I have too long made no sign to you of the gratitude I feel towards a mind whose emotions and judgments have given me the encouraging response which I find both in your letters and in

Letter to
Alex. Main,
9th Nov.
1871.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
9th Nov.
1871.

your selection of passages. Over the latter I have not done more than run my eyes hastily, but I believe that when your book appears I shall be almost like one of the public in making acquaintance with it. For I have read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth—dreading to find them other than I wish. And now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For we all of us have our little store—our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience; and there is equal danger of our harping on these too long, and of our taking up other strains which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing and echo. From both of these dangers, Good Sense, deliver us!—that Good Sense which includes good conscience and a high estimate of the author's function. Every one who contributes to the "too much" of literature is doing grave social injury. And that thought naturally makes one anxious.

I was very glad to find that you are young and have a long future in prospect. The value you attach to anything I may have said becomes all the more promising of result that may tell on other lives. You speak of having had trouble, but—

"He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with danger and distress,
Hath had n' occasion nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness."

That quatrain of old Daniel brings up—does it not?—Goethe's famous

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass"—

and these sayings will remain true while this earth is a world of suffering. For who could be prepared for true fellowship without having had his share of sorrow as well as joy?

We who are getting old together have the tie of common infirmities. But I don't find that the young troubles seem lighter on looking back. I prefer my years now to any that have gone before. I wish you could tell me the same thing about yourself. And surely writing your book is on the whole a joy to you—it is a large share in the meagre lot of mankind. All hail for the morrow! How many sweet laughs—how much serious pleasure in the great things others have done—you and I have had together in a past islet of time that remains very sunny in my remembrance.

Dec. 1.—This day the first part of '*Middlemarch*' was published. I ought by this time to have finished the fourth part, but an illness which began soon after our return from Haslemere has robbed me of two months.

If you have not yet fallen in with Dickens's '*Life*,' be on the look out for it, because of the interest there is in his boyish experience, and also in his rapid development during his first travels in America. The book is ill organised, and stuffed with criticism and other matter which would be better in limbo; but the information about the childhood, and the letters from America, make it worth reading. We have just got a photograph of Dickens, taken when he was writing, or had just written, '*David Copperfield*'—satisfactory refutation

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1871.

Journal,
1871.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Dec.
1871.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th Dec.
1871.

of that keepsake, impossible face which Maclise gave him, and which has been engraved for the 'Life' in all its odious beautification. This photograph is the young Dickens, corresponding to the older Dickens whom I knew—the same face, without the unusually severe wear and tear of years which his latest looks exhibited.

Journal,
1871.

Dec. 20.—My health has become very troublesome during the last three weeks, and I can get on but tardily. Even now I am only at p. 227 of my fourth part. But I have been also retarded by construction, which, once done, serves as good wheels for progress.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
28th Dec.
1871.

Your gift—what gift can be more precious than the patient care which helps to save the seed of one's soul from perishing!—has come to brighten a Christmas in which my large share of good has been somewhat dimmed by bad health. One of the memorable events of this closing year to me will always be the acquisition of you as a known friend—a friend of the only sort I now desire much to acquire: one who takes into his own life the spiritual outcome of mine. Let it be a memorable year to you in this light—that you have given me a lasting source of encouragement in those often-recurring hours of despondency which, after cramping my activity ever since I began to write, continue still to beset me with, I fear, a malign influence on my writing. I don't suppose I could assure you of anything better for you to know, than that you have planted something to be a sweet shade and fruit for your elder fellow-traveller.

I have been looking through the 'Sayings' with that sort of delight which comes from seeing that another mind underlines the words one has most cared for in writing them.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
28th Dec.
1871.

In one sense the book is marvellously new to me—since I had forgotten the greater part of what I had written. In another sense it is rather startlingly familiar—namely, that I find my old self (meaning my past self) very much like my present self. If there is any progress, I fear it is downhill.

Your good wishes and pleasant bits of news made the best part of my breakfast this morning. I am glad to think that, in desiring happiness for you during the new year, I am only desiring the continuance of good which you already possess.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 1st
Jan. 1872.

I suppose we two, also, are among the happiest of mortals, yet we have had a rather doleful Christmas, the one great lack—that of health—having made itself particularly conspicuous in the surrounding fog. Having no grandchildren to get up a Christmas-tree for, we had nothing to divert our attention from our headaches.

Mr Main's book broke the clouds a little, and now the heavens have altogether cleared, so that we are hoping to come back from a visit of three days to Weybridge with our strength renewed—if not like the eagle's, at least like a convalescent tomtit's.

The 'Sayings' are set off by delightful paper and print, and a binding which opens with inviting ease. I am really grateful to every one concerned in the volume, and am anxious that it should not be in

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 1st
Jan. 1872.

any way a disappointment. The selections seem to me to be made with an exquisite sensibility to the various lights and shades of life; and all Mr Main's letters show the same quality. It is a great help to me to have such an indication that there exist careful readers for whom no subtlest intention is lost.

We have both read the story of the "Megæra"¹ with the deepest interest—indeed with a quite exceptional enjoyment of its direct unexaggerated painting.

The prescription of two days' golfing per week will, I hope, keep up your condition to the excellent pitch at which it was on your return from Paris. Good news usually acts as a tonic when one's case is not too desperate; and I shall be glad if you and we can get it in the form of more success for 'Middlemarch.' Dickens's 'Life,' you see, finds a large public ready to pay more. But the British mind has long entertained the purchase of expensive biographies. The proofs lately given that one's books don't necessarily go out like lucifer matches, never to be taken up again, make one content with moderate immediate results, which perhaps are as much as can reasonably be expected for any writing which does not address itself either to fashions or corporate interests of an exclusive kind.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
Jan. 1872.

It is like your kindness to write me your encouraging impressions on reading the third book. I suppose it is my poor health that just now makes me think my writing duller than usual. For cer-

¹ 'Blackwood's Magazine,' January 1872.

tainly the reception of the first book by my old readers is quite beyond my most daring hopes. One of them, who is a great champion of 'Adam Bede' and 'Romola,' told Mr Lewes yesterday that he thought 'Middlemarch' surpassed them. All this is very wonderful to me. I am thoroughly comforted as to the half of the work which is already written; but there remains the terror about the *unwritten*. Mr Lewes is much satisfied with the fourth book, which opens with the continuation of the Featherstone drama.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
Jan. 1872.

We went yesterday to the Tichborne trial, which was an experience of great interest to me. We had to come away after the third hour of Coleridge's speaking; but it was a great enjoyment to me to hear what I did. Coleridge is a rare orator—not of the declamatory but of the argumentative order.

Thanks—not formal, but sincerely felt—for the photographs. This likeness will always carry me back to the first time I saw you, in our little Richmond lodging, when I was thinking anxiously of 'Adam Bede,' as I now am of 'Middlemarch.'

I felt something like a shudder when Sir Henry Maine asked me last Sunday whether this would not be a very long book—saying, when I told him it would be four good volumes, that that was what he had calculated. However, it will not be longer than Thackeray's books, if so long. And I don't see how the sort of thing I want to do could have been done briefly.

I have to be grateful for the gift of 'Brougham's Life,' which will be a welcome addition to my means

of knowing the time “when his ugliness had not passed its bloom.”

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
22d Jan. 1872.

Your letter seems to pierce the rainy fog with a little sunlight. Cold and clearness are the reverse of what we are usually having here. Until the last few days, my chief consciousness has been that of struggling against inward as well as outward fog; but I am now better, and have only been dragged back into headachiness by a little too much fatigue from visitors. I give you this account as a preface to my renunciation of a journey to Dover, which would be very delightful, if I had not already lost too much time to be warranted in taking a holiday.

Next Saturday we are going to have a party—six to dine, and a small rush of people after dinner, for the sake of music. I think it is four years at least since we undertook anything of that kind.

A great domestic event for us has been the arrival of a new dog, who has all Ben's virtues, with more intelligence, and a begging attitude of irresistible charm. He is a dark-brown spaniel. You see what infantine innocence we live in!

Glad you are reading my demigod Milton! We also are rather old-fashioned in our light reading just now; for I have rejected Heyse's German stories, brand new, in favour of dear old Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' which I read aloud in my old age with a delicious revival of girlish impressions.

The weather, I suppose, is as depressing with you as it is here. The low barometer with almost constant rain tells unfavourably on us whose nervous energy is already below the mark.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
26th Jan.
1872.

"Count no author happy until all his books have been written," is my present version of Solon's wisdom, and I am more depressed by the possibility of what is to come than cheered by the sense of what has been already done. You see, I have a great talent for anxiety, especially when I am out of health.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
26th Jan.
1872.

Jan. 29.—It is now the last day but one of January. I have finished the fourth part—*i.e.*, the second volume—of 'Middlemarch.' The first part, published on December 1, has been excellently well received; and the second part will be published the day after to-morrow. About Christmas, a volume of extracts from my works was published, under the title, 'Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse.' It was proposed and executed by Alexander Main, a young man of thirty, who began a correspondence with me, by asking me how to pronounce Romola, in the summer, when we were at Shottermill. Blackwood proposed that we should share the profits, but we refused.

Journal,
1872.

I do lead rather a crawling life under these rainy fogs and low behaviour of the barometer. But I am a little better, on the whole, though just now overdone with the fatigue of company. We have been to hear Coleridge addressing the jury on the Tichborne trial—a very interesting occasion to me. He is a marvellous speaker among Englishmen; has an exquisitely melodious voice, perfect gesture, and a power of keeping the thread of his syntax to the end of his sentence, which makes him delightful to follow. We are going some other day, if possible, to hear a cross-examination of Ballan-

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
29th Jan.
1872.

tyne's. The digest of the evidence which Coleridge gives is one of the best illustrations of the value or valuelessness of testimony that could be given. I wonder if the world, which retails Guppy anecdotes, will be anything the wiser for it.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Feb. 1872.

To hear of a friend's illness after he has got well through it, is the least painful way of learning the bad news. I hope that your attack has been a payment of insurance.

You probably know what it grieved us deeply to learn the other day—that our excellent friend Mr William Smith is dangerously ill. They have been so entirely happy and wrapped up in each other that we cannot bear to think of Mrs Smith's grief.

Thanks for the list of sales since February 12th. Things are encouraging, and the voices that reach us are enthusiastic. But you can understand how people's interest in the book heightens my anxiety that the remainder should be up to the mark. It has caused me some uneasiness that the third part is two sheets less than the first. But Mr Lewes insisted that the death of old Featherstone was the right point to pause at; and he cites your approbation of the part as a proof that effectiveness is secured in spite of diminished quantity. Still it irks me to ask 5s. for a smaller amount than that already given at the same price. Perhaps I must regard the value as made up solely by effectiveness, and certainly the book will be long enough.

I am still below par in strength, and am too much beset with visitors and kind attentions. I

long for the quiet spaces of time and the absence of social solicitations that one enjoys in the country, out of everybody's reach.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 21st
Feb. 1872.

I am glad to hear of the pleasure 'Middlemarch' gives in your household: that makes quite a little preliminary public for me.

I can understand very easily that the two last years have been full for you of other and more imperative work than the writing of letters not absolutely demanded either by charity or business. The proof that you still think of me affectionately is very welcome now it is come, and all the more cheering because it enables me to think of you as enjoying your retreat in your orange orchard—your western Sorrento—the beloved Rabbi still beside you. I am sure it must be a great blessing to you to bathe in that quietude—as it always is to us when we go out of reach of London influences, and have the large space of country days to study, walk, and talk in. Last year we spent our summer months in Surrey, and did not leave England. Unhappily the country was not so favourable to my bodily health as to my spiritual, and on our return to town I had an illness which was the climax of the summer's *malaise*. That illness robbed me of two months, and I have never quite recovered a condition in which the strict duties of the day are not felt as a weight. But just now we are having some clear spring days, and I am in hope of prospering better, the sunshine being to me the greatest visible good of life—what I call the wealth of life, after love and trust.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
March 1872.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
March 1872.

When I am more at liberty, I will certainly read Mr Owen's books, if he is good enough to send them to me. I desire on all subjects to keep an open mind, but hitherto the various phenomena reported or attested in connection with ideas of spirit-intercourse, have come before me here in the painful form of the lowest *charlatanerie*. Take Mr H. as an example of what I mean. I could not choose to enter a room where he held a *séance*. He is an object of moral disgust to me; and nothing of late reported by Mr Crookes, Lord Lindsay, and the rest, carries conviction to my mind that Mr H. is not simply an impostor, whose professedly abnormal manifestations have varied their fashion in order to create a new market, just as if they were *papier mâché* wares or pomades for the idle rich. But apart from personal contact with people who get money by public exhibitions as mediums, or with semi-idiot, such as those who make a court for a Mrs Guppy or other feminine personage of that kind, I would not willingly place any barriers between my mind and any possible channel of truth affecting the human lot.

The spirit in which you have written in the paper you kindly sent me, is likely to teach others to rouse them at least to attention in a case where you have been deeply impressed.

I write to you quite openly, dear friend, but very imperfectly, for my letters are always written in shreds of time.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 14th
March 1872.

Thanks for the budget of this morning. The sales, we think, are very cheering, and we may well

be content if they continue in the same ratio. But the Greek proverb about the beginning being the half of the whole, wants as much defining and excepting from as most other proverbs.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 14th :
March 1872.

I have just had sent me a copy of the magazine 'Für die Literatur des Auslandes,' containing a review of "Miss Brooke," which is satisfactory as an intelligent appreciation. It mentions at the end the appearance of Mr Main's book, 'The Sayings.' A Frenchman, apparently accomplished, a M. Landolphe, who has made some important translations, is going to translate the whole of 'Middlemarch;' and one of the contributors to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has written for leave to extract Dorothea's history.

The Germans are excellent readers of our books. I was astonished to find so many in Berlin who really knew one's books, and did not merely pay compliments after the fashion of the admirers who made Rousseau savage—running after him to pay him visits, and not knowing a word of his writing.

You and other good readers have spoiled me, and made me rather shudder at being read only once; and you may imagine how little satisfaction I get from people who mean to please me by saying that they shall wait till 'Middlemarch' is finished, and then sit up to read it "at one go-off."

We are looking for a country retreat not too far from town, so that we may run up easily. There is nothing wanting to our happiness except that 'Middlemarch' should be well ended without growing signs of its author's debility.'

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 17th
March 1872.

Before I received your letter this morning, I was going to write you a word of sympathy, knowing how deeply you would be feeling the death of Mazzini. Such a man leaves behind him a wider good than the loss of his personal presence can take away.

“The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
Is to have been a hero.”

I must be excused for quoting my own words, because they are my *credo*. I enter thoroughly into your sense of wealth in having known him.

Brighton does not suit Mr Lewes. But he was near going there for a night a little while ago to see our friends Mr and Mrs William Smith. He (the author of ‘Thorndale,’ &c.) is, I fear, wasting fatally with organic disease, and we grieve much at the too-probably near parting of a husband and wife who have been among the perfectly happy couples of the world. She is a charming woman, and I wish that you may happen to know her.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d March
1872.

Owing to my loss of two months in illness, and my infirm health ever since, I have not yet finished the writing of ‘Middlemarch.’ This payment of wintry arrears makes one prefer the comforts of a London home; but we are obliged to see more company than my health is equal to, and for this reason I daresay we shall soon migrate. To-day we have been to our last morning concert—or Saturday Pop—held on a Friday because of the University boat-race to-morrow. These concerts are an easy pleasure which we are sorry to part with. This is one of my bad weeks, owing probably to the change in the

weather; and I am constantly struggling with hemi-
 crania and *malaise*. Even writing this scrap of a
 note is the feather too much, and I must leave off.
 You have known too much of nervous weakness not
 to understand this.

Letter to
 Miss Sara
 Hennell,
 22d March
 1872.

You know already that the thought you give to
 me and my book is a seed of comfort to me. I
 should not like the praise if it were not accompan-
 ied with the proof that you know what I mean,
 and care the most for those elements in my writing
 which I myself care the most for. Try to keep
 from forecast of Dorothea's lot, and that sort of
 construction beforehand which makes everything
 that actually happens a disappointment. I need
 not tell you that my book will not present my own
 feeling about human life if it produces on readers
 whose minds are really receptive the impression of
 blank melancholy and despair. I can't help won-
 dering at the high estimate made of 'Middlemarch'
 in proportion to my other books. I suppose the
 depressed state of my health makes my writing
 seem more than usually below the mark of my de-
 sires, and I am too anxious about its completion—
 too fearful lest the impression which it might make
 (I mean for the good of those who read) should
 turn to nought—to look at it in mental sunshine.

Letter to
 Alex. Main,
 Good Friday
 evening,
 1872.

May 8.—I have been reposing for more than a
 week in the hope of getting stronger—my life having
 been lately a swamp of illness, with only here and
 there a bit of firm walking. In consequence of this
 incessant interruption (almost every week having
 been half nullified for me so far as my work has been

Journal,
 1872.

Journal,
1872.

concerned), I have only finished the fifth book, and have still three books to write—equal to a large volume and a half.

The reception of the book hitherto has been quite beyond what I could have believed beforehand, people exalting it above everything else I have written. Kohn is publishing an English edition in Germany;¹ Duncker is to publish a translation; and Harpers pay me £1200 for reprinting it in America.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
4th June
1872.

I am glad to know that you are having a time of refreshing in fine scenery, with entire freedom to paint. I am in a corresponding state of relief from the noises and small excitements that break up the day and scatter one's nervous energy in London.

We have been in our hiding-place about twelve days now, and I am enjoying it more and more—getting more bodily ease and mental clearness than I have had for the last six months. Our house is not in the least beautiful, but it is well situated and comfortable, perfectly still, in the middle of a garden surrounded by fields and meadows, and yet within reach of shops and civilisation.

We managed to get to the Academy one day before leaving town. I was delighted with Walker's picture—were you?—and Mason's unfinished Reäper, and a few; very few, others.

Also we went twice to the opera in order to save

¹ The author was subsequently induced to publish '*Daniel Deronda*' and her succeeding works again in the Tauchnitz Edition. Baron Tauchnitz paid £250 for '*Daniel Deronda*.'

ourselves from any yearnings after it when we should have settled in the country.

We tell no one our address, and have our letters sent on from The Priory.

We too are in a country refuge, you see, and this bit of Surrey, as I dare say you know, is full of beauty of the too garden-like sort for which you pity us. How different from your lodge in the wilderness! I have read your description three or four times—it enchants me so thoroughly; and Mr Lewes is just as much enamoured of it. We shall never see it, I imagine, except in the mirror of your loving words; but thanks many and warm, dear friend, for saying that our presence would be welcome. I have always had delight in descriptions of American forests since the early days when I read ‘Atala,’ which I believe that you would criticise as half-unveracious. I dwelt on the descriptions in ‘Dred’ with much enjoyment.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
June 1872.

Pray give my special thanks to the Professor for his letter. His handwriting, which does really look like Arabic,—a very graceful character, surely,—happens to be remarkably legible to me, and I did not hesitate over a single word. Some of the words, as expressions of fellowship, were very precious to me; and I hold it very good of him to write to me that best sort of encouragement. I was much impressed with the fact—which you had told me—that he was the original of the “visionary boy” in ‘Old Town Folk’; and it must be deeply interesting to talk with him on his experience. Perhaps I am inclined, under the influence of the facts, physio-

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
June 1872.

logical and psychological, which have been gathered of late years, to give larger place to the interpretation of vision-seeing as *subjective* than the Professor would approve. It seems difficult to limit—at least to limit with any precision—the possibility of confounding sense by impressions, derived from inward conditions, with those which are directly dependent on external stimulus. In fact, the division between within and without in this sense seems to become every year a more subtle and bewildering problem.

Your experience with the *planchette* is amazing; but that the words which you found it to have written were dictated by the spirit of Charlotte Brontë is to me (whether rightly or not) so enormously improbable, that I could only accept it if every condition were laid bare, and every other explanation demonstrated to be impossible. If it were another spirit aping Charlotte Brontë—if here and there at rare spots and among people of a certain temperament, or even at many spots and among people of all temperaments, tricky spirits are liable to rise as a sort of earth-bubbles and set furniture in movement, and tell things which we either know already or should be as well without knowing—I must frankly confess that I have but a feeble interest in these doings, feeling my life very short for the supreme and awful revelations of a more orderly and intelligible kind which I shall die with an imperfect knowledge of. If there were miserable spirits whom we could help—then I think we should pause and have patience with their trivial-mindedness; but otherwise I don't feel bound to study

them more than I am bound to study the special follies of a particular phase of human society. Others, who feel differently, and are attracted towards this study, are making an experiment for us as to whether anything better than bewilderment can come of it. At present it seems to me that to rest any fundamental part of religion on such a basis is a melancholy misguidance of men's minds from the true sources of high and pure emotion.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
June 1872.

I am comforted to think that you partly agree with me there.

I have not time to write more than this very imperfect fragmentary sketch of *only one* aspect which the question of spirit-communications wears to me at present—being always rather brain-weary after my morning's work, and called for by my husband to walk with him and read aloud to him. I spend nearly three hours every day in this exercise of reading aloud, which, happily, I can carry on without fatigue of lungs. Yet it takes strength as well as time.

Mr Lewes is gone into town to-day, so I have an additional hour at liberty, and have been glad to be able to send you a letter which is not worth anything, indeed, but which satisfies my need to thank you and the Professor for your sweet friendliness—very sweet to me, I assure you. Please accept my entire frankness as a proof of that high value I set on you. And do not call anything I may have written a prejudice—it is simply a statement of how certain things appear to my inward eyesight, which I am ready to have rectified by more light.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 4th
June 1872.

About photographs — I have *no* photograph of myself, having always avoided having one taken. That makes me seem very selfish in being particularly glad to get yours.

Mrs Fields, with the beautiful face and charming manners, sent me a letter a little while ago, inviting us in the most tempting way to go to Boston. She said that this pretty action was done at your prompting, which is just like you as you have always shown yourself to me.

Dear friend, how much you have lived through both in the flesh and in the spirit! My experience has been narrow compared with yours. I assure you I feel this, so do not misinterpret anything I say to you as being written in a flippant or critical spirit. One always feels the want of the voice and eyes to accompany a letter, and give it the right tone.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 4th
July 1872.

You were very good and dear to want to give me the pleasure of knowing that the news was good, instead of leaving me to my small stock of hopefulness. Ask Emily to care a little even now, with baby on her mind, that her old friends are the better for hearing that she is well. Four or five months ago it happens that I was writing some playfulness about a baby and baby's hair, which is now in print, to appear next month. I am not afraid that Emily should be revolted by my blasphemy!

Mr Lewes had "a lovely time" from Saturday to Monday at Weybridge. He was feeling languid, and yet was tempted to sit at his desk. The little

change has been very serviceable, and he is now bright.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 4th
July 1872.

Our first book, read aloud by me after we came down, was Wallace's 'Eastern Archipelago,' which, I think, you had spoken well of to Mr Lewes. It is delightful. The biography of the infant ourang-outang alone is worth getting the book for. We are now in the middle of Tylor's 'Primitive Culture,' which is worth studying, and useful for reference on special points, if you happen to want knowledge about the ideas of the savage tribes.

Our days go by in delicious peace, unbroken except by my little inward anxieties about all unfinished work.

This morning came the joyful news that Gertrude has a fine healthy baby—a daughter. We have just been saying in our walk, that by the end of this century our one-day-old grand-daughter will probably be married and have children of her own, while we are pretty sure to be at rest. This obvious kind of wisdom does very well for discourse in the delicious sunshine as we wander over a hilly, half fern-clad, half grassy wilderness called South Park, from which we can overlook two fertile bosky valleys. We like this bit of country better and better. As to health, I am not quite so prosperous as I was at first ; but to make amends, Mr Lewes is in a good average condition, and only now and then has a morning in which he is forced to wander about, instead of going to his beloved work. We have had much happiness here, much sympathy in letters from far-off friends unknown in the flesh, and

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 19th
July 1872.

peaceful enjoyment of our occupations. But we have longed for more continuous warmth and brightness, and to-day may perhaps be the beginning of that one wanting condition.

The death of that honoured, good creature, Mr William Smith, touched us particularly, because of the perfect marriage-bond which had made the last eleven years of his life unspeakably precious both to him and his wife. Mr Lewes offered to go to Brighton to see him; but he was so reduced—so very feeble in body, though he kept to the last much brightness of mind—that Mrs Smith feared for him the excitement of seeing friends who came, specially, from a distance.

I like to think that your journey was a success. But I had felt sure, that unless bad health or bad weather overtook you, both Mrs Blackwood and you must have great happiness in taking that bright, lovely daughter abroad, and watching her fresh impressions. I imagine her laudable indignation at the crushing of the little lizard! Those little creatures darting about the stones seem part of the happiness of Italian sunshine, as the small birds hopping after the rain seem part of the moist happiness at home.

I shall send Part VII. in a few days. Since Mr Lewes tells me that the 'Spectator' considers me the most melancholy of authors, it will perhaps be a welcome assurance to you that there is no unredeemed tragedy in the solution of the story.

Mr Lewes examines the newspapers before I see

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
1st Aug.
1872.(?)

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Aug. 1872.

them, and cuts out any criticisms which refer to me, so as to save me from these spiritual chills—though, alas! he cannot save me from the physical chills which retard my work more seriously. I had hoped to have the manuscript well out of my hands before we left this place at the end of the month, but the return of my dyspeptic troubles makes me unable to reckon on such a result.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Aug. 1872

It will be a good plan, I think, to quicken the publication towards the end; but we feel convinced that the slow plan of publication has been of immense advantage to the book in deepening the impression it produces. Still I shudder a little to think what a long book it will be—not so long as 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis,' however, according to my calculation.

How good the articles on French manners and domestic life are in 'Maga.' The spirit in which they are written is excellent.

The manuscript of 'Middlemarch' bears the following inscription:

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes, in this nineteenth year of our blessed union."

I am tired of behaving like an ungrateful wretch—making no sign in answer to affectionate words which have come to me with cheering effect. And I want to tell you and Mr Hall (alas! for the dear old name¹ which had such cherished associations) that I long too much to see you all at Six-Mile Bottom, to give up utterly the prospect of that good. We imagine that the place is near Ipswich,

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
Sept. 1872

¹ Mr W. H. Bullock had changed his name to Hall.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
Sept. 1872.

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which is no more than an hour and fifty minutes from London. If so, the journey would be easily managed, and would be worth taking for the sake of one whole day and two half days with you—just as if you were the hour nearer, at Weybridge—before we set our faces towards Germany. I am not hopeless that we might do that in the second week of September, if you are not quite disgusted with the thought of me as a person who is always claiming pity for small ailments, and also, if Mr Hall can secure me against being shot from the other side of the hedge by the Prince of Wales,¹ while we are discussing plantations.

I dare not count much on fulfilling any project, my life for the last year having been a sort of nightmare, in which I have been scrambling on the slippery bank of a pool, just keeping my head above water. But I shall be the happier for having told you that I delight in the double invitation for the sake of the love it assures me of, and that I do want to see you all.

You are all gloriously well, I hope, and Alkie looking more and more cherubic, and Emily and Florence blooming. My best love to all. Particular regards to J., and regrets that we were not on his route from Brindisi. I read his paper on New York with much interest and satisfaction.

You are often among my imaged companions both in dreaming and waking hours.

¹ The Six-Mile Bottom shooting had been let to H.R.H. that year.

We start in search of health this afternoon. Our destination, to be reached about the end of next week, is Homburg, where we shall not gamble, but drink the waters and cultivate repose of mind.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
13th Sept.
1872.

I am at a very low ebb, and during the last week I have run down at a quicker rate into a nervous condition in which the chirping of the grasshopper—if it were to be heard in these parts—would be a noticeable addition to the sounds already irritating me. My dear husband, I am thankful to say, is in better case, and does everything for me that can be done by proxy. I think you can divine something of his—not superhuman but—exquisitely human goodness.

‘Middlemarch’ is done—all except a small finale, which I prefer reserving a little. The rest I hope to see the last little proof of at the beginning of next week.

It was a delightful surprise to see your handwriting when we went to inquire at the *Poste Restante*. We had on the whole a fortunate journey, and are especially grateful to Mr Hall for suggesting the route by Trèves, where we spent two nights and an exquisite day. I was continually reminded of Rome when we were wandering in the outskirts in search of the antiquities, and the river banks are a loveliness into the bargain which Rome has not. We had even an opportunity of seeing some dissipation, for there happened to be an excellent circus, where we spent our evening. The pretty country through which we passed had an additional interest for us about Libramont.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
Oct. 1872,
from Homburg.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
Oct. 1872,
from Hom-
burg.

The air, the waters, the plantations here, are all perfect "only man is vile." I am not fond of denouncing my fellow-sinners, but gambling being a vice I have no mind to, it stirs my disgust even more than my pity. The sight of the dull faces bending round the gaming-tables, the raking up of the money, and the flinging of the coins towards the winners by the hard-faced croupiers, the hateful, hideous women staring at the board like stupid monomaniacs—all this seems to me the most abject presentation of mortals grasping after something called a good, that can be seen on the face of this little earth. Burglary is heroic compared with it. I get some satisfaction in looking on from the sense that the thing is going to be put down. Hell is the only right name for such places.

It was cruel to find the bitter cold just set in as we arrived. For two days we were as cold as in clear winter days at Berlin. There are no amusements for the evening here, and the pleasure of listening to the excellent band in the afternoons is diminished by the chillness which makes one fear to sit down in the open air. But we like being idle; and the days pass easily.

It is good to have in our memories the two happy days at Six-Mile Bottom; and the love that surrounded me and took care of me there is something very precious to believe in among hard-faced strangers. Much gratitude for the anticipated letter that will come to tell us more news of you by-and-by.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Oct. 1872.

At last I begin a letter which is intended not as a payment but as an acknowledgment of debt. It

will have at least the recommendation of requiring no answer. After some perfect autumnal days we are languishing with headache from two days' damp and mugginess, and feel it almost as much work as we are equal to, to endure our *malaise*. But on the whole we are not sorry that we came to this place rather than any other. On dry days the air is perfect, and the waters are really an enticing drink. Then there is a wood close by where we can wander in delicious privacy : which is really better than the company here, save and except a few friends whom we found at first, and who have now moved off to Baden. The Kursaal is to me a hell, not only for the gambling but for the light and heat of the gas, and we have seen enough of its monstrous hideousness. There is very little dramatic *Stoff* to be picked up by watching or listening. The saddest thing to be witnessed is the play of a young lady, who is only twenty-six years old, and is completely in the grasp of this mean, money-making demon. It made me cry to see her young fresh face among the hags and brutally stupid men around her. Next year, when the gambling has vanished, the place will be delightful : there is to be a subvention from Government to keep up the beautiful grounds ; and it is likely that there will be increase enough in the number of decent visitors to keep the town tolerably prosperous. One attraction it has above other German baths that I have seen, is the abundance of pleasant apartments to be had, where one can be as peaceful as the human lot allows in a world of pianos.

Letter to . . .
John Black-
wood, 4th
Oct. 1872.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 4th
Oct. 1872.

We brought no books with us, but have furnished our table with German books which we bought at Frankfort—from learned writing about *Menschliche Sprache* and *Vernunft*, down to Kotzebue's comedies, so that we have employment for the rainy hours when once our heads are clear of aches. The certainty that the weather is everywhere else bad, will help our resolution to stay here till the 12th at least. In the meantime, we hope to have the proof of the finale to 'Middlemarch.'

I am rejoiced to learn from Mr William's letter that Mr Simpson has returned from his excursion in good condition. That must be a comfort to you, both for friendship and for work's sake.

We mean to return by Paris, and hope that the weather will not drive us away from health and pleasure-seeking until the end of the month. I fear, from the accounts of your Scottish weather, that you will have enjoyed *Strathclyrum* less than usual, and will be resigned to Edinburgh before your proper time. How one talks about the weather! It is excusable here, where there is no grave occupation, and no amusement for us, who don't gamble, except seeking health in walks and water drinking.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
27th Oct.
1872, from
Boulogne.

I had meant to write to you again from Germany, but I was hindered from doing so by the uncertainty of our plans, which vacillated between further wanderings in South Germany and the usual dreary railway journeying by Strasburg to Paris. As it was, we left Homburg on the 13th, and had ten days of delicious autumnal weather and quietude

at Stuttgart and Carlsruhe—ten days which made the heart of our enjoyment. We still hesitated whether we should go to Augsburg, and even Munich, making our way home through Germany and Belgium, and turning our shoulders on Paris. Our evil genius persuaded us to go to Paris, and to make the journey by night—whence came headache and horrible disgust with the shops of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard. After going to Versailles in the rain, seeing the sad ruins of the Hôtel de Ville, missing the Théâtre Français, and getting ‘Patrie’ in exchange, we rushed away to this place, where we are trying to recover the sense of benefit from our change, which forsook us on quitting old Germany. We have an affinity for what the world calls “dull places,” and always prosper best in them. We are sure to be at home next week, and I hope before long to have some news of you there—some dear faces coming to bring it. We shall linger here a few days, and take a favourable time for crossing, but our patience will hardly last beyond Friday.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
27th Oct.
1872, from
Boulogne.

We returned yesterday evening from six weeks’ absence in Germany, and I found your dear, sad letter among the many awaiting me. I prize very highly the fact that you like to write to me and bear me in your mind as one who has a certain fellowship in your sorrow; and I do trust that this letter may reach you in time to prevent you from thinking, even for a moment, that I could be indifferent about responding to any word you send me. I shall address it to the care of Blackwood & Sons,

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
Nov. 1872.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
Nov. 1872.

because I imagine you to be by this time in Edinburgh with that delightful friend Mrs Stirling, whom I had much kindness from many years ago, when I was on a visit to Mr and Mrs George Combe. She took me to hear Dr Guthrie and Dr Candlish, and through her I saw Craighcrook. I like to think of those hours and her pleasant talk.

Mr Lewes, I am thankful to say, has been getting more robust for the last two years, and is very bright and active. I think there is hardly any one left to whom he would so willingly have written or talked about the subjects which are filling his mind, as that dear one who has gone from your side, but is perpetually present in your consciousness: To-day I have been reading the memorial article in 'Blackwood,' and have been hoping that there is nothing in it which jars on your feeling. Everybody will think as I do—that the bits from your pen are worth all the rest. I have been especially moved, though, by the two stanzas quoted at the end. Mr Lewes judges that the writer of the article did not personally know your husband, and wishes that more special touches had been given. I know, dear friend, that the sorrow is irremediable; but the pain—the anguish—will become less sharp, and life will be less difficult. You will think of things to do such as he would approve of your doing, and every day will be sacred with his memory—nay, his presence. There is no pretence or visionariness in saying that he is still part of you. Mr Lewes sends his affectionate regards, which you will not reject. We mention

your name to each other with a certain tenderness, as if your sorrow somehow belonged to our love for each other. But I hardly dare to think of what these words which I have written mean. Sometimes in the midst of happiness I cry suddenly at the thought that there must come a parting. Are not you and I very near to one another?—I mean in feeling.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
Nov. 1872.

On Thursday evening we arrived at home, and found your letter awaiting us as one of the signs that the thought of us had remained behind in some good hearts while we were away. This morning our debt to you has risen by all the value of your second letter—no slight value in a world which is apt to give praise in general, and remember nothing in particular which merited the praise. I think I have told you before that I care for the finger pointing to the right passage more than for any superlative phrases; and your finger points well.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
4th Nov.
1872.

I have finished my book ('Middlemarch'), and am thoroughly at peace about it—not because I am convinced of its perfection, but because I have lived to give out what it was in me to give, and have not been hindered by illness or death from making my work a whole, such as it is. When a subject has begun to grow in me, I suffer terribly until it has wrought itself out—become a complete organism; and then it seems to take wing and go away from me. *That* thing is not to be done again—that life has been lived. I could not rest with a number of unfinished works on my mind. When they—or rather, when a conception has begun to shape itself

Letter to
Alex. Main,
14th Nov.
1872.

in written words, I feel that it must go on to the end before I can be happy about it. Then I move away and look at it from a distance without any agitations.

I am going now to bathe my mind in deep waters—going to read Mr Lewes's manuscript ('Problems of Life and Mind'), which has been storing itself up for me, and to take up various studies which have been to sleep since I have found my strength hardly enough for 'Middlemarch.' I easily sink into mere absorption of what other minds have done, and should like a whole life for that alone.

This is an egotistic note, such as your warm sympathy has the blame of luring me into. You will not count the I's—which judicious persons make a rule of cutting out from their manuscript, when it is meant for critical readers. Good-bye, dear friend.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
14th Nov.
1872.

I am uncomfortably haunted by the fear that in writing rather hurriedly to you by lamplight one evening, when the dizziness of the sea-passage had not quite subsided, I either left out words which I had meant to write, or put in such as very meagrely represented my regard for you, and—what I was still more anxious to tell you of—the intense comfort I have found in the response which your mind has given to every "deliverance" of mine. Whatever I wrote then, please translate into this assurance: that the thought of your letters, with all the evidence they contain of no smallest effort on my part at truthful expression being thrown away, has

been a sustainment to me quite next to that of my husband's sympathy. If I failed to say that quite clearly, I should fail in what is to me a very sweet and precious duty—a chief act of religion. Do you remember those words of Ajax which I put into English as a motto for a chapter in 'Felix Holt'?¹ That is what I mean by a chief act of religion.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
14th Nov.
1872.

Please let the consciousness of this good you have been to me count as some balance against cares which I feel sure that you have had as your frequent companions. I am confident that your emotions recognise this logic of inferring your comfort from another's good.

There is nothing else I wanted to say, but I could not resist my longing to rectify any oversight in my former letter which might leave my gratitude unexpressed.

We are in our usual train of home procedures—thinking, reading, talking much *en tête-à-tête*, and hoping that there are many others in the world who are as happy as we are. One is too sure of the many who are not at all happy. Do you not take great interest in the tremendous European change which is being prepared by the new attitude of Common Labour? The centre of gravity is slowly changing, and will not pause because people of taste object to the disturbance of their habits.

¹ "Yea, it becomes a man
To cherish memory, where he had delight;
For kindness is the natural birth of kindness.
Whose soul records not the great debt of joy,
Is stamped for ever an ignoble man."

—SOPHOCLES: *Ajax*.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 19th
Nov. 1872.

I found a letter from dear Mrs William Smith on my return, and I have had another since in answer to mine. It is inevitable that her sense of loss should deepen for some time to come. I am hoping that by-and-by active interests will arise to make her feel that her life is useful.

The article in 'Blackwood' was chiefly valuable for the extracts it contained from Mrs Smith's own memoir. One felt that the writer of the article had not known Mr William Smith personally, but her sketches did something to supply that defect. Mr Lewes felt a peculiar attachment to him. He had always been thoroughly sympathetic, both morally and intellectually, and it was a constant regret to us that he and Mrs Smith were so far away. There was no man with whom Mr Lewes would have found it so pleasant to discuss questions of science and philosophy—his culture was so rare, and his disposition so free from littleness: and his wife was worthy of him.

Gertrude's little Blanche is a charming young lady—fat, cooing, and merry. It is a great comfort to see her with this hope fulfilled—I mean, to see Gertrude with her hope fulfilled, and not Blanche, as the grammar seemed to imply. That small person's hopes are at present easy of fulfilment.

We have made but one expedition since our return, and that was to see the pictures at Bethnal Green—altogether a cheering and delightful sight. Of course you saw them long ago. The Troyon is my favourite.

I will impute your total silence towards me for many, many months to your preoccupation with the work now announced, and will not believe that a greeting from me at this time of the year will be less welcome than of old. I remember that last year one of your prettily-expressed wishes was, that I should write another book and—I think you added—send it to you to read. On the strength of this remembrance, you will be one of the three exceptional people to whom we order ‘Middlemarch’ to be sent. But do not write to me about it, because until a book has quite gone away from me, and become entirely of the *non-ego*—gone thoroughly from the wine-press into the casks—I would rather not hear or see anything that is said about it.

Cara sent me word that you were looking, as usual, very pretty, and showing great energy on interesting occasions. But this was two months ago, and some detailed news from yourself would be a delightful gift.

I am getting stronger, and showing some meagre benefit from being indulged in all possible ways. Mr Lewes makes a martyr of himself in writing all my notes and business letters. Is not that being a sublime husband? For all the while there are studies of his own being put aside—studies which are a seventh heaven to him.

Is there any one who does not need patience? For when one’s outward lot is perfect, the sense of inward imperfection is the more pressing.

You are never long without entering into my thoughts, though you may send nothing fresh to

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
19th Nov.
1872.

feed them. But I am ashamed of expressing regard for my friends, since I do no earthly thing for them.

A kiss to you on your birthday!—with gratitude for your delightful letter, such as only you can write me. How impossible it is to *feel* that we are as old as we are! Sometimes it seems a little while since you and I were walking over the Radford fields, with the youth in our limbs, talking and laughing with that easy companionship which it is difficult to find in later life. I am busy now reading Mr Lewes's manuscript, which has been accumulating fast during my 'Middlemarch' time. Did I tell you that in the last two years he has been mastering the principles of mathematics? That is an interesting fact, impersonally, at his age. Old Professor Stowe—Mrs H. B. Stowe's husband—sent me this story, which is almost better than Topsy. He heard a school-master asking a little black girl the usual questions about creation—who made the earth, the sea, &c. At last came, "And who made you?" Some deliberation was necessary, after which she said, "Nobody; *I was so afore*!" Expect to be immensely disappointed with the close of 'Middlemarch.' But look back to the Prelude. I wish I could take the wings of the morning every now and then to cheer you with an hour's chat, such as you feel the need of, and then fly back on the wings of the wind. I have the most vivid thoughts of you, almost like a bodily presence; but these do you no good, since you can only believe that

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1872.

I have them—and you are tired of believing after your work is done.

Before your letter came, Mr Lewes had been expressing to me his satisfaction (and he is very hard to satisfy with articles on me) in the genuineness of judgment, wise moderation, and excellent selection of points in 'Maga's' review of 'Middlemarch.' I have just now been reading the review myself—Mr Lewes had meant at first to follow his rule of not allowing me to see what is written about myself—and I am pleased to find the right moral note struck everywhere, both in remark and quotation. Especially I am pleased with the writer's sensibility to the pathos in Mr Casaubon's character and position, and with the discernment he shows about Bulstrode. But it is a perilous matter to approve the praise which is given to our own doings.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 1st
Dec. 1872.

I think that such an article as that which you hint at on the tone of the Bar is very desirable. We are usually at one on points of feeling. Is it not time now to insist that ability and not lying is the force of a barrister—that he has not to make himself a bad actor in order to put a case well, but to get the clearness and breadth of vision which will enable him to handle the evidence effectively? Untruthfulness usually ends by making men foolish. I have never read 'Spiritual Wives,' but judging from the extracts which have come before me, it must be a nasty book. Still, if people will be censors, let them weigh their words. I mean that the words were unfair by the dispro-

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 1st
Dec. 1872.

portionateness of the condemnation which everybody with some conscience must feel to be one of the great difficulties in denouncing a particular person. Every unpleasant dog is only one of many, but we kick him because he comes in our way, and there is always some want of distributive justice in the kicking.

I shall be agreeably surprised if there is a respectable subscription for the four volumes. Already the numbers taken have been satisfactorily large, considering the indisposition of the public to buy books by comparison with other wares, and especially to buy novels at a high price. I fancy every private copy has done duty for a circle. Friends of mine in the country have implied that they lent their copies to all the readers in their neighbourhood. A little fuss of advertisement, together with the reviews, will perhaps create a few more curious inquirers after the book, and impress its existence on the slower part of the reading world. But really the reading world is, after all, very narrow, as, according to the 'Spectator,' the "comfortable" world also is - the world able to give away a sovereign without pinching itself. Those statistics just given about incomes are very interesting.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
11th Dec.
1872.

A thousand thanks for your kind interest in our project, and for the trouble you have taken in our behalf. I fear the land buying and building¹ is likely to come to nothing, and our construction to remain entirely of the aerial sort. It is so much easier to imagine other people doing wise things

¹ A site offered near Shere, in Surrey.

than to do them one's self! Practically, I excel in nothing but paying twice as much as I ought for everything. On the whole, it would be better if my life could be done for me, and I could look on. However, it appears that the question of the land at Shere may remain open until we can discuss it with you at Weybridge; and there is no telling what we may not venture on with your eyes to see through.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
11th Dec.
1872.

But, oh dear, I don't like anything that is troublesome under the name of pleasure.

I have had the news that you are safely landed at Pooree, so now I can write with some courage. I have got some comfort—I trust it is not false comfort—out of the probability that there will be much good mingled with the evil of this winter's exile for you. You must be the richer for it mentally, and your health may be the better—and then, you will be back again in the late spring. In this way I make myself contented under the incompleteness of our life without you, and I am determined not to grumble at my share of the loss which falls so sadly on Dr Congreve and the children. Dr Congreve kindly let me know when you had got through the trials of the Red Sea, rather better than might have been expected; and Sophie tells me that you speak of the brilliant colouring in your new world as quite equal to any description you had read. Beyond that all is a blank to me except the fact of your arrival at Pooree, and all my feeling is taken up with the joy there must have been in the meeting with Mr Geddes. You

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
12th Dec. 1872.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 12th
Dec. 1872.

find it very difficult to write in the heat—so don't make the thought of me disagreeable by associating it with a claim on you for a letter. I will be grateful for scraps from your correspondence with home, and wait for my turn when you come back to us. For ourselves, we think our little grand-daughter, Blanche, the perfection of a baby. She is, dispassionately speaking, very pretty, and has a cooing, chanting song of her own which it makes me happy to hear. Mr Lewes goes on at his writing with as much interest as ever, and is bringing the first part of his work into its final shape. Since we came home I have been reading his manuscript, which has been piling itself up in preparation for my leisure, and I have been wearing my gravest philosophic cap. Altogether we are dangerously happy. You remember Mrs Blank of Coventry? You know hers was another name for astonishing cleverness in that town. Now, of course, she is old, and her cleverness seems to have a mouldy flavour. *Appropos* of the seventh book of 'Middlemarch'—which you may not have read, but never mind—Mrs Blank, having lain awake all night from compassion for Bulstrode, said, "Poor, dear creature, after he had done so much for that wretch, sitting up at night and attending on him! *and I don't believe it was the brandy that killed him* : and what is to become of Bulstrode now,—he has nobody left but Christ!" I think this is worth sending to India, you see : it is a little bit of old Coventry life that may make you and Emily laugh with all the more lively memory in the midst of your strange scenery.

But there is a hovering terror while I write to you from far off, lest my trivialities should find you when you are ill or have some cause for being sad.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 12th
Dec. 1872.

In any case, however, you will take my letter for a simple proof that I dwell on you and Emily as images constantly present in my mind, and very often moving to the foreground in my contemplation. Mr Lewes is one with me in many affectionate thoughts about you, and your names are often on our lips. We are going to pass the Christmas week with our friends at Weybridge; and I shall be glad to escape the London aspects of that season,—aspects that are without any happy association for me. Mr Lewes has just been in to speak to me, and begs me to say that he hopes baby is raised to the *nth* power. You see the lofty point of view from which he regards the world at present. But there is enough of the sap of affection in him to withstand all the dryness of the driest mathematics, and he has very hearty regards for you all, including Mr Geddes, not as a matter of course, but with special emphasis. Good-bye dear, dear friend. May it give you some little satisfaction to think of me as yours always lovingly.

Your letter was very welcome to me. I wanted to know how you were; and I think that I discern in your words some growth of courage to face the hard task—it is a hard task—of living a separate life. I reckon it a great good to me that any writing of mine has been taken into companionship by you, and seemed to speak with you of

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 18th
Dec. 1872.

Letter to
Mrs Win.
Smith, 18th
Dec. 1872.

your own experience. Thank you for telling me of that.

This weather, which is so melancholy in the privation it must cause to those who are worst off in the world, adds a little weight to everybody's griefs. But I trust that you find it a comfort, not an oppression, to be among friends who make a little claim on your attention. When you go to How, please tell me all about the place, and whom you have near you, because I like to be able to imagine your circumstances.

I have been, and am still, reading Mr Lewes's manuscript, -and I often associate this with your dear husband, to whom I imagine mine would have liked to send his proofs when the matter had reached the printing stage.

We are both very well, and Mr Lewes is enjoying his morning at his desk. He likes very much to be included in your love, and has always thought you one of the most charming women among our acquaintance. Please not to say that he has bad taste in women. We both cherish very tender thoughts of your sorrow, dear friend. Let me always be assured that you think of me as yours affectionately.

Letter to
Mr Simpson,
18th Dec.
1872.

We have to thank you for two things especially. First, for the good bargain you have made for *'Middlemarch'* with Australia; and secondly, for the trouble you have kindly taken with the MS., which has come to us safely in its fine Russian coat.

The four volumes, we imagine, must have been

subscribed long ago; and we should be glad to know, if it were convenient—perhaps even if it were *inconvenient*—what are the figures representing the courage of “the trade” in the matter of a 42s. novel, which has already been well distributed.

Letter to
Mr Simpson,
18th Dec.
1872.

We both hope that your health is well confirmed, and that you are prepared for Christmas pleasures, among which you would probably, like Caleb Garth, reckon the extra “business” which the jolly season carries in its hinder wallet.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1869 TO DECEMBER 1872.

Poem on Agatha—Reading on Philology, ‘Iliad,’ ‘Faery Queen,’ Clough’s Poems, Bright’s Speeches, “Volpone,” Lecture by Sir Wm. Thomson—Writing “How Lisa loved the King”—Browning and Rector of Lincoln on Versification—Letter to Miss Hennell—Browning’s “Elisha”—Fourth visit to Italy—Two months away—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Paris—Dr Congreve’s Reply to Professor Huxley in ‘Fortnightly’—Meeting in Rome with Mrs Bullock and Mr and Mrs Cross—Letter to Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe—Effect of books—Religion of the future—Arrival of Thornton Lewes from Natal—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Marriage engagements of Mr Beesly, Mr Frederic Harrison, and Dr Clifford Allbutt—Finished five “Sonnets on Childhood”—Letter to Mrs Stowe—‘Old Town Folks’—Presentation of alien religious convictions—Spiritualism—Reading Drayton and

Grote—Writing Introduction to 'Middlemarch'—Reading Theocritus—Burne-Jones's Pictures—Reading Littré on Comte—Sainte-Beuve—Thornton Lewes's continued illness—Visit to Mrs Cross at Weybridge—Reading for 'Middlemarch'—Asks Mrs Congreve to get information about provincial hospitals—Letter to Miss Hennell—The Byron scandal—Byron a vulgar-minded genius—The Kovilevskys—"Legend of Jubal" begun—Mr W. G. Clark—Reading Max Müller, Lecky, and Herbert Spencer—Death of Thornton Lewes—Letter to Miss Hennell describing month's visit to Limpsfield—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Mr Doyle—Letter to F. Harrison on the Positivist Problem—Aversion to personal statements—Shrinking from deliverances—Letter to Miss Hennell on Charles Hennell's 'Inquiry'—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Berlin—Sees Mommsen, Bunsen, and Du Bois Reymond—Visit to Vienna—Return to London—Three days' visit to the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, and Mrs Pattison—Meets Sir Benjamin Brodie—Professor Rawlinson and Professor Phillips—Dr Rolleston and the Miss Gaskells, and Miss Arnold—Mr Jowett, Professor Henry Smith, and Mr Fowler—Re-reading Grove 'On the Correlation of the Physical Forces'—Letter to Miss Hennell—Dickens's death, and his story of President Lincoln—Letter to Mme. Bodichon—Visit to Cromer—Growing dislike of migratory life—Letter to Mrs Lytton on the death of Lord Clarendon—Danger of women living too exclusively in the affections—Reading Mendelssohn's letters—From Cromer to Harrogate and Whitby—Meets Mrs Burne-Jones there—'Armgarth' begun—Three weeks' visit to Limpsfield—Letter to Miss Hennell on the beginning of the war between Germany and France—Jowett's 'Plato'—Letter to Mme. Bodichon—The French nation—'Armgarth' finished at Limpsfield—Return to The Priory—Letter to Miss Hennell—A popular preacher—Growing influence of ideas—Goethe's contempt for Revolution of 1830—Letter to Mme. Bodichon on the faults of one's friends—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Industrial schemes—Greater cheerfulness—Frederic Harrison on Bismarckism—Writing "Miss Brooke"—Reading Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer' and 'Wilhelm Meister'—Visit to Mme. Bodichon at Ryde—Letter to Miss Hennell—Ritualism at Ryde—Brutalising effect of

German war—Trollope's 'Sir Harry Hotspur'—Limits of woman's constancy—Letter to M. D'Albert—Miss Bury's engagement to Mr Geddes—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Three and a half months' visit to Petersfield—Mode of life—Letter to Mme. Bodichon—Lowell's 'My Study Windows'—"Diethelm von Buchenberg" in 'Deutscher Novellenschatz'—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Mrs Geddes's Marriage—Letter to John Blackwood—Relinquishment of Scott Commemoration—Captain Lockhart—Letter to John Blackwood on MS. of 'Middlemarch'—Visit from Tennyson—Letter to Mrs Lytton on death of her son—Letter to Miss Mary Cross on story in 'Macmillan's Magazine'—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Suffering from cold—Got's acting—Crystal Palace music—Letter to Mrs Bray—Delight in intellectual activity—Letters to Alex. Main—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Enjoyment of Cherrimans—Letter to M. D'Albert—Letter to John Blackwood—Letter to Alex. Main—Visit to Weybridge—Mr Main, the collector of the 'Sayings'—Reception of 'Middlemarch'—Letters to Miss Hennell—Foster's 'Life of Dickens'—Low health—Letter to Alex. Main—Tichborne trial—Letters to John Blackwood—Pleased with the 'Sayings'—Visit to Weybridge—Length of 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Reading Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'—Finished second volume of 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Mrs Stowe—Spiritualistic phenomena—Letter to John Blackwood—German and French interest in 'Middlemarch'—Asher's edition—German readers—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor on death of Mazzini—Letter to Miss Hennell—Low health—Characters in 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Mrs Stowe—Spirit communications—Letter to Mrs Congreve on Wallace's 'Eastern Archipelago'—Tylor's 'Primitive Culture'—Letter to John Blackwood—'Middlemarch' finished—Letter to Mrs Cross on invitation to Six-Mile Bottom, Cambridge—Letter to Alex. Main—Month's visit to Homburg—Letter to Mrs Cross—Trèves—On gambling at Homburg—Letter to John Blackwood—Play of a young lady at Homburg—German reading—Letter to Mrs Cross from Boulogne—Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith of condolence on loss of her husband—Memorial article on Mr Wm. Smith—On finishing 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor on Mr Wm.

Smith—Letters to Miss Hennell—Presentation copies of 'Middlemarch'—Mr Lewes studying mathematics—Letter to John Blackwood—'Maga's' review of 'Middlemarch'—Tone of the Bar—Letter to J. W. Cross on building a house at Shere—Letter to Mrs Congreve—Happiness—Story of Coventry lady and Bulstrode—Letter to Mr Simpson—MS. of 'Middlemarch.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Jan. 1.—At the beginning of December, the eighth and last book of ‘*Middlemarch*’ was published, the three final numbers having been published monthly. No former book of mine has been received with more enthusiasm—not even ‘*Adam Bede* ;’ and I have received many deeply affecting assurances of its influence for good on individual minds. Hardly anything could have happened to me which I could regard as a greater blessing, than the growth of my spiritual existence when my bodily existence is decaying. The merely egoistic satisfactions of fame are easily nullified by toothache, and *that* has made my chief consciousness for the last week. This morning, when I was in pain, and taking a melancholy breakfast in bed, some sweet-natured creature sent a beautiful bouquet to the door for me, bound round with the written wish that “Every year may be happier and happier, and that God’s blessing may ever abide with the immortal author of ‘*Silas Marner*.’” Happily my dear husband is well, and able to enjoy these things for me. That he rejoices in them is my most distinct personal pleasure in such tributes.

Journal,
1873.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
New Year's
Day, 1873.

Your affectionate greeting to me and Mr Lewes was very sweet to our feelings. We found it on our return from the country, where we had been to spend our Christmas. Unhappily, I brought back a sad face-ache from cold, which has since turned into sore-throat, and has kept me a dolorous prisoner, occupied chiefly in bearing pain. This is my small share of the world's sorrow. In all other respects we are as happy as even your generous regard could desire us to be. For Mr Lewes's health is just now untroubled, and with those who are nearest to us all is well.

Until this evening I have not felt equal to writing even a brief note; but now that I am a little relieved, my first desire is to thank you for a whole year's sympathy, of which your last letter was the closing chord. I trust that it will always be a satisfactory thought to you that you came as a cheering faith-creating influence to me when I was writing 'Middlemarch' under all the obstructions of feeble health, occasionally even of illness that made me fear lest I should never be able to carry out my conception. Always, a letter from you gave me proof that I had made myself understood, and that no care to say the right word would be thrown away. Amid all the irremediable trials of existence, men and women can nevertheless greatly help each other; and while we can help each other it is worth while to live. Let it increase your confidence in this sort of value which your life may always have, that you have really helped me simply by writing out your thoughts and feelings to me.

A week or two ago I had a letter from some corner of London, beginning "I am a lawyer's clerk, young and poor and ignorant," and ending with a prayer for a cheaper edition of 'Middlemarch,' "but not too cheap," lest paper and print should be bad—and men of the writer's class were willing to pinch for the sake of paying for a book they wanted. You may imagine that I am more encouraged by such a letter than by many laudatory notices.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
New Year's
Day, 1873.

It was very pleasant to have your greeting on the New Year, though I was keeping its advent in melancholy guise. I am relieved now from the neuralgic part of my ailment, and am able to write something of the hearty response I feel to your good wishes.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
Jan. 1873.

We both hope that the coming year may continue to you all the family joys which must make the core of your happiness, without underrating golf and good contributors to 'Maga.' Health has to be presupposed as the vehicle of all other good, and in this respect you may be possibly better off in '73 than in '72, for I think you have had several invalidings within the last twelve months.

Mr Langford wrote yesterday that he knew of an article on 'Middlemarch' being in preparation for the 'Times,' which certainly was never before so slow in noticing a book of mine. Whether such an article will affect the sale favourably seems eminently uncertain, and can only complicate Mr Simpson's problem.

We have been glad to welcome our good friend,

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 3d
Jan. 1873.

Mr Anthony Trollope, after his long absence. He is wonderfully full of life and energy, and will soon bring out his two thick volumes on Australian colonies.

My friendly Dutch publishers lately sent us a handsome row of volumes—George Eliot's '*Roman-tische Werke*,' with an introduction, in which comparisons are safely shrouded for me in the haze of Dutch, so that if they are disadvantageous, I am not pained.

Please give my best wishes for the coming year to Mr William Blackwood.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
4th Jan.
1873.

At last I break my silence, and thank you for your kind care about me. I am able to enjoy my reading at the corner of my study fire, and am at that unpitiable stage of illness which is counter-balanced by extra petting. I have been fearing that you too may be undergoing some *malaise* of a kindred sort, and I should like to be assured that you have quite got through the troubles which threatened you.

How good you have all been to me, and what a disappointing investment of affection I have turned out! But those evening drives, which perhaps encouraged the face-ache, have left me a treasure of picture and poetry in my memory quite worth paying for, and in these days all prices are high.

The new year began very prettily for me at half-past eight in the morning with a beautiful bouquet, left by an unknown at our door, and an inscription asking that "God's blessing might ever abide with the immortal author of '*Silas Marner*.'"

The signs of your sympathy sent to me across the wide water have touched me with the more effect because you imply that you are young. I care supremely that my writing should be some help and stimulus to those who have probably a long life before them.

Letter to
Miss Wel-
lington
(now Mrs
Rollins),
Brooklyn,
U.S.A., 16th
Jan. 1873.

Mr Lewes has carefully read through the articles which were accompanied by your kind letter, and he has a high opinion of the feeling and discernment exhibited in them. Some concluding passages which he read aloud to me are such as I register among the grounds of any encouragement in looking backward on what I have written, if not in looking forward to any future writing.

Thank you, dear young friend, whom I shall probably never know otherwise than in this spiritual way. And certainly, apart from those relations in life which bring daily opportunities of lovingness, the most satisfactory of all ties is this effective invisible intercourse of an elder mind with a younger.

That quotation in your letter, from Hawthorne's book, offers an excellent type, both for men and women, in the value it assigns to that order of work which is called subordinate, but becomes ennobling by being finely done. Yours, with sincere obligation.

P.S.—By the way, Mr Lewes tells me that you ascribe to me a hatred of blue eyes,—which is amusing, since my own eyes are blue-grey. I am not in any sense one of the “good haters”; on the contrary, my weaknesses all verge towards an ex-

cessive tolerance and a tendency to melt off the outlines of things.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 25th
Feb. 1873.

I am much pleased with the colour and the lettering of the guinea edition, and the thinner paper makes it delightfully handy. Let us hope that some people still want to read it, since a friend of ours, in one short railway bit to and fro, saw two persons reading the paper-covered numbers. Now is the moment when a notice in the 'Times' might possibly give a perceptible impulse.

Kohn, of Berlin, has written to ask us to allow him to reprint 'The Spanish Gypsy' for £50, and we have consented.¹ Some Dresdener, who has translated poems of Tennyson's, asked leave to translate 'The Spanish Gypsy' in 1870, but I have not heard of his translation appearing.

The rain this morning is welcome, in exchange for the snow, which in London has none of its country charms left to it. Among my books, which comfort me in the absence of sunshine, is a copy of the 'Handy Royal Atlas,' which Mr Lewes has got for me. The glorious index is all the more appreciable by me, because I am tormented with German historical atlases which have no index, and are covered with names swarming like ants on every map.

The catalogue coming in the other day renewed my longing for the cheap edition of Lockhart's novels, though I have some compunction in teasing your busy mind with my small begging. I should like to take them into the country, where our days are always longer for reading.

¹ See footnote, p. 310.

I have a love for Lockhart because of Scott's Life, which seems to me a perfect biography. How different from another we know of!

After your kind words, I will confess that I should very much like to have the 'Manual of Geography' by Mackay, and Baynes's 'Port Royal Logic.'

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 28th
Feb. 1873.

Aprpos of the 'Lifted Veil,' I think it will not be judicious to reprint it at present. I care for the idea which it embodies, and which justifies its painfulness. A motto which I wrote on it yesterday perhaps is a sufficient indication of that idea:—

"Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship;
No powers save the growing heritage
That makes completer manhood."

But it will be well to put the story in harness with some other productions of mine, and not send it forth in its dismal loneliness. There are many things in it which I would willingly say over again, and I shall never put them in any other form. But we must wait a little. The question is not in the least one of money, but of care for the best effect of writing, which often depends on circumstances, much as pictures depend on light and juxtaposition.

I am looking forward with interest to 'Kenelm Chillingly,' and thinking what a blessed lot it is to die on just finishing a book, if it could be a good one. I mean it is blessed only to quit activity when one quits life.

If I had been quite sure of your address, I should have written to you even before receiving your dear

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
March 1873.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
March 1873.

letter, over which I have been crying this morning. The prompting to write to you came from my having ten days ago read your Memoir—brief yet full—of the precious last months before the parting. Mrs P. Taylor brought me her copy as a loan. But may I not beg to have a copy of my own? It is to me an invaluable bit of writing,—the inspiration of a great sorrow, born of a great love, has made it perfect; and ever since I read it, I have felt a strengthening companionship from it. You will perhaps think it strange when I tell you that I have been more cheerful since I read the record of his sweet mild heroism, which threw emphasis on every blessing left in his waning life, and was silent over its pangs. I have even ventured to lend this copy, which is not my own, to a young married woman of whom I am very fond, because I think it is an unforgettable picture of that union which is the ideal of marriage, and which I desire young people to have in their minds as a goal.

It is a comfort in thinking of you that you have two lovable young creatures with you. I have found quite a new interest in young people since I have been conscious that I am getting older; and if all personal joy were to go from me as it has gone from you, I could perhaps find some energy from that interest, and try to teach the young. I wish, dear friend, it were possible to convey to you the sense I have of a great good in being permitted to know of your happiness, and of having some communion with the sorrow which is its shadow. Your words have a consecration for me, and my husband

shares my feeling. He sends his love along with mine. He sobbed with something which is a sort of grief better worth having than any trivial gladness, as he read the printed record of your love. He, too, is capable of that supreme self-merging love.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
March 1873.

This is good news about the guinea edition, but I emphatically agree with you that it will be well to be cautious in further printing. I wish you could see a letter I had from California the other day, apparently from a young fellow, and beginning, "Oh, you dear lady! I, who have been a Fred Vincy ever so long, . . . have played vagabond and ninny ever since I knew the meaning of such terms," &c., &c.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 14th
March 1873.

I am sorry to infer, from what you say about being recommended to go to a German bath, that you have been out of health lately. There really is a good deal of curative virtue in the air, waters, and exercise one gets at such places; and if the boredom were not strong enough to counteract the better influences, it would be worth while to endure.

That phrase of Miss Stuart's—"fall flat on the world"—is worth remembering. I should think it is not likely to prove prophetic, if she is at all like her cousin, whose fair piquant face remains very vividly before me. The older one gets, the more one delights in these young things, rejoicing in their joys.

The Ministerial crisis interests me, though it does not bring me any practical need for thinking of it, as it does to you. I wish there were some solid,

philosophical Conservative to take the reins—one who knows the true functions of stability in human affairs, and, as the psalm says, “Would also practise what he knows.”

Letter to
Edward
Burne-
Jones, 20th
March 1873.

I suppose my hesitation about writing to you to tell you of a debt I feel towards you is all vanity. If you did not know me, you might think a great deal more of my judgment than it is worth, and I should feel bold in that possibility. But when judgment is understood to mean simply one's own impression of delight, one ought not to shrink from making one's small offering of burnt clay because others can give gold statues.

It would be narrowness to suppose that an artist can only care for the impressions of those who know the methods of his art as well as feel its effects. Art works for all whom it can touch. And I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me. I mean that historical life of all the world, in which our little personal share often seems a mere standing-room from which we can look all round, and chiefly backward. Perhaps the work has a strain of special sadness in it—perhaps a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us, than of the inner impulse towards heroic struggle and achievement; but the sadness is so inwrought with pure, elevating sensibility to all that is sweet and beautiful in the story of man and in the face of the earth, that it can no more be found fault with than the sadness of mid-day, when Pan is touchy like the rest of us. Don't you agree with me that much

superfluous stuff is written on all sides about purpose in art? A nasty mind makes nasty art, whether for art or any other sake; and a meagre mind will bring forth what is meagre. And some effect in determining other minds there must be, according to the degree of nobleness or meanness in the selection made by the artist's soul.

Your work impresses me with the happy sense of noble selection and of power determined by refined sympathy. That is why I wanted to thank you in writing, since lip-homage has fallen into disrepute.

I cannot help liking to tell you a sign that my delight must have taken a little bit of the same curve as yours. Looking, *apropos* of your picture, into the "*Iphigenia in Aulis*," to read the chorus you know of, I found my blue pencil-marks made seven years ago (and gone into that forgetfulness which makes my mind seem very large and empty) —blue pencil-marks made against the dance-loving Kithara and the footsteps of the muses and the nereids dancing on the shining sands. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance.

Welcome back to Europe! What a comfort to see your handwriting dated from San Remo—to think that Dr Congreve's anxieties about your voyage are at an end, and that you are once more in the post which is more specially and permanently yours! Mr Lewes finds fault with your letter for not telling enough; but the mere fact of your safety seems to fill it quite full for me, and I can think

Letter to
Edward
Burne-
Jones, 20th
March 1873.

Letter to
Mrs Con-
greve, 15th
April 1873.

Letter to
Mrs Cong-
reve, 15th
April 1873.

of no drawbacks—not even of the cold, which I hope is by this time passing away for you, as it is for us. You must be so rich in memories that we and our small ordinary news must appear very flat to you, but we will submit to be a little despised by you if only we can have you with us again. I have never lost the impression of Dr Congreve's look when he paid us his farewell visit, and spoke of his anxiety about your voyage, fearing that you had started too late; and that impression gives me all the keener sympathy with the repose I trust he is feeling. About ourselves I have only good news to tell. We are happier than ever, and have no troubles. We are searching for a country house to go to at the end of May or earlier. I long for the perfect peace and freedom of the country again. The hours seem to stretch themselves there, and to hold twice as much thought as one can get into them in town, where acquaintances and small claims inevitably multiply.

Imagine us nearly as we were when we last saw you—only a little older—with unchanged affection for you, and undimmed interest in whatever befalls you. Do not tax yourself to write unless you feel a pleasure in that imperfect sort of communication. I will try not to fear evil if you are silent, but you know that I am glad to have something more than hope to feed on.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
22d April
1873.

It gives me a deep satisfaction to think that your correspondence with M. Ritter is a mutual good. He is not, I imagine, a young man; and this makes the relation between you the more interesting to

me. I delight in sweet interchange between an elder and a younger life. I am much helped by his reception of the Epilogue to 'Middlemarch,' for some one had written a half-doubt whether there ought to have been an epilogue at all; and my readily echoing distrust had taken up the doubt. You will be glad to hear that the guinea form of the book goes off with amazing rapidity—amazing, because nobody seems to know anybody else who buys books, so that the disappearance of editions is a mysterious ease of absorption.

Good-bye. Keep the highest ambition, which doesn't mind worn edges to its coat, and is bent on the quality rather than the rank of its work.

It was a cordial to me this morning to learn that you have the project of going with your young friend to Cambridge at the end of the autumn. I could not have thought of anything better to wish for on your behalf, than that you should have the consciousness of helping a younger life. I know, dear friend, that so far as you directly are concerned with this life, the remainder of it can only be patience and resignation. But we are not shut up within our individual life, and it is one of the gains of advancing age that the good of young creatures becomes a more definite intense joy to us. With that renunciation for ourselves which age inevitably brings, we get more freedom of soul to enter into the life of others: what we can never learn they will know, and the gladness which is a departed sunlight to us is rising with the strength of morning to them.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
22d April
1873.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 25th
April 1873.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 25th
April 1873.

I am very much interested in the fact of young women studying at Cambridge, and I have lately seen a charming specimen of the pupils at Hitchin—a very modest lovely girl, who distinguished herself in the last examination. One is anxious that in the beginning of a higher education for women, the immediate value of which is chiefly the social recognition of its desirableness, the students should be favourable subjects for experiment,—girls or young women whose natures are large and rich enough not to be used up in their efforts after knowledge.

Mr Lewes is very well, and goes on working joyously. Proofs come in slowly, but he is far from being ready with all the manuscript which will be needed for his preliminary volume—the material which has long been gathered requiring revision and suggesting additions.

Do think it a privilege to have that fine *physique* of yours, instead of a headachy dyspeptic frame such as many women drag through life. Even in irremediable sorrow it is a sort of blasphemy against one's suffering fellow-beings to think lightly of any good which they would be thankful for in exchange for something they have to bear.

Journal,
1873.

May 19. We paid a visit to Cambridge at the invitation of Mr Frederick Myers, and I enjoyed greatly talking with him and some others of the Trinity men. In the evenings we went to see the boat-race, and then returned to supper and talk—the first evening with Mr Henry Sidgwick, Mr Jebb, Mr Edmund Gurney; the second, with

young Balfour, young Lyttelton, Mr Jackson, and Edmund Gurney again. Mrs and Miss Huth were also our companions during the visit. On the Tuesday morning we breakfasted at Mr Henry Sidgwick's with Mr Jebb, Mr W. G. Clark, Mr Myers, and Mrs and Miss Huth.

Journal,
1873.

May 22.—We went to the French play at the Princess's, and saw Plessy and Desclée in "Les idées: de Madame Aubray." I am just finishing again Aristotle's 'Poetics,' which I first read in 1856.

Our plans have been upset by the impossibility of finding a house in the country that is suitable to us; and weariness of being deluded into journeys of investigation by fanciful advertisements, has inclined Mr Lewes for the present to say that we will go abroad. Still I have nothing to tell that is absolutely settled, and I must ask you, when you return, to send a note to this house. If I am in England, it will be forwarded to me, and you will get a prompt answer. If I am silent, you will conclude that I am gone abroad. I think it is at the end of June that you are to come home?

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 25th
May 1873.

Here we have been wearing furs and velvet, and having fires all through the past week, chiefly occupied by Mr Lewes and me in a visit to Cambridge. We were invited ostensibly to see the boat-race, but the real pleasure of the visit consisted in talking with a hopeful group of Trinity young men. On Monday we had a clear cold day, more like the fine weather of mid-winter than any tradition of May time. I hope that you have had no such revisiting of winter

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 25th
May 1873.

at San Remo. How much we should enjoy having you with us to narrate everything that has happened to you in the last eventful half year! I shall feel the loss of this as an immediate prospect to be the greatest disadvantage in our going abroad next month—if we go.

Your last news of Emily and of “baby’s teeth” is cheerful. “Baby’s teeth” is a phrase that enters much into our life just now. Little Blanche had a sad struggle with her first little bit of ivory, but she has been blooming again since, and is altogether a ravishing child. To-day we have had a large collection of visitors, and I have the usual Sunday evening condition of brain. But letters are so constantly coming and claiming my time to answer them, that I get fidgety lest I should neglect to write to you; and I was determined not to let another day pass without letting you have a proof that I think of you. When I am silent, please believe that the silence is due to feebleness of body, which narrows my available time. Mr Lewes often talks of you, and will value any word from you about yourself as much as I shall.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
1st June
1873.

Thanks for your letter. What you say of ‘Romola’ is a great comfort to me. It is a good while now since I read the book, but about two months ago I was looking through the ‘Sayings,’ and on running my eyes over those from ‘Romola’ I felt some wonder that any one should think I had written anything better.

I am much interested in all you tell me about your youthful companions. You understand that I

necessarily care most about the impression my books make on the young. Mr Lewes has been wont to say that neither the very young nor the ignorant could care about my writing—that its significance must escape them, and that the aspects of life which it presents would not interest them. As to the ignorant, I should think that this judgment must be true; but facts seem to be contradicting it in relation to the young. And this makes me glad.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
1st June
1873,

Thanks for sending me word of poor Miss Rebecca Franklin's death. It touches me deeply. She was always particularly good and affectionate to me, and I had much happiness in her as my teacher.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
2d June
1873.

In September a house near Chislehurst will be open to us—a house which we think of ultimately making our sole home, turning our backs on London. But we shall be allowed to have it furnished for a year on trial.

June.—In the beginning of June we paid a visit to Mr Jowett at Oxford, meeting there Mr and Mrs Charles Roundell, then newly married. We stayed from Saturday to Monday, and I was introduced to many persons of interest,—Professor T. Green, Max Müller, Thompson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Mr Wordsworth, the grandson of the poet, who had spent some time in India, and a host of others.

Journal,
1873.

June 23.—Started for the Continent. Fontainebleau, Plombières, &c.

I feel myself guilty that I have allowed the vicissitudes of travelling to hinder me from writing to you, for the chance that a letter from me might be

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
9th
Aug. 1873,

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 9th
Aug. 1873.

welcome to you in what I have been imagining as the first weeks of your return to England and the house in Mecklenburgh Square. I am sure that I should not have been guilty in this way if I had been at any time able to say where you should send me an answer which I could call for at a *Poste Restante*. But we have been invariably uncertain as to the length of our stay in any one place, and as to our subsequent route ; and I confess that I shrink from writing a letter full of my own doings, without the prospect of getting some news in return. I am usually in a state of fear rather than of hope about my absent friends ; and I dread lest a letter written in ignorance about them should be ill-timed. But at last all fears have become weaker than the uneasy sense that I have omitted to send you a sign of your loved presence in my thoughts, and that you may have lost a gleam of pleasure through my omission.

We left home on the 23d of June, with a sketch of a journey in our minds which included Grenoble, the Grande Chartreuse, Aix les Bains, Chambéry, and Geneva. The last place I wished to get to, because my friend Mme. D'Albert is not likely to live much longer, and I thought that I should like to see her once more. But during a short stay at Fontainebleau I began to feel that lengthy railway journeys were too formidable for us old weak creatures, and, moreover, that July and August were not the best months for those southern regions. We were both shattered, and needed quiet rather than the excitement of seeing friends and acquaintances—an excitement of which we had been having too

much at home—so we turned aside by easy stages to the Vosges, and spent about three weeks at Plombières and Luxeuil. We shall carry home many pleasant memories of our journey—of Fontainebleau, for example, which I had never seen before ; then of the Vosges, where we count on going again. Erckmann-Chatrian's books had been an introduction to the lovely region ; and several of them were our companions there. But what small experiences these are compared with yours ; and how we long for the time when you will be seated with us at our country house (Blackbrook, near Bromley, is the name of the house), and tell us as much as you can think of about this long year in which we have been deprived of you. If you receive this letter in time to write me a line which would reach me by the 15th, I shall be most grateful if you will give me that undeserved indulgence.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 9th
Aug. 1873.

On our return yesterday from our nine weeks' absence, I found a letter from Mr Main, in which he shows some anxiety that I should write you the "formal sanction" you justly require before admitting extracts from 'Middlemarch' in the new edition of the 'Sayings.' I have no objection, if you see none, to such an enlargement of the volume, and I satisfy our good Mr Main's promptitude by writing the needed consent at once.

Letter to
John Blackwood, 24th
Aug. 1873.

We used our plan of travel as "a good thing to wander from," and went to no single place (except Fontainebleau) to which we had beforehand projected going.

Our most fortunate wandering was to the Vosges

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Aug. 1873.

—to Plombières and Luxeuil,—which have made us in love with the mode of life at the *Eaux* of France, as greatly preferable to the ways of the German *Bad*.

We happened to be at Nancy just as the Germans were beginning to quit it, and we saw good store of *tricolores* and paper lanterns ready in the shop windows for those who wished to buy the signs of national rejoicing. I can imagine that, as a Prussian lady told us, the Germans themselves were not at all rejoiced to leave that pretty town for “*les bords de la Spree*,” where, in French dialogue, all Germans are supposed to live.

Journal,
1873.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
17th Sept.
1873.

Sept. 4.—Went to Blackbrook, near Bickley.

Thanks, dear friend, for the difficult exertion you gave to the telling of what I so much wished to know—the details of the trouble¹ which you have all had to go through either directly or sympathetically. But I will not dwell now on what it cost you, I fear, too much pain to recall so as to give me the vivid impressions I felt in reading your letter. The great practical result of such trouble is to make us all more tender to each other: this is a world in which we must pay heavy prices for love, as you know by experience much deeper than mine.

I will gossip a little about ourselves now. We gave up our intention of going far southward, fearing the fatigue of long railway journeys, and the heat (which hardly ever came) of July and August in the region we had thought of visiting. So after staying a very enjoyable time at Fontainebleau, we went to

¹ Death of Mrs Cross's sister of cholera at Salzburg.

the Vosges, and at Plombières and Luxeuil we should have felt ourselves in Paradise if it had not been for a sad deafness of George's, which kept us uneasy and made us hurry to that undesirable place Frankfort, in order to consult Spiess. At Frankfort the nearest bath was the also undesirable Homburg; so we spent or wasted a fortnight there, winning little but the joy of getting away again. The journey home, which we took very easily, was interesting—through Metz, Verdun, Rheims, and Amiens.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
17th Sept.
1873.

As to our house, spite of beautiful lawn, tall trees, fine kitchen-garden, and good invigorating air, we have already made up our minds that it will not do for our home. Still we have many things to enjoy, but we shall not probably remain here longer than to the end of October.

My motherly love to all such young ones as may be around you. I do not disturb George in order to ask for messages from him, being sure that his love goes with mine.

I quite assent to your proposal that there should be a new edition of 'Middlemarch' in one volume, at 7s. 6d.—to be prepared at once, but not published too precipitately.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 19th
Sept. 1873.

I like your project of an illustration; and the financial arrangements you mention are quite acceptable to me.

For one reason especially I am delighted that the book is going to be reprinted—namely, *that I can see the proof-sheets and make corrections*. Pray give orders that the sheets be sent to me. I should like the binding to be of a rich sober colour, with very

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 19th
Sept. 1873.

plain Roman lettering. It might be called a "revised edition."

Thanks for the extract from Mr Collins's letter. I did not know that there was really a Lowick, in a Midland county too. Mr Collins has my gratitude for feeling some regard towards Mr Casaubon, in whose life *I* lived with much sympathy.

When I was at Oxford, in May, two ladies came up to me after dinner: one said, "How could you let Dorothea marry *that* Casaubon?" The other, "Oh, I understand her doing that, but why did you let her marry the other fellow, whom I cannot bear?" Thus two "ardent admirers" wished that the book had been quite different from what it is.

I wonder whether you have abandoned—as you seemed to agree that it would be wise to do—the project of bringing out my other books in a cheaper form than the present 3s. 6d., which, if it were not for the blemish of the figure illustrations, would be as pretty an edition as could be, and perhaps as cheap as my public requires. Somehow, the cheap books that crowd the stalls are always those which look as if they were issued from Pandemonium.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
11th Oct.
1873.

I am rather ashamed of our grumblings. We are really enjoying the country, and have more than our share of everything. George has happy mornings at his desk now, and we have fine bracing air to walk in—air which I take in as a sort of nectar. We like the bits of scenery round us better and better as we get them by heart in our walks and drives. The house, with all its defects,

is very pretty, and more delightfully secluded, without being remote from the conveniences of the world, than any place we have before thought of as a possible residence for us.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
11th Oct.
1873.

I am glad that you have been seeing the Cowper Temples. My knowledge of them has not gone beyond dining with them at Mrs Tollemache's, and afterwards having a good conversational call from them ; but they both struck me very agreeably.

Mr Henry Sidgwick is a chief favourite of mine—one of whom his friends at Cambridge say that they always expect him to act according to a higher standard than they think of attributing to any other chief man, or of imposing on themselves. "Though we kept our own fellowships without believing more than he did," one of them said to me, "we should have felt that Henry Sidgwick had fallen short if he had not renounced his."

Our plan is not to give up our London house, but to have a country place as a retreat. We want a good house in a lovely country, *away from rows of villas*, but within easy reach of all conveniences. This seems an immodest requirement in a world where one good is hardly to be got without renunciation of another. You perceive that we are getting very old and fastidious.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 12th
Oct. 1873.

I like to interpret your enjoyment of Brighton and its evening skies as a proof that you flourish there physically. All things are to be endured and counted even as a fuller life, with a body free from pain and depressing sensations of weakness ; but illness is a partial death, and makes the world dim to us.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 12th
Oct. 1873.

We have no great strength to boast of; but we are so unspeakably happy in all other respects, that we cannot grumble at this tax on us as elderly mortals.

Our little Blanche grows in grace, and her parents have great delight in her—Charles being quite as fond a father as if he had beforehand been an idoliser of babies.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
Sunday,
20th Oct.
1873.

The chances of conversation were against my being quite clear to you yesterday as to the cases in which it seems to me that conformity is the higher rule. What happened to be said or not said is of no consequence in any other light than that of my anxiety not to appear what I should *hate to be*—which is surely not an ignoble egoistic anxiety, but belongs to the worship of the Best.

All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nourished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the

recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
Sunday,
20th Oct
1873.

And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity, based on the recognised good in the public belief, than by a non-conformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that "necessity is laid upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse.

It was a cheerful accompaniment to breakfast this morning to have a letter from you, with the pretty picture you suggested of Miss Blackwood's first ball. I am glad that I have seen the "little fairy," so as to be able to imagine her.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
Nov. 1873.

We are both the better for the delicious air and quiet of the country. We too, like you, were sorry to quit the woods and fields for the comparatively

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
Nov. 1873.

disturbed life which even we are obliged to lead in town. Letters requesting interviews can no longer be made void by one's absence; and I am much afflicted by these interruptions, which break up the day without any adequate result of good to any mortal. In the country the days have broad spaces, and the very stillness seems to give a delightful roominess to the hours.

Is it not wonderful that the world can absorb so much 'Middlemarch' at a guinea the copy? I shall be glad to hear particulars, which, I imagine, will lead to the conclusion that the time is coming for the preparation of a 7s. 6d. edition. I am not fond of reading proofs, but I am anxious to correct the sheets of this edition, both in relation to mistakes already standing, and to prevent the accumulation of others in the reprinting.

I am slowly simmering towards another big book: but people seem so bent on giving supremacy to 'Middlemarch,' that they are sure not to like any future book so well. I had a letter from Mr Bancroft (the American Minister at Berlin) the other day, in which he says that everybody in Berlin reads 'Middlemarch.' He had to buy two copies for his house; and he found the Rector of the University, a stupendous mathematician, occupied with it in the solid part of the day. I am entertaining you in this graceful way about myself, because you will be interested to know what are the chances for our literature abroad.

That Ashantee business seems to me hideous. What is more murderous than stupidity? To have

a husband gone on such an expedition, is a trial that passes my imagination of what it is possible to endure in the way of anxiety.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
Nov. 1873.

We are looking forward to the "Inkerman" volume as something for me to read aloud.

During the latter part of our stay at Blackbrook, we had become very fond of the neighbourhood. The walks and drives round us were delightfully varied—commons, wooded lanes, wide pastures—and we felt regretfully that we were hardly likely to find again a country house so secluded in a well-inhabited region.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
11th Nov.
1873.

We have seen few people at present. The George Howards are come from a delicious lonely *séjour* in a tower of Bamborough Castle!—and he has brought many sketches home. That lodging would suit you, wouldn't it? A castle on a rock washed by the sea seems to me just a paradise for you.

We have been reading John Mill's 'Autobiography,' like the rest of the world. The account of his early education, and the presentation of his father, are admirable; but there are some pages in the latter half that one would have liked to be different.

Our wish to see you after all the long months since June, added to your affectionate invitation, triumphs over our disinclination to move. So, unless something should occur to make the arrangement inconvenient to you, we will join the dear party on your hearth in the afternoon of the 24th, and stay with you till the 26th.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
6th Dec.
1873.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
6th Dec.
1873.

Notwithstanding my trust in your words, I feel a lingering uneasiness lest we should be excluding some one else from enjoying Christmas with you.

J.'s friend, Dr Andrew Clark, has been prescribing for Mr Lewes—ordering him to renounce the coffee which has been a chief charm of life to him, but being otherwise mild in his prohibitions.

I hear with much comfort that you are better, and have recovered your usual activity. Please keep well till Christmas, and then love and pet me a little, for that is always very sweet.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
22d Dec.
1873.

In writing any careful presentation of human feelings, you must count on that infinite stupidity of readers who are always substituting their crammed notions of what ought to be felt, for any attempt to recall truly what they themselves have felt under like circumstances. We are going to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with our friends at Weybridge.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 28th
Dec. 1873.

We have been spending our Christmas in the country, and it is only on my return that I got your kind note, with its pretty symbols of remembrance. Such little signs are very sweet, coming from those whom one loves well, in spite of long separation. I am very glad to have seen you in your new home, and to be able to imagine you among your household treasures, — especially to imagine both you and your husband in enjoyable health. We have been invalidish lately, and have put ourselves under the discipline of Dr Andrew Clark, who is not one of the “three meat meals

and alcohol" physicians, but rather one of those who try to starve out dyspepsia.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 28th
Dec. 1873.

We both send our kind regards to Mr Taylor, and hope that he may remain robust for his parliamentary campaign. Life, I trust, will deal gently with you in future, dear friend, and give you years of peace after your period of anxiety and of parting from old places and habits.

Jan. 1.—The happy old year in which we have had constant enjoyment of life, notwithstanding much bodily *malaise*, is gone from us for ever. More than in any former year of my life, love has been poured forth to me from distant hearts, and in our home we have had that finish to domestic comfort which only faithful kind servants can give. Our children are prosperous and happy,—Charles evidently growing in mental efficiency; we have abundant wealth for more than our actual needs; and our unspeakable joy in each other has no other alloy than the sense that it must one day end in parting. My dear husband has a store of present and prospective good in the long work which is likely to stretch through the remaining years of his intellectual activity; and there have not been wanting signs that what he has already published is being appreciated rightly by capable persons. He is thinner than ever, but still he shows wonderful elasticity and nervous energy. I have been for a month rendered almost helpless for intellectual work by constant headache, but am getting a little more freedom. Nothing is wanting to my blessings but the uninterrupted power of work. For as to

Journal,
1874.

Journal,
1874.

all my unchangeable imperfections I have resigned myself.

Jan. 17.—I received this morning from Blackwood the account of ‘*Middlemarch*’ and of ‘*The Spanish Gypsy*’ for 1873. Of the guinea edition of ‘*Middlemarch*,’ published in the spring, 2434 copies have been sold. Of ‘*The Spanish Gypsy*’ 292 copies have been sold during 1873, and the remaining copies are only 197. Thus out of 4470 which have been printed, 4273 have been distributed.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 12th
Feb. 1874.

We have received the volume—your kind and valuable gift—and I have read it aloud with Mr Lewes, all except the later pages, which we both feel too much to bear reading them in common. You have given a deeply interesting and, we think, instructive picture, and Mr Lewes has expressed his wish that it had not been restricted to a private circulation. But I understand your shrinking from indiscriminate publicity, at least in the first instance. Perhaps, if many judges on whom you rely concur with Mr Lewes, you will be induced to extend the possible benefit of the volume. I care so much for the demonstration of an intense joy in life on the basis of “plain living and high thinking,” in this time of more and more eager scrambling after wealth and show. And then there are exquisite bits which you have rescued from that darkness to which his self-depreciation condemned them. I think I never read a more exquisite little poem than the one called “*Christian Resignation*”; and Mr Lewes, when I read it aloud, at once exclaimed, “How very fine!

Read it again!" I am also much impressed with the wise mingling of moderation with sympathy in that passage, given in a note, from the article on Greg's 'Political Essays.'

Letter to
Mrs Wm. .
Smith, 12th
Feb. 1874.

What must have been the effort which the writing cost you I can—not fully but—almost imagine. But believe, dear friend, that in our judgment you have not poured out these recollections in a cry of anguish all in vain. I feel roused and admonished by what you have told, and if I—then others.

I imagined you absorbed by the political crisis, like the rest of the world except the Lord Chief-Justice, who must naturally have felt his summing-up deserving of more attention. I, who am no believer in salvation by ballot, am rather tickled that the first experiment with it has turned against its adherents.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 20th
Feb. 1874

I have been making what will almost certainly be my last corrections of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and that causes me to look forward with special satisfaction to the probable exhaustion of the present edition. The corrections chiefly concern the quantity of the word Zincálo, which ought to be Zíncalo; but there are some other emendations, and altogether they make a difference to more than seventy pages. But it would still be worth while to retain the stereotypes, replacing simply the amended pages, there being about 400 in the whole book. I am sadly vexed that I did not think of having these corrections ready for the German reprint.

I have been compunctious lately about my having sprinkled cold water on the proposal suggested by

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 20th
Feb. 1874.

Mr Simpson, of bringing out my novels in a cheaper way—on thinner paper and without illustrations. The compunction was roused by my happening, in looking at old records, to alight on some letters, one especially, written by a working man, a certain E. Hall,¹ more than ten years ago, begging me to bring out my books in a form cheap enough to let a poor man more easily “get a read of them.” Hence if you and Mr Simpson see good to revive the design in question, I am perfectly in accord.

You did send me a copy of Lord Lytton’s ‘Fables’—many thanks for doing so. Mr Lewes had seen several of them in manuscript, and thought well of their merits. I am reading them gradually. They are full of graceful fancies and charming verse. So far as cleverness goes, it seems to me he can do almost anything; and the leanings of his mind are towards the best things. The want I feel is of more definiteness and more weight. The two stanzas to his wife placed before “Far and Near” are perfect.

I think I have never written to you since I wanted to tell you that I admired very much the just spirit in which the notice of Mill’s ‘Autobiography’ was written in the Magazine. Poor Dickens’s latter years wear a melancholy aspect, do they not? But some of the extracts from his letters in the last volume have surprisingly more freshness and naturalness of humour than any of the letters earlier given. Still, something should be done by dispassionate criticism towards the re-

¹ See *ante*, vol. i. p. 465.

form of our national habits in the matter of literary biography. Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books? "He gave the people of his best. His worst he kept, his best he gave;" but there is a certain set, not a small one, who are titillated by the worst and indifferent to the best. I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering of the dead Byron's club-foot.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 20th
Feb. 1874

Mr Lewes is in a more flourishing condition than usual, having been helped by Dr Andrew Clark, who ministers to all the brain workers. I have been ill lately,—weeks of *malaise* having found their climax in lumbar-neuralgia, or something of that sort, which gave fits of pain severe enough to deserve even a finer name.

My writing has not been stimulated as Scott's was under circumstances of a like sort, and I have nothing to tell you securely.

Please give an expression of my well-founded sympathy to Mr William Blackwood. My experience feelingly convinces me of the hardship there must be in his. I trust I shall hear of the lameness as a departed evil.

I send you by this post a small collection of my poems, which Mr Lewes wishes me to get published in May.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
March 1874.

Such of them as have been already printed in a fugitive form have been received with many signs

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
March 1874.

of sympathy, and every one of those I now send you represents an idea which I care for strongly, and wish to propagate as far as I can. Else I should forbid myself from adding to the mountainous heap of poetical collections.

The form of volume I have in my eye is a delightful duodecimo edition of Keats's poems (without the "Endymion") published during his life: just the volume to slip in the pocket. Mine will be the least bit thicker.

I should like a darkish-green cover, with Roman lettering. But you will consider the physique and price of the book, and kindly let me know your thoughts.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
25th March
1874.

I fear the fatal fact about your story¹ is the absence of God and hell. "My dear madam, you have not presented motives to the children!" It is really hideous to find that those who sit in the scribes' seats have got no further than the appeal to selfishness which they call God. The old Talmudists were better teachers. They make Rachel remonstrate with God for His hardness, and remind Him that she was kinder to her sister Leah than He to His people—thus correcting the traditional God by human sympathy. However, we must put up with our contemporaries, since we can neither live with our ancestors nor with posterity.

It is cheering to see the programme of your new society. There certainly is an awakening of conscience about animals in general as our fellow-creatures—even the vogue of Balaam's ass is in

¹ 'Paul Bradley.'

that sense a good sign. A lady wrote to me the other day, that when she went to church in the island of Sark, the sermon turned on that remonstrant hero or heroine.

I can imagine how great an encouragement you feel from the enthusiasm generously expressed in Mr C.'s letter. It is always an admirable impulse to express a deeply felt admiration, but it is also possible that you have some grateful readers who do not write to you. I have heard men whose greatest delight is literature, say that they should never dream of writing to an author on the ground of his books alone.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
27th March
1874.

Poor Mr Francis Newman must be aged now, and rather weary of the world and explanations of the world. He can hardly be expected to take in much novelty. I have a sort of affectionate sadness in thinking of the interest which, in far-off days, I felt in his 'Soul' and 'Phases of Faith,' and of the awe I had of him as a lecturer on mathematics at the Ladies' College. How much work he has done in the world which has left no deep conspicuous mark, but has probably entered beneficially into many lives!

How glorious this opening spring is! At this moment even London is so beautiful, that I come home filled with the Park landscapes, and see them as a background to all my thoughts. Your account of Mr George Dawson is rather melancholy. I remember him only as a bright, vigorous, young man—such as perhaps his sons are now. I imagine it is his fortune, or rather misfortune, to have

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
23d April
1874.

talked too much and too early about the greatest things.

Letter to
Miss Mary
Cross, 11th
May 1874.

I could not dwell on your sweet gift¹ yesterday —I should perhaps have begun to cry, which would not have been *convenable* in a hostess. For I have been in a suffering, depressed condition lately, so your good loving deed has come just at the right time, when I need the helpfulness that love brings me,—and my heart turns to you with grateful blessing this Monday morning.

I have been looking at the little paintings with a treble delight, because they were done for *me*, because you chose for them subjects of my “making,” and because they are done with a promising charm of execution (which Mr Lewes feels as well as I). It gives me special gladness that you have this sort of work before you. Some skill or other with the hands is needful for the completeness of the life, and makes a bridge over times of doubt and despondency.

Perhaps it will please you to know that nineteen years ago, when Mr Lewes and I were looking at a print of Goethe's statue by Rietschl, which stands on a pedestal ornamented with *bassi relievi* of his characters, I said (little believing that my wish would ever be fulfilled), “How I should like to be surrounded with creatures of my own making!” And yesterday, when I was looking at your gift, that little incident recurred to me. Your love seemed to have made me a miniature pedestal.

I was comforted yesterday that you and J. had

¹ A vase with paintings from ‘Romola’ on tiles.

at least the pleasure of hearing Bice Trollope sing, to make some amends for the long cold journey. Please do not any of you forget that we shall only be three weeks more in this corner of the world, and that we want to see you as often as you care to come.

Letter to
Miss Mary
Cross, 11th
May 1874.

Best love to all, the mother being chief among the all.

Your affectionate letters are very cheering to me. Though your praise is to be measured by your own enthusiasm rather than by my merit—by your own fulness rather than by mine—there is always this satisfaction for me, less alarmingly due to my vanity—namely, that what you quote and emphasise is almost always what I most felt and believed in when I wrote it.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
13th May
1874.

Give us an account of your studies, and how your activity has hitherto shaped itself, and what you look forward to with the most yearning. I think you have a strong faith, as I have, in the influences of a life apart from authorship, and in that dignity of work which comes from the thoroughness of doing, rather than from the *order* of the work.

‘Agatha’ was written after a visit to that St Märgen described at the beginning of the poem. There was really an aged woman among those green hills who suggested the picture of Agatha.

Mr Lewes is down-stairs working at his desk, else he would send his love to you. We laughed at your prediction that he would call your letter “one of Main’s screeds.” He has really used that word,

but you can hardly imagine how pleased he is with a "screed" which has me for its subject. His happy nature assimilates all agreeable things, and especially any tribute to me.

May 19.—This month has been published a volume of my poems — 'Legend of Jubal, and other Poems.' On the first of June we go into the country to the cottage, Earlswood Common, for four months, and I hope there to get deep shafts sunk in my prose book. My health has been a wretched drag on me during this last half year. I have lately written "a symposium."

I have so much trust in your love for us, that I feel sure you will like to know of our happiness in the secure peace of the country, and the good we already experience in soul and body from the sweet breezes over hill and common, the delicious silence, and the unbroken spaces of the day. Just now the chill east wind has brought a little check to our pleasure in our long afternoon drives; and I could wish that Canon Kingsley and his fellow-worshippers of that harsh divinity could have it reserved entirely for themselves as a tribal god.

We think the neighbourhood so lovely, that I must beg you to tell J. we are in danger of settling here unless he makes haste to find us a house in your "country-side" — a house with undeniable charms, on high ground, in a strictly rural neighbourhood (water and gas laid on, nevertheless), to be vacant precisely this autumn!

My philosopher is writing away with double *verre* in a projecting window, where he can see a beau-

Journal,
1874.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
14th June
1874.

tiful green slope crowned and studded with large trees. I, too, have an agreeable corner in another room. Our house has the essentials of comfort, and we have reason to be contented with it.

Letter to
Mrs Cross,
14th June
1874.

I confess that my chief motive for writing about ourselves is to earn some news of you, which will not be denied me by one or other of the dear pairs of hands always ready to do us a kindness.

Our Sunday is really a Sabbath now—a day of thorough peace. But I shall get hungry for a sight of some of the Sunday visitors before the end of September.

I include all my family in a spiritual embrace, and am always yours lovingly.

We are revelling in the peace of the country, and have no drawback to our delight except the cold winds, which have forced us to put on winter clothing for the last four or five days.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 16th
June 1874.

Our wide common is very breezy, and the wind makes mournful music round our walls. But I should think it is not possible to find a much healthier region than this round Reigate and Redhill; and it is prettier than half the places one crosses the Channel to see. We have been hunting about for a permanent country home in the neighbourhood, but no house is so difficult to get as one which has at once seclusion and convenience of position, which is neither of the suburban villa style nor of the grand hall and castle dimensions.

The restoration of the Empire (in France), which is a threatening possibility, seems to me a degrading issue. In the restoration of the monarchy I should

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 16th
June 1874.

have found something to rejoice at, but the traditions of the empire, both first and second, seem to my sentiment bad. Some form of military despotism must be, as you say, the only solution where no one political party knows how to behave itself. The American pattern is certainly being accepted as to senatorial manners. I daresay you have been to Knebworth, and talked over French matters with Lord Lytton. We are grieved to hear from him but a poor account of sweet Lady Lytton's health and spirits. She is to me one of the most charming types of womanliness, and I long for her to have all a woman's best blessings.

The good news about the small remainder of 'Jubal' is very welcome, and I will write at once to Mr Simpson to send him my two or three corrections, and my wishes about the new edition. The price of the book will well bear a thicker and a handsomely tinted paper, especially now it has proved movable; and I felt so much the difference to the eye and touch of the copies on rich tinted paper, that I was much vexed with myself for having contributed to the shabby appearance of the current edition by suggesting the thin Keats volume as a model. People have become used to more luxurious editions; and I confess to the weakness of being affected by paper and type in something of the same subtle way I am affected by the odour of a room.

Many thanks for Lord Neaves's pleasant little book, which is a capital example of your happily-planned publication.

I came down here half poisoned by the French theatre, but I am flourishing now, and am brewing my future big book with more or less (generally less) belief in the quality of the liquor which will be drawn off. The secured peacefulness and the pure air of the country make our time of double worth; and we mean to give no invitations to London friends desirous of change. We are selfishly bent on dual solitude.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 16th
June 1874.

I am so glad to know from your kind letter that you are interesting yourself, with Madame Belloc, in the poor workhouse girls. You see my only social work is to rejoice in the labours of others, while I live in luxurious remoteness from all turmoil. Of course you have seen Mrs Senior's report. I read it, and thought it very wise, very valuable in many ways, and since then she has sent me word how much she has been worried about it by (as I imagine) obstructive officials.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 1st
July 1874.

We are revelling in our country peacefulness, in spite of the chills and rain—driving about every day that the weather will allow, and finding in each drive new beauties of this loveliest part of a lovely country. We are looking out for a house in this neighbourhood as a permanent retreat—not with the idea of giving up our London house, at least for some years, but simply of having a place to which we may come for about six months of the year, and perhaps finally shrink into altogether.

Only the day before your letter came to me I had been saying—"I wonder how our dear Mrs

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
July 1874.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith; 1st
July 1874.

William Smith is?"—so that your impulse to write to me satisfied a need of mine. I cannot help rejoicing that you are in the midst of lovely scenery again, for I had had a presentiment that Cambridge was anti-pathetic to you; and indeed I could not have imagined that you would be in the right place there, but for the promised helpfulness of your presence to a young friend.

You tell me much that is interesting. Your picture of Mr and Mrs Stirling, and what you say of the reasons why one may wish even for the anguish of being *left* for the sake of waiting on the beloved one to the end—all that goes to my heart of hearts. It is what I think of almost daily. For death seems to me now a close, real experience, like the approach of autumn or winter, and I am glad to find that advancing life brings this power of imagining the nearness of death I never had till of late years. I remember all you told me of your niece's expected marriage, and your joy in the husband who has chosen her. It is wealth you have—that of several sweet nieces to whom being with you is a happiness. You can feel some sympathy in their cheerfulness, even though sorrow is always your only private good—can you not, dear friend? and the time is short at the utmost. The blessed reunion, if it may come, must be patiently waited for; and such good as you can do others, by loving looks and words, must seem to you like a closer companionship with the gentleness and benignity which you justly worshipped while it was visibly present, and still more perhaps now it is

veiled, and is a memory stronger than vision of outward things. We are revelling in the sweet peace of the country, and shall remain here till the end of September.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 1st
July 1874.

Mr Lewes sends his affectionate remembrances with mine. I am scribbling while he holds my bed candle, so pray forgive any incoherency.

I have two questions to ask of your benevolence. First, Was there not some village near Stonehenge where you stayed the night, nearer to Stonehenge than Amesbury? Secondly, Do you know anything specific about Holmwood *Common* as a place of residence? It is ravishingly beautiful: is it in its higher part thoroughly unobjectionable as a site for a dwelling?

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th July
1874.

It seems that they have been having the heat of Tophet in London, whereas we have never had more than agreeable sunniness, this common being almost always breezy. And the country around us must, I think, be the loveliest of its undulating woody kind in all England.

I remember, when we were driving together last, something was said about my disposition to melancholy. I ought to have said then, but did not, that I am no longer one of those whom Dante found in hell border because they had been sad under the blessed sunlight.¹ I am uniformly cheerful now—feeling the preciousness of these moments, in which I still possess love and thought.

¹ "Tristi fummo

Nell' aere dolce, che dal sol s' allegra."

—*Inferno*, c. vii. 121, 122.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
Aug. 1874.

It was sweet of you to write me that nice long letter. I was athirst for some news of you. Life, as you say, is a big thing. No wonder there comes a season when we cease to look round and say, "How shall I enjoy?"—but as in a country which has been visited by the sword, pestilence, and famine, think only how we shall help the wounded, and how find seed for the next harvest—how till the earth, and make a little time of gladness for those who are being born without their own asking. I am so glad of what you say about the Latin. Go on conquering and to conquer a little kingdom for yourself there.

We are, as usual, getting more than our share of peace and other good, except in the matter of warmth and sunshine. Our common is a sort of ball-room for the winds, and on the warmest days we have had here we have found them at their music and dancing. They roar round the corners of our house in a wintry fashion, while the sun is shining on the brown grass.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 8th
Aug. 1874

Thanks for sending me the good news. The sale of 'Middlemarch' is wonderful "out of all whooping," and considered as manifesting the impression made by the book, is more valuable than any amount of immediate distribution. I suppose there will be a new edition of 'The Spanish Gypsy' wanted by Christmas; and I have a carefully corrected copy by me, containing my final alterations, to which I desire to have the stereotyped plates adjusted.

As to confidence in the work to be done, I am

somewhat in the condition suggested to Armgart, "How will you bear the poise of eminence with dread of falling?" And the other day, having a bad headache, I did what I have sometimes done before at intervals of five or six years—looked into three or four novels to see what the world was reading. The effect was paralysing, and certainly justifies me in that abstinence from novel-reading which, I fear, makes me seem supercilious or churlish to the many persons who send me their books, or ask me about their friends' books. To be delivered from all doubts as to one's justification in writing at this stage of the world, one should have either a plentiful faith in one's own exceptionalness, or a plentiful lack of money. Tennyson said to me, "Everybody writes so well now;" and if the lace is only machine-made, it still pushes out the hand-made, which has differences only for a fine fastidious appreciation. To write indifferently after having written well—that is, from a true, individual store which makes a special contribution—is like an eminent clergyman spoiling his reputation by lapses, and neutralising all the good he did before. However this is superfluous stuff to write to you. It is only a sample of the way in which depression works upon me. I am not the less grateful for all the encouragement I get.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 8th
Aug. 1874.

I saw handsome Dean Liddell at Oxford. He is really a grand figure. They accuse him of being obstructive to much-needed reforms. For my own part, I am thankful to him for his share in 'Liddell and Scott' and his capital little Roman history.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 8th
Aug. 1874.

Apropos of books and St Andrews, I have read aloud to Mr Lewes Professor Flint's volume, and we have both been much pleased with its conscientious presentation and thorough effort at fairness.

We have enjoyed the country as we always do ; but we have been, for our constitutions, a little unfortunate in the choice of a spot, which is the windiest of the windy. That heat which we have read and heard of has hardly been at all felt by us ; and we have both suffered a little from chills. You will perceive from my letter I am just now possessed by an evil spirit in the form of headache ; but on the whole I am much the stronger for the peace and the delicious air, which I take in as a conscious addition to the good of living.

We have been near buying a little country hermitage on Holmwood Common—a grand spot, with a view hard to match in our flat land. But we have been frightened away by its windiness. I rather envy Major Lockhart and the rest of the Golfian enthusiasts : to have a seductive idleness which is really a healthy activity, is invaluable to people who have desk-work.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
Nov. 1874.

I feel rather disgraced by the fact that I received your last kind letter nearly two months ago. But a brief note of mine, written immediately on hearing of you from Mrs Fields, must have crossed yours and the Professor's kind letters to me ; and I hope it proved to you that I love you in my heart.

We were in the country then, but soon afterwards we set out on a six weeks' journey, and we are but just settled in our winter home.

Those unspeakable troubles in which I necessarily felt more for *you* than for any one else concerned, are, I trust, well at an end, and you are enjoying a time of peace. It was like your own sympathetic energy to be able, even while the storm was yet hanging in your sky, to write to me about my husband's books. Will you not agree with me that there is one comprehensive Church whose fellowship consists in the desire to purify and enoble human life, and where the best members of all narrower Churches may call themselves brother and sister in spite of differences? I am writing to your dear husband as well as to you, and in answer to his question about Goethe, I must say, for my part, that I think he had a strain of mysticism in his soul,—of so much mysticism as I think inevitably belongs to a full poetic nature—I mean the delighted bathing of the soul in emotions which overpass the outlines of definite thought. I should take the “Imitation” as a type (it is one which your husband also mentions), but perhaps I might differ from him in my attempt to interpret the unchangeable and universal meanings of that great book.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
Nov. 1874.

Mr Lewes, however, who has a better right than I to a conclusion about Goethe, thinks that he entered into the experience of the mystic—as in the confessions of the *Schöne Seele*—simply by force of his sympathetic genius, and that his personal individual bent was towards the clear and plastic exclusively. Do not imagine that Mr Lewes is guided in his exposition by theoretic antipathies.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 11th
Nov. 1874.

He is singularly tolerant of difference, and able to admire what is unlike himself.

He is busy now correcting the proofs of his second volume. I wonder whether you have headaches and are rickety as we are, or whether you have a glorious immunity from those ills of the flesh. Your husband's photograph looks worthy to represent one of those wondrous Greeks who wrote grand dramas at eighty or ninety.

I am decidedly among the correspondents who may exercise their friends in the virtue of giving and hoping for nothing again. Otherwise I am unprofitable. Yet believe me, dear friend, I am always with lively memories of you, yours affectionately.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Nov.
1874.

We have spent this year in much happiness, and are sorry to part with it. From the beginning of June to the end of September we had a house in Surrey, and enjoyed delicious quiet with daily walks and drives in the lovely scenery round Reigate and Dorking. October we spent in a country visit to friends (Six-Mile Bottom), and in a journey to Paris, and through the Ardennes homeward, finishing off our travels by some excursions in our own country, which we are ready to say we will never quit again—it is so much better worth knowing than most places one travels abroad to see. We make ourselves amends for being in London by going to museums to see the wonderful works of men; and the other day I was taken over the Bank of England and to Woolwich Arsenal—getting object-lessons in my old age, you perceive. Mr

Lewes is half through the proof-correcting of his second volume; and it will be matter of rejoicing when the other half is done, for we both hate proof-correcting (do you?)—the writing always seems worse than it really is when one reads it in patches, looking out for mistakes.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Nov.
1874.

My books have for their main bearing a conclusion the opposite of that in which your studies seem to have painfully imprisoned you—a conclusion without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life—namely, that the fellowship between man and man which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man: and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i.e.*, an exaltation of the human).

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby
(now Lady
Ponsonby),
10th Dec.
1874.

Have you quite fairly represented yourself in saying that you have ceased to pity your suffering fellow-men, because you can no longer think of them, as individualities of immortal duration, in some other state of existence than this of which you know the pains and the pleasures?—that you feel less for them now you regard them as more miserable? And, on a closer examination of your feelings, should you find that you had lost all sense of quality in actions—all possibility of admiration that yearns to imitate—all keen sense of what is cruel and injurious—all belief that your conduct (and therefore the conduct of others) can have any difference of effect on the wellbeing of those immediately about you (and therefore on those afar off), whether you

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
10th Dec.
1874.

carelessly follow your selfish moods, or encourage that vision of others' needs which is the source of justice, tenderness, sympathy in the fullest sense? I cannot believe that your strong intellect will continue to see, in the conditions of man's appearance on this planet, a destructive relation to your sympathy: this seems to me equivalent to saying that you care no longer for colour, now you know the laws of the spectrum.

As to the necessary combinations through which life is manifested, and which seem to present themselves to you as a hideous fatalism, which ought logically to petrify your volition—have they, *in fact*, any such influence on your ordinary course of action in the primary affairs of your existence as a human, social, domestic creature? And if they don't hinder you from taking measures for a bath, without which you know that you cannot secure the delicate cleanliness which is your second nature, why should they hinder you from a line of resolve in a higher strain of duty to your ideal, both for yourself and others? But the consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have

their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
10th Dec.
1874.

The teaching you quote as George Sand's would, I think, deserve to be called nonsensical if it did not deserve to be called wicked. What sort of "culture of the intellect" is that which, instead of widening the mind to a fuller and fuller response to all the elements of our existence, isolates it in a moral stupidity?—which flatters egoism with the possibility that a complex and refined human society can continue, wherein relations have no sacredness beyond the inclination of changing moods?—or figures to itself an æsthetic human life that one may compare to that of the fabled grasshoppers who were once men, but having heard the song of the Muses could do nothing but sing, and starved themselves so till they died and had a fit resurrection as grasshoppers; "and this," says Socrates, "was the return the Muses made them."

With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man, or woman, who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind, there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from *us*.

The progress of the world—which you say can only come at the right time—can certainly never

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
10th Dec.
1874.

come at all save by the modified action of the individual beings who compose the world; and that we can say to ourselves with effect, "There is an order of considerations which I will keep myself continually in mind of, so that they may continually be the prompters of certain feelings and actions," seems to me as undeniable as that we can resolve to study the Semitic languages and apply to an Oriental scholar to give us daily lessons. What would your keen wit say to a young man who alleged the physical basis of nervous action as a reason why he could not possibly take that course?

As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease, or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you?

Difficulties of thought—acceptance of what is, without full comprehension—belong to every system of thinking. The question is to find the least incomplete.

When I wrote the first page of this letter, I thought I was going to say that I had not courage to enter on the momentous points you had touched on, in the hasty, brief form of a letter. But I have been led on sentence after sentence—not, I fear,

with any inspiration beyond that of my anxiety. You will at least pardon any ill-advised things I may have written on the prompting of the moment.

Your New Year's affectionate greeting was very sweet and welcome to us. I missed nothing cordial and cheering in your letter except some assurance that this epoch finds you in outward peace and comfort, as well as in inward steadfastness and joy in all goodness. It is your general fault to say nothing about that more solid measurable self which, however inferior and troublesome, is yet an inseparable companion of the more spiritual Alexander Main. I trust that you are free from domestic trouble, and that your days are passed in satisfactory work.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
2d Jan.
1875.

On the other hand, you usually want to know our bodily condition, and I can tell you now that we are both *unusually* well, having escaped cold in spite of the severe weather which has made victims of so many delicate and elderly persons.

This is the fourth year, I think, since your first letter, asking about the pronunciation of 'Romola,' reached me in the country. How the little twig planted then has burgeoned and blossomed!—the best of blossoms being, as you say, the spiritual relation of conscious sympathy.

I want very much to be assured of your perpetual striving after excellence in all such ways as your life offers a path for; because your excellence in anything is likely to bear fruit after our work is finished. You know I care as much for what is called private work as for public, and believe in its incalculable efficacy.

Journal,
1875.

Jan. 13.—Here is a great gap since I last made a record. But the time has been filled full of happiness. A second edition of 'Jubal' was published in August; and the fourth edition of 'The Spanish Gypsy' is all sold. This morning I received a copy of the fifth edition. The amount of copies sold of 'Middlemarch' up to 31st December is between 19,000 and 20,000.

Yesterday I also received the good news that the engagement between Emily Cross and Mr Otter is settled.

The last year has been crowded with proofs of affection for me, and of value for what work I have been able to do. This makes the best motive or encouragement to do more; but, as usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing, and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature, and not a mere addition to the heap of books. I am now just beginning the part about 'Deronda,' at page 234.

Letter to
Francis
Otter, 13th
Jan. 1875.

Your letter was a deeply-felt pleasure to me last night; and I have one from Emily this morning, which makes my joy in the prospect of your union as thorough as it could well be. I could not wish either her words or yours to be in the least different. Long ago, when I had no notion that the event was probable, my too hasty imagination had prefigured it and longed for it. To say this, is to say something of the high regard with which all I have known of you has impressed me—for I hold our sweet Emily worthy of one who may be reckoned

among the best. The possibility of a constantly growing blessedness in marriage is to me the very basis of good in our mortal life; and the believing hope that you and she will experience that blessedness, seems to enrich me for the coming years. I shall count it among my strengthening thoughts that you both think of me with affection, and care for my sympathy. Mr Lewes shares in all the feelings I express, and we are rejoicing together.

Letter to
Francis
Otter, 13th
Jan. 1875.

Please never wonder at my silence, or believe that I bear you in any the less lively remembrance because I do not write to you.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 15th
Jan. 1875.

Writing notes is the *crux* of my life. It often interferes with my morning hours (before 1 o'clock), which is the only time I have for quiet work. For certain letters are unavoidable demands; and though my kind husband writes them for me whenever he can, they are not all to be done by proxy.

That glorious bit of work of yours about the Home for Girls¹ is delightful to hear of. Hardly anything is more wanted, I imagine, than homes for girls in various employments—or rather for unmarried women of all ages.

I heard also the other day that your name was among those of the ladies interested in the beginning of a union among the bookbinding women, which one would like to succeed and spread.

I hope, from your ability to work so well, that you are in perfect health yourself. Our friend Barbara, too, looks literally the pink of wellbeing,

¹ Bessborough Gardens.

and cheers one's soul by her interest in all worthy things.

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby
(now Lady
Ponsonby),
30th Jan.
1875.

I should urge you to consider your early religious experience as a portion of valid knowledge, and to cherish its emotional results in relation to objects and ideas which are either substitutes or metamorphoses of the earlier. And I think we must not take every great physicist—or other “ist”—for an apostle, but be ready to suspect him of some crudity concerning relations that lie outside his special studies, if his exposition strands us on results that seem to stultify the most ardent, massive experience of mankind, and hem up the best part of our feelings in stagnation.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
Feb. 1875.

Last night I finished reading aloud to Mr Lewes the “Inkerman” volume, and we both thank you heartily for the valuable present. It is an admirable piece of writing: such pure, lucid English is what one rarely gets to read. The masterly marshalling of the material is certainly in contrast with the movements described. To my non-military mind, the Inkerman affair seems nothing but a brave blundering into victory. Great traits of valour—Homeric movements—but also a powerful lack of brains in the form of generalship. I cannot see that the ordering up of the two 18-pounder guns was a vast mental effort, unless the weight of the guns is to be counted in the order as well as in the execution. But the grand fact of the thousands beaten by the hundreds remains under all interpretation. Why the Russians, in their multitudinous mass, should have chosen to retreat into Sebastopol

moving at their leisure, and carrying off all their artillery, seems a mystery in spite of General Dannenberg's memorable answer to Mentschikoff.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 7th
Feb. 1875.

There are some splendid movements in the story—the tradition of the Minden Yell, the “Men, remember Albuera,” and the officer of the 77th advancing with, “Then I will go myself,” with what followed, are favourite bits of mine. My mind is in the anomalous condition of hating war and loving its discipline which has been an incalculable contribution to the sentiment of duty.

I have not troubled myself to read any reviews of the book. My eye caught one in which the author's style was accused of affectation. But I have long learned to apply to reviewers an aphorism which tickled me in my childhood—“There must be some such to be some of all sorts.” Pray tell Mr Simpson that I was much pleased with the new dress of ‘The Spanish Gypsy.’

The first part of ‘Giannetto’ raised my interest, but I was disappointed in the unravelling of the plot. It seems to me neither really nor ideally satisfactory. But it is a long while since I read a story newer than ‘Rasselas,’ which I re-read two years ago, with a desire to renew my childish delight in it, when it was one of my best loved companions. So I am a bad judge of comparative merits among popular writers. I am obliged to fast from fiction, and fasting is known sometimes to weaken the stomach. I ought to except Miss Thackeray's stories, which I cannot resist when they come near me—and bits of Mr Trollope, for affection's sake.

You would not wonder at my fasting, if you knew how deplorably uncalled for, and “everything-that-it-should-not-be,” my own fiction seems to me in times of inward and outward fog—like this morning when the light is dim on my paper.

letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Consonby
now Lady
Consonby),
11th Feb.
1875.

Do send me the papers you have written—I mean as a help and instruction to me. I need very much to know how ideas lie in other minds than my own, that I may not miss their difficulties while I am urging only what satisfies myself. I shall be deeply interested in knowing exactly what you wrote at that particular stage. Please remember that I don’t consider myself a teacher, but a companion in the struggle of thought. What can consulting physicians do without pathological knowledge?—and the more they have of it, the less absolute—the more tentative—are their procedures.

You will see by the ‘Fortnightly,’ which you have not read, that Mr Spencer is very anxious to vindicate himself from neglect of the logical necessity that the evolution of the abstraction “society” is dependent on the modified action of the units; indeed he is very sensitive on the point of being supposed to teach an enervating fatalism.

Consider what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward life of poetry—that is, of emotion blending with thought?

But the beginning and object of my letter must be the end—please send me your papers.

We cannot believe that there is reason to fear any painful observations on the publication of the memoir in one volume with 'Gravenhurst' and the Essays. The memoir is written with exquisite judgment and feeling; and without estimating too highly the taste and carefulness of journalists in their ordinary treatment of books, I think that we may count on their not being impressed otherwise than respectfully and sympathetically with the character of your dear husband's work, and with the sketch of his pure elevated life. I would also urge you to rely on the fact that Mr Blackwood thinks the publication desirable, as a guarantee that it will not prove injudicious in relation to the outer world—I mean the world beyond the circle of your husband's especial friends and admirers. I am grieved to hear of your poor eyes having been condemned to an inaction which, I fear, may have sadly increased the vividness of that inward seeing, already painfully strong in you. There has been, I trust, always some sympathetic young companionship to help you—some sweet voice to read aloud to you, or to talk of those better things in human lots which enable us to look at the good of life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.

The doctors have decided that there is nothing very grave the matter with me; and I am now so much better, that we even think it possible I may go to see Salvini in the "Gladiator" to-morrow evening. This is to let you know that there is

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 10th
May 1875.

Letter to
Mrs Burne
Jones, 11th
May 1875.

letter to
s Burne-
nes, 11th
y 1875.

no reason against your coming, with or without Margaret, at the usual time on Friday.

Your words of affection in the note you sent me are very dear to my remembrance. I like not only to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved. I am not sure that you are of the same mind. But the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave. This is the world of light and speech, and I shall take leave to tell you that you are very dear.

letter to
s Peter
aylor, 14th
y 1875.

You are right there is no time, but only the sense of not having time: especially when, instead of filling the days with useful exertion, as you do, one wastes them in being ill, as I have been doing of late. However, I am better now, and will not grumble. Thanks for all the dear words in your letter. Be sure I treasure the memory of your faithful friendship, which goes back you know how far.

letter to
ex. Main,
th May
75.

Your letters are always "a good message from a far country," and we value every assurance you give us of your welfare or of our share in furthering it.

Our plans for the year do not now include a journey to the Continent, which Mr Lewes had only thought of as a sanitary measure for me. What we are bent on is, to spend the next four or five months in the country, working, and breathing the fresh air. There is an unexpected hitch about a house which we had thought ourselves sure of, but if this difficulty can be surmounted we shall leave London next week.

We have been much interested lately in seeing Salvini, a genuinely great actor, play Othello. And on Monday we are hoping to see him in "Hamlet." I wish you could have the same enjoyment. Great art, in any kind, inspirits me and makes me feel the worth of devoted effort; but from bad pictures, bad books, vulgar music, I come away with a paralyzing depression.

Letter to
Alex. Main
26th May
1875.

Mr Lewes is going to republish some interesting little retrospects of actors which he wrote nearly ten years ago in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' He remembers Edmund Kean—who, you know, died in 1832.

I wish I had time to think of something better to tell you, but I hear the footstep of a visitor to lunch, and must close my poor despatch. It will have answered your question about our movements, and also it will have assured you that you are always one of the valued possessions in our spiritual estate.

If you could, some day this week or the beginning of next, allow me half an hour's quiet *tête-à-tête*, I should be very much obliged by such a kindness.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
1st June
1875.

The trivial questions I want to put could hardly be shapen in a letter so as to govern an answer that would satisfy my need. And I trust that the interview will hardly be more troublesome to you than writing.

I hope, when you learn the pettiness of my difficulties, you will not be indignant, like a great doctor called in to the favourite cat.

letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 9th
Aug. 1875.

We admire our bit of Hertfordshire greatly; but I should be glad of more breezy common land and far-reaching outlooks. For fertility, wealth of grand trees, parks, mansions, and charming bits of stream and canal, our neighbourhood can hardly be excelled. And our house is a good, old, red-brick, Georgian place, with a nice bit of garden and meadow and river at the back. Perhaps we are too much in the valley, and have too large a share of mist, which often lies white on our meadows in the early evening. But who has not had too much moisture in this calamitously wet cold summer.

Mr Lewes is very busy, but not in zoologising. We reserve that for October, when we mean to go to the coast for a few weeks. It is a long while since I walked on broad sands and watched the receding tide; and I look forward agreeably to a renewal of that old pleasure.

I am not particularly flourishing in this pretty region, probably owing to the low barometer. The air has been continually muggy, and has lain on one's head like a thick turban.

letter to
W. Cross,
14th Aug.
1875.

What a comfort that you are at home again and well!¹ The sense of your nearness has been so long missing to us, that we had begun to take up with life as inevitably a little less cheerful than we remembered it to have been formerly, without thinking of restoration.

My box is quite dear to me, and shall be used for stamps, as you recommend, unless I find another use that will lead me to open it and think of you

¹ I had been abroad for six weeks.

the oftener. It is very precious to me that you bore me in your mind, and took that trouble to give me pleasure—in which you have succeeded.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
14th Aug
1875.

Our house here is rather a fine, old, brick, Georgian place, with a lovely bit of landscape; but I think we have suffered the more from the rainy, close weather, because we are in a valley, and can see the mists lie in a thick white stratum on our meadows. Mr Lewes has been, on the whole, flourishing and enjoying—writing away with vigour, and making a discovery or theory at the rate of one per diem.

Of me you must expect no good. I have been in a piteous state of debility in body and depression in mind. My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth giving to the world, that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities.

That expedition on the Thames would be a great delight, if it were possible to us. But our arrangements forbid it. Our loving thanks to Mr Druce, as well as to you, for reviving the thought. We are to remain here till the 23d of September; then to fly through town, or at least only perch there for a night or so, and then go down to the coast, while the servants clean our house. We expect that Bournemouth will be our destination.

Let us have news of you all again soon. Let us comfort each other while it is day, for the night cometh.

I hope this change of weather, in which we are glorying, both for the country's sake and our

own, will not make Weybridge too warm for Mrs Cross.

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
19th Aug.
1875.

I don't mind how many letters I receive from one who interests me as much as you do. The receptive part of correspondence I can carry on with much alacrity. It is writing answers that I groan over. Please take it as a proof of special feeling that I declined answering your kind inquiries by proxy.

This corner of Hertfordshire is as pretty as it can be of the kind. There are really rural bits at every turn. But for my particular taste I prefer such a region as that round Haslemere—with wide furzy commons and a grander horizon. Also I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public-house to every six dwellings—which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison shops for the sake of their million-making trade, while probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devout evangelicals and ritualists.

You perceive from this that I am dyspeptic and disposed to melancholy views. In fact I have not been flourishing but I am getting a little better; grateful thanks that you will care to know it. On the whole the sins of brewers, with their drugged ale and devil's traps, depress me less than my own inefficiency. But every fresh morning is an opportunity that one can look forward to for exerting one's will. I shall not be satisfied with your

philosophy till you have conciliated necessitarianism—I hate the ugly word—with the practice of willing strongly, willing to will strongly, and so on, that being what you certainly can do and have done about a great many things in life, whence it is clear that there is nothing in truth to hinder you from it—except you will say the absence of a motive. But that absence I don't believe in, in your case—only in the case of empty barren souls.

Are you not making a transient confusion of intuitions with innate ideas? The most thorough experientialists admit intuition—*i.e.*, direct impressions of sensibility underlying all proof—as necessary starting-points for thought.

Oct. 10. —On the 15th June, we went to a house we had taken at Rickmansworth. Here, in the end of July, we received the news that our dear Bertie had died on June 29th. Our stay at Rickmansworth, though otherwise peaceful, was not marked by any great improvement in health from the change to country instead of town—rather the contrary. We left on 23d September, and then set off on a journey into Wales, which was altogether unfortunate on account of the excessive rain.

I behaved rather shabbily in not thanking you otherwise than by proxy for the kind letter you sent me to Rickmansworth, but I had a bad time down there, and did less of everything than I desired. Last night we returned from our trip—a very lively word for a journey made in the worst weather; and since I am, on the whole, the better for a succession of small discomforts in hotels, and

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby
19th Aug.
1875.

Journal,
1875.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 10th
Oct. 1875,
from The
Priory.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 10th
Oct. 1875,
from The
Priory.

struggling walks taken under an umbrella, I have no excuse for not writing a line to my neglected correspondents.

You will laugh at our nervous caution in depositing our MSS. at the Union Bank before we set out. We could have borne to hear that our house had been burnt down, provided no lives were lost, and our unprinted matter, our *œuvres inédites*, were safe out of it.

About *my* unprinted matter, Mr Lewes thinks it will not be well to publish the first part till February. The four first monthly parts are ready for travelling now. It will be well to begin the printing in good time, so that I may not be hurried with the proofs; and I must beg Mr Simpson to judge for me in that matter with kind carefulness.

I can't say that I am at all satisfied with the book, or that I have a comfortable sense of doing in it what I want to do; but Mr Lewes *is* satisfied with it, and insists that since he is as anxious as possible for it to be fine, I ought to accept his impressions as trustworthy. So I resign myself.

I read aloud the 'Abode of Snow' at Rickmansworth, to our mutual delight; and we are both very much obliged to you for the handsome present. But what an amazing creature is this Andrew Wilson, to have kept pluck for such travelling while his body was miserably ailing! One would have said that he had more than the average spirit of hardy men to have persevered, even in good health, after a little taste of the difficulties he describes.

The arrangements as to the publication of my next book are already determined on. Ever since 'Adam Bede' appeared, I have been continually having proposals from the proprietors or editors of periodicals, but I have always declined them, except in the case of 'Romola,' which appeared in the 'Cornhill,' and was allowed to take up a varying and unusual number of pages. I have the strongest objection to cutting up my work into little bits; and there is no motive to it on my part, since I have a large enough public already. But, even apart from that objection, it would not now be worth the while of any magazine or journal to give me a sum such as my books yield in separate publication. I had £7000 for 'Romola,' but the mode in which 'Middlemarch' was issued brings in a still larger sum. I ought to say, however, that the question is not entirely one of money with me: if I could gain more by splitting my writing into small parts, I would not do it, because the effect would be injurious as a matter of art. So much detail I trouble you with to save misapprehension.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 20th
Oct. 1875.

Your enjoyment of the proofs cheers me greatly; and pray thank Mrs Blackwood for her valuable hints on equine matters. I have not only the satisfaction of using those hints,—I allow myself the inference that where there is no criticism on like points, I have made no mistake.

Letter to
John Black
wood, 18th
Nov. 1875.

I should be much obliged to Mr Simpson—whom I am glad that Gwendolen has captivated—if he would rate the printers a little about their want of spacing. I am anxious that my poor heroes and

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
Nov. 1875.

heroines should have all the advantage that paper and print can give them.

It will perhaps be a little comfort to you to know that poor Gwen is spiritually saved, but "so as by fire." Don't you see the process already beginning? I have no doubt you do, for you are a wide-awake reader.

But what a climate to expect good writing in! Skating in the morning and splashy roads in the afternoon is just typical of the alternation from frigid to flaccid in the author's bodily system, likely to give a corresponding variety to the style.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
20th Nov.
1875.

I got my head from under the pressure of other matters, like a frog from under the water, to send you my November greeting. My silence through the rest of the months makes you esteem me the more, I hope, seeing that you yourself hate letter-writing—a remarkable exception to the rule that people like doing what they can do well, if one can call that a rule of which the reverse seems more frequent—namely, that they like doing what they do ill.

We stayed till nearly the end of September at the house we had taken in Hertfordshire. After that we went into Wales for a fortnight, and were under umbrellas nearly the whole time.

I wonder if you all remember an old governess of mine who used to visit me at Foleshill—a Miss Lewis? I have found her out. She is living at Leamington, old, but cheerful, and so delighted to be remembered with gratitude. How very old we are all getting! But I hope you don't mind it any

more than I do. One sees so many contemporaries, that one is well in the fashion. The approach of parting is the bitterness of age.

Your letter is an agreeable tonic, very much needed, for that wretched hindrance of a cold last week has trailed after it a series of headaches worse than itself. An additional impression, like Mr Langford's, of the two volumes, is really valuable, as a sign that I have not so far failed in relation to a variety of readers. But you know that in one sense I count nothing done as long as anything remains to do; and it always seems to me that the worst difficulty is still to come. In the sanest, soberest judgment, however, I think the third volume (which I have not yet finished) would be regarded as the difficult bridge. I will not send you any more MS. until I can send the whole of vol. iii.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 15th
Dec. 1875.

We think that Mr Simpson has conducted our Australian business admirably. Remembering that but for his judgment and consequent activity we might have got no publication at all in that quarter, we may well be content with £200.

Mr Lewes has not got the life of Heine, and will be much pleased and obliged by your gift.

Major Lockhart's lively letter gives one a longing for the fresh breezy life and fine scenery it conjures up. You must let me know when there is a book of his, because when I have done my own I shall like to read something else by him. I got much pleasure out of the two books I did read. But when I am writing, or only thinking of writing, fiction of my own, I cannot risk the reading of other English

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 15th
Dec. 1875.

fiction. I was obliged to tell Anthony Trollope so, when he sent me the first part of his 'Prime Minister,' though this must seem sadly ungracious to those who don't share my susceptibilities.

Apparently there are wild reports about the subject-matter of 'Deronda,'—among the rest, that it represents French life! But that is hardly more ridiculous than the supposition that after refusing to go to America, I should undertake to describe society there! It is wonderful how 'Middlemarch' keeps afloat in people's minds. Somebody told me that Mr Henry Sidgwick said it was a bold thing to write another book after 'Middlemarch;' and we must prepare ourselves for the incalculableness of the public reception in the first instance. I think I have heard you say, that the chief result of your ample experience has been to convince you of that incalculableness.

What a blow for Miss Thackeray—the death of that sister to whom she was so closely bound in affection.

Journal,
1875.

Dec. 25.—After our return from Wales in October I grew better, and wrote with some success. For the last three weeks, however, I have been suffering from a cold and its effects so as to be unable to make any progress. Meanwhile the two first volumes of 'Daniel Deronda' are in print, and the first book is to be published on February 1st. I have thought very poorly of it myself throughout, but George and the Blackwoods are full of satisfaction in it. Each part as I see it before me *im Werden* seems less likely to be anything else than a failure; but

I see on looking back this morning—Christmas Day —that I really was in worse health and suffered equal depression about 'Romola;' and, so far as I have recorded, the same thing seems to be true of 'Middlemarch.'

Journal,
Dec. 25,
1875.

I have finished the fifth book, but am not far on in the sixth, as I hoped to have been,—the oppression under which I have been labouring having positively suspended my power of writing anything that I could feel satisfaction in.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1873 TO DECEMBER 1875.

Reception of 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Alex. Main—Cheap edition of 'Middlemarch' wanted—Letter to John Blackwood—Mr Anthony Trollope—Dutch translation of George Eliot's novels—Letter to Mrs Cross—Evening drives at Weybridge—Letter to John Blackwood—Letter to Miss Wellington—Sympathy with the young—German reprint of 'Spanish Gypsy'—'The Lifted Veil'—'Kenelm Chillingly'—Letter to Mrs William Smith on her Memoir of her husband—Pleasure in young life—Letter to John Blackwood—Want of a Conservative leader—Letter to Mr Burne Jones—The function of art—Purpose in art—"Iphigenia in Aulis"—Letter to Mrs Congreve, welcoming her home—Letter to Alex. Main—success of 'Middlemarch'—Letter to Mrs William Smith on women at Cambridge—Visit to Mr Frederic Myers at Cambridge—Meets Mr Henry Sidgwick, Mr Jebb, Mr Edmund Gurney, Mr Balfour, and Mr Lyttelton,

and Mrs and Miss Huth—Letter to Alex. Main—Impressions of her books on the young—Letter to Mrs Bray—Death of Miss Rebecca Franklin—Visit to the Master of Balliol—Meets Mr and Mrs Charles Roundell—Professor Green—Max Müller—Thompson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge—Nine weeks' trip to the Continent—Letter to Mrs Congreve from Homburg—Fontainebleau, Plombières, and Luxeuil—Two months' stay at Bickley—Letter to Mrs Cross on journey abroad and Blackbrook—Letter to John Blackwood—New edition of 'Middlemarch'—A real Lowick in a Midland county—Cheap editions—Letter to Mrs Cross on the pleasures of the country and on Mr Henry Sidgwick—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—House in the country—Letter to J. W. Cross on conformity—Letter to John Blackwood—Interruptions of town life—Simmering towards another book—Berlin reading 'Middlemarch'—Ashantee war—Letter to Madame Bodichon—The George Howards—John Stuart Mill's Autobiography—Letter to Mrs Cross on Christmas invitation—Dr Andrew Clark—Letter to Mrs Bray on stupidity of readers—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Retrospect of 1873—Sales of 'Middlemarch' and 'Spanish Gypsy'—Letter to Mrs William Smith—"Plain living and high thinking"—Letter to John Blackwood—Conservative reaction—Cheaper edition of novels—Lord Lytton's 'Fables'—Dickens's 'Life,' and biography in general—Letter to John Blackwood—Volume of poems—Letter to Mrs Bray—Motives for children—Letter to Miss Hennell—Francis Newman—George Dawson—'The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems,' published—'Symposium' written—Letter to Miss Mary Cross thanking her for a vase—Letter to Alex. Main—'Agatha'—Letter to Mrs Cross—Delight in country—Letter to John Blackwood—Threatened restoration of the Empire in France—"Brewing"—'Deronda'—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor on Mrs Nassau Senior's report—Letter to Mrs William Smith on consolations in loss—Letter to Madame Bodichon—No disposition to melancholy—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—The serious view of life—Letter to John Blackwood—Justifications for writing—Dean Liddell—Letter to Mrs Stowe—Goethe's mysticism—Letter to Miss Hennell—Visit to Six-Mile Bottom

-Paris and the Ardennes—Bank of England and Woolwich Arsenal—Letter to Mrs Ponsonby—The idea of God an exaltation of human goodness—Vision of others' needs—Ground of moral action—Need of altruism—The power of the will—Difficulties of thought—Letter to Alex. Main on his sympathy—Sales of books—Retrospect of 1874—Letter to Francis Otter on his engagement—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Note writing—Home for girls—Letter to Mrs Ponsonby—Value of early religious experience—Limitations of scientists—Letter to John Blackwood—Kinglake's 'Crimea'—Discipline of war—'Rasselas'—Miss Thackeray—Anthony Trollope—Letter to Mrs Ponsonby—Desire to know the difficulties of others—Companion in the struggle of thought—Mr Spencer's teaching—The value of poets—Emotion blending with thought—Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith—Her Memoir—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—The world of light and speech—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Rickmansworth—Letter to Alex. Main on plans for the year—Letter to F. Harrison asking for consultation—Letter to J. W. Cross—"The Elms"—Depression—Letter to Mrs Ponsonby—The Brewing interest—Conciliation of necessitarianism with will—Innate ideas—Death of Herbert Lewes—Trip to Wales—Letter to John Blackwood—Not satisfied with 'Deronda'—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Mode of publication of books—Letter to John Blackwood—Gwendolen—Letter to Miss Hennell—Miss Lewis—Letter to John Blackwood—Impressions of 'Deronda'—Major Lockhart—Depression about 'Deronda.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 17th
March 1876.

WE have just come in from Weybridge, but are going to take refuge there again on Monday, for a few days more of fresh air and long, breezy afternoon walks. Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending me the cheering account of sales.

Mr Lewes has not heard any complaints of not understanding Gwendolen, but a strong partisanship for and against her. My correspondence about the misquotation of Tennyson has quieted itself since the fifth letter. But one gentleman has written me a very pretty note, taxing me with having wanted insight into the technicalities of Newmarket, when I made Lush say—"I will *take* odds." He judges that I should have written—"I will lay odds." On the other hand, another expert contends that the case is one in which Lush would be more likely to say, "I will take odds." What do you think? I told my correspondent that I had a dread of being righteously pelted with mistakes that would make a cairn above me—a monument and a warning to people who write novels without being omniscient and infallible.

Mr Lewes is agitating himself over a fifth reading of revise, Book VI., and says he finds it more interesting than on any former reading. It is agreeable to have a home criticism of this kind! But I am deep in the fourth volume, and cannot any longer care about what is past and done for—the passion of the moment is as much as I can live in.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 17th
March 1876.

We had beautiful skies with our cold, and only now and then a snow shower. It is grievous to read of the suffering elsewhere from floods.

I am well pleased that 'Deronda' touches you. *I wanted* you to prefer the chapter about Mirah's finding; and I hope you will also like her history in Part III., which has just been published.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
30th March
1876.

We want very much to get away, but I fear we shall hardly be able to start till the end of May. At present we think of the Maritime Alps as a destination for the warm summer—if we have such a season this year; but we shall wander a little on our way thither, and not feel bound to accomplish anything in particular. Meanwhile we are hearing some nice music occasionally; and we are going to see Tennyson's play, which is to be given on the 15th. The occasion will be very interesting, and I should be very sorry to miss it.

We have been getting a little refreshment from two flights between Sundays to Weybridge. But we have had the good a little drained from us by going out to dinner two days in succession. At Sir James Paget's I was much interested to find that a gentle-looking, clear-eyed, neatly made man was Sir Garnet Wolseley; and I had some talk

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
30th March
1876.

with him, which quite confirmed the impression of him as one of those men who have a power of command by dint of their sweet temper, calm demeanour, and unswerving resolution. The next subject that has filled our chat lately has been the Blue Book on Vivisection, which you would like to look into. There is a great deal of matter for reflection in the evidence on the subject, and some good points have been lately put in print, and conversation that I should like to tell you of if I had time. Professor Clifford told us the other Sunday that Huxley complained of his sufferings from "the profligate lying of virtuous women."

Journal,
1876.

April 12.—On February 1st began the publication of 'Deronda,' and the interest of the public, strong from the first, appears to have increased with Book III. The day before yesterday I sent off Book VII. The success of the work at present is greater than that of 'Middlemarch' up to the corresponding point of publication. What will be the feeling of the public as the story advances, I am entirely doubtful. The Jewish element seems to me likely to satisfy nobody. I am in rather better health—having, perhaps, profited by some eight days' change at Weybridge.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
April 1876.

Your sympathetic letter is a welcome support to me in the rather depressed condition which has come upon me, from the effect, I imagine, of a chill taken in the sudden change from mildness to renewed winter. You can understand how trying it is to have a week of incompetence at the present stage of affairs. I am rather concerned to see that

the part is nearly a sheet smaller than any of the other parts. But Books V. and VI. are proportionately thick. It seemed inadmissible to add anything after the scene with Gwendolen; and to stick anything in not necessary to development between the foregoing chapters, is a form of "matter in the wrong place" particularly repulsive to my authorship's sensibility.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
April 1876.

People tell us that the book is enormously discussed, and I must share with you rather a neat coincidence which pleased us last week. Perhaps you saw what Mr Lewes told me of—namely, that [a critic] opined that the scenes between Lush and Grandcourt were not *vraisemblable*,—were of the imperious feminine, not the masculine, character. Just afterwards Mr Lewes was chatting with a friend, who, without having read the [criticism], or having the subject in the least led up to by Mr Lewes, said that he had been at Lady Waldegrave's, where the subject of discussion had been 'Deronda'; and Bernal Osborne, delivering himself on the book, said that the very best parts were the scenes between Grandcourt and Lush. Don't you think that Bernal Osborne has seen more of the Grandcourt and Lush life than that critic has seen? But several men of experience have put their fingers on those scenes as having surprising verisimilitude; and I naturally was peculiarly anxious about such testimony, where my construction was founded on a less direct knowledge.

We are rather vexed, now it is too late, that I did not carry out a sort of incipient intention to

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
April 1876.

expunge a motto from Walt Whitman which I inserted in Book IV. Of course the whole is irrevocable by this time; but I should have otherwise thought it worth while to have a new page, not because the motto itself is objectionable to me,—it was one of the finer things which had clung to me from among his writings,—but because, since I quote so few poets, my selection of a motto from Walt Whitman might be taken as a sign of a special admiration, which I am very far from feeling. How imperfectly one's mind acts in proof-reading! Mr Lewes had taken up Book IV. yesterday, to re-read it for his pleasure merely; and though he had read it several times before, he never till yesterday made a remark against taking a motto from Walt Whitman. I, again, had continually had an *appetency* towards removing the motto, and had never carried it out—perhaps from that sort of flaccidity which comes over me about what *has been* done, when I am occupied with what *is being* done.

People in their eagerness about my characters are quite angry, it appears, when their own expectations are not fulfilled—angry, for example, that Gwendolen accepts Grandcourt, &c., &c.

One reader is sure that Mirah is going to die very soon, and, I suppose, will be disgusted at her remaining alive. Such are the reproaches to which I make myself liable. However, that you seem to share Mr Lewes's strong feeling of Book VII. being no falling off in intensity makes me brave. Only endings are inevitably the least satisfactory part of any work in which there is any merit of development.

I forgot to say that the "tephillin" are the small leather bands or phylacteries, inscribed with supremely sacred words, which the Jew binds on his arms and head during prayer.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 18th
April 1876.

Any periphrasis which would be generally intelligible would be undramatic; and I don't much like explanatory footnotes in a poem or story. But I must consider what I can do to remedy the unintelligibility.

The printers have sadly spoiled the beautiful Greek name Kalonymos, which was the name of a celebrated family of scholarly Jews, transplanted from Italy into Germany in medieval times. But my writing was in fault.

Having a leisure half-hour unexpectedly this afternoon, I use it in writing to you, rather than trust to the time nearer our departure, which may be filled with small details of preparation. Even if you had not asked me, it would have been my impulse to send you a few lines, that I might thank you, with more directness than through my husband's report, for all your affectionate sympathy, and for the painstaking appreciation with which you continually cheer me. Generally, it is not good for me to be much within hearing of what is said about my books, until they are at a good distance from their birth and I am in the dispassionate mood towards them of a hen towards her feathered chickens. But some genuine signs of understanding which assure me that I have not missed my aim are a helpful blessing, and you are one who can give such signs.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
2d May
1876.

Letter to
Alex. Main,
2d May
1876.

Are you not sometimes made rather desponding by the reading of newspapers and periodicals? One cannot escape seeing and hearing something of political and literary criticism in one's need to know what one's fellow-men are doing, and all information is given in a soup of comment. The ignorance, the recklessness, the lack of any critical principles by which to distinguish what is matter of technical judgment and what of individual taste, the ridiculous absence of fundamental comparison, while hardly any judgment is passed without a futile and offensive comparison of one author with another,—“tired of all this,” I sometimes shrink from every article that pretends to be critical—I mean, of other people's productions, not of course my own, for you know I am well taken care of by my husband, and am saved from getting my mind poisoned with print about myself.

I trust that all is well with you in more material and domestic matters. We get great pleasure now from the thought of young lives filled with joyous activity. We, too, are unspeakably happy in our activity, but we have the drawback of increasing susceptibility to fatigue. I am often painfully anxious about Mr Lewes's health—the anxiety that one must pay as the price of loving greatly.

This letter says little that I should like to say; but let it have a symbolic significance, and stand as an indirect sign that I am always,—Yours with sincere regard.

Your letter was one of the best cordials I could have. Is there anything that cheers and strengthens

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 6th
May 1876.

more than the sense of another's worth and tenderness? And it was that sense that your letter stirred in me, not only by the words of fellowship and encouragement you give directly to me, but by all you tell me of your own feeling under your late painful experience. I had felt it long since I had heard of your and the Professor's wellbeing; but I need not say one word to you of the reasons why I am not active towards my distant friends except in thought. I *do* think of them, and have a tenacious memory of every little sign they have given me. Please offer my reverential love to the Professor, and tell him I am ruthlessly proud that I kept him out of his bed. I hope that both you and he will continue to be interested in my spiritual children. My cares for them are nearly at an end, and in a few weeks we expect to set out on a Continental journey, as the sort of relaxation which carries one most thoroughly away from studies and social claims. You rightly divine that I am a little overdone, but my fatigue is due not to any excess of work so much as to the vicissitudes of our long winter, which have affected me severely, as they have done all delicate people. It is true that some nervous wear, such as you know well, from the excitement of writing, may have made me more susceptible to knife-like winds and sudden chills.

Though you tenderly forbade me to write in answer to your letter, I like to do it in these minutes when I happen to be free, lest hindrances should come in the indefinite future. I am the happier for thinking that you will have had this little bit of a

Letter to :
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 6th
May 1876.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 6th
May 1876.

letter to assure you that the sweet rain of your affection did not fall on a sandy place.

I make a delightful picture of your life in your orange-grove — taken care of by dear daughters. Climate enters into *my* life with an influence the reverse of what I like to think of in yours. Sun-light and sweet air make a new creature of me. But we cannot bear now to exile ourselves from our own country, which holds the roots of our moral and social life. One fears to become selfish and emotionally withered by living abroad, and giving up the numerous connections with fellow-country men and women whom one can further a little towards both public and private good.

I wonder whether you ever suffered much from false writing (about your biography and motives) in the newspapers. I daresay that pro-slavery prints did not spare you. But I should be glad to think that there was less impudent romancing about you as a *citoyenne* of the States, than there appears to be about me as a stranger. But it is difficult for us English, who have not spent any time in the United States, to know the rank that is given to the various newspapers; and we may make the mistake of giving emphasis to some American journalism which is with you as unknown to respectable minds as a low-class newspaper with us.

When we come back from our journeying, I shall be interesting myself in the MS. and proofs of my husband's third volume of his "Problems," which will then go to press, and shall plunge myself into the mysteries of our nervous tissue, as the Professor

has been doing into the mysteries of the middle ages. I have a cousinship with him in that taste—but how to find space in one's life for all the subjects that solicit one? My studies have lately kept me away from the track of my husband's researches, and I feel behindhand in my wifely sympathies. You know the pleasure of such interchange—husband and wife each keeping to their own work, but loving to have cognisance of the other's course.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 6th
May 1876.

God bless you, dear friend. Beg the Professor to accept my affectionate respect, and believe me always yours with love.

June 3.—Book V. published a week ago. Growing interest in the public, and growing sale, which has from the beginning exceeded that of 'Middlemarch.' The Jewish part apparently creating strong interest.

Journal,
1876.

The useful "companion," which your loving care has had marked with my initials, will go with me, and be a constant sign of the giver's precious affection, which you have expressed in words such as I most value.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
3d June
1876.

Even success needs its consolations. Wide effects are rarely other than superficial, and would breed a miserable scepticism about one's work if it were not now and then for an earnest assurance such as you give me, that there are lives in which the work has done something "to strengthen the good and mitigate the evil."

I am pursued to the last with some bodily trouble—this week it has been sore throat. But I am

emerging, and you may think of me next week as raising my "Ebenezer."

Love and blessings to you all.

The manuscript of 'Daniel Deronda' bears the following inscription :

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes.

"Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate :
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Journal,
1876.

June 10. We set off on our journey, intending to go to San Martino Lantosc in the Maritime Alps. But I was ill at Aix, where the heat had become oppressive, and we turned northwards after making a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes—stayed a few days at Lausanne, then at Vevey, where again I was ill; then by Berne and Zurich to Ragatz, where we were both set up sufficiently to enjoy our life. After Ragatz to Heidelberg, the Klönthal, Schaffhausen, St Blasien in the Black Forest, and then home by Strasburg, Nancy, and Amiens, arriving September 1.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
July 1876,
from Ragatz.

After much travelling, we seem to have reached the right place for our health and comfort; and as we hope to stay here for at least a fortnight, I have begun to entertain selfish thoughts about you, and the possibility of having news from you. Our

month's absence seems long to us --- filled with various scenes and various ailments; but to you, I daresay, the request for a letter to tell us what has happened will seem to have come before there is anything particular to tell.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
July 1876;
from Ragatz.

On our arriving at Aix, the effect of railway travelling and heat on me warned us to renounce our project of going to the Maritime Alps, and to turn northward; so after resting at Aix, we went to Chambéry, just to make a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes, and then set our faces northward, staying at beautiful Lausanne and Vevey for a week, and then coming on by easy stages to this nook in the mountains. In spite of illness we have had much enjoyment of the lovely scenery we have been dwelling in ever since we entered Savoy, where one gets what I most delight in --- the combination of rich, well cultivated land, friendly to man, and the grand outline and atmospheric effect of mountains near and distant.

This place seems to be one of the quietest baths possible. Such fashion as there is, is of a German, unimposing kind; and the King of Saxony, who is at the twin hotel with this, is, I imagine, a much quieter kind of eminence than a London stock-broker. At present the company seems to be almost exclusively Swiss and German, but all the appliances for living and carrying on the "cure" are thoroughly generous and agreeable. We rose at five this morning, drank our glasses of warm water, and walked till a quarter to seven, then breakfasted, and from half-past eight to eleven

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 6th
July 1876,
from Ragatz.

walked to Bad Pfeffers and back again, along a magnificent ravine where the Tamine boils down beneath a tremendous wall of rock, and where it is interesting to see the electric telegraph leaping from the summit, crossing the gulf, and then quietly running by the roadside till it leaps upward again to the opposite summit.

You may consider us as generally ill-informed, and as ready to make much of a little news as any old provincial folk in the days when the stage-coach brought a single London paper to the village Crown or Red Lion. We have known that Servia has declared war against Turkey; and that Harriet Martineau is dead as well as George Sand.

Our weather has been uniformly splendid since we left Paris, with the exception of some storms, which have conveniently laid the dust.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 2d
Sept. 1876.

We reached home only last night, and had scarcely taken our much-needed dinner before a parcel was brought in which proved to be 'Daniel Deronda' in the four bound volumes, and various letters, with other "missiles"—as an acquaintance of mine once quite naively called his own favours to his correspondents—which have at present only gone to swell a heap that I mean to make acquaintance with very slowly. Mr Lewes, however, is more eager than I, and he has just brought up to me a letter which has certainly gratified me more than anything else of the sort I ever received. It is from Dr Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi here, expressing his "warm appreciation of the fidelity with which some of the best traits of the Jewish

character have been depicted by," &c., &c. I think this will gratify you.

Letter to
John Black
wood, 2d
Sept. 1876.

We are both the better for our journey, and I consider myself in as good case as I can ever reasonably expect. We can't be made young again, and must not be surprised that infirmities recur in spite of mineral waters and air 3000 feet above the sea-level. After Ragatz, we stayed at Stachelberg and Klönthal—two lovely places, where an English face is seldom seen. Another delicious spot, where the air is fit for the gods of Epicurus, is St Blasien, in the Schwarzwald, where also we saw no English or American visitors, except such as *übernachten* there and pass on. We have done exploits in walking, usually taking four or five hours of it daily.

I hope that you and yours have kept well, and have enjoyed the heat rather than suffered from it. I confess myself glad to think that this planet has not become hopelessly chilly. Draughts and chills are my enemies, and but for them I should hardly ever be ailing.

The four volumes look very handsome on the outside. Please thank Mr William Blackwood for many kind notes he wrote me in the days of MS. and proofs—not one of which I ever answered or took notice of except for my own behoof.

We got home again last Friday, much strengthened by our journey, notwithstanding vicissitudes. I suppose you will not be in town for ages to come, but I let you know that I am here in case you have anything to say to me by letter—about "objects."

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
6th Sept.
1876.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
6th Sept.
1876.

After leaving Ragatz we still kept in Eastern Switzerland, in high valleys unvisited by the English ; and in our homeward line of travel we paused in the Schwarzwald at St Blasien, which is a *Luft-kurort*, all green hills and pines with their tops as still as if it were the abode of the gods.

But imagine how we enjoy being at home again in our own chairs, with the familiar faces giving us smiles which are not expecting change in franc pieces !

We are both pretty well, but of course not cured of all infirmities. Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years. Still we are thoroughly lively and "spry."

I hope that the hot summer has passed agreeably for you, and not been unfavourable to your health or comfort. Of course a little news of you will be welcome, even if you don't particularly want to say anything to me.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Oct.
1876.

My blessing on you for your sweet letter, which I count among the blessings given to me. Yes ; women can do much for the other women (and men) to come. My impression of the good there is in all unselfish efforts is continually strengthened. Doubtless many a ship is drowned on expeditions of discovery or rescue, and precious freights lie buried. But there was the good of manning and furnishing the ship with a great purpose before it set out.

We are going into Cambridgeshire this week,

and are watching the weather with private views.¹

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d Oct.
1876.

I have had some very interesting letters both from Jews and from Christians about 'Deronda.' Part of the scene at the club is translated into Hebrew in a German-Jewish newspaper. On the other hand, a Christian (highly accomplished) thanks me for embodying the principles by which Christ wrought and will conquer. This is better than the laudation of readers who cut the book up into scraps, and talk of nothing in it but Gwendolen. I meant everything in the book to be related to everything else there.

I quite enter into Miss Jekyll's view of negative beauty. Life tends to accumulate "messes" about one, and it is hard to rid one's self of them because of the associations attached. I get impatient sometimes, and long, as Andrew Fairservice would say, to "kaim off the fleas" as one does in a cathedral spoiled by monuments out of keeping with the pillars and walls.

I had felt it long before you let me have some news of you. How could you repeat deliberately that bad dream of your having made yourself "objectionable"? I will answer for it that you were never objectionable to any creature, except perhaps

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 14th
Oct. 1876.

¹ This was a visit to Six-Mile Bottom, where M. Turgenieff, who was a very highly valued friend of Mr and Mrs Lewes, had come to compare his experiences of Russian and English sport. I remember George Eliot telling me that she had never met any literary man whose society she enjoyed so thoroughly and so unrestrainedly as she did that of M. Turgenieff. They had innumerable bonds of sympathy.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 14th
Oct. 1876.

to your own self—a too modest and shrinking self. I trusted in your understanding last spring that I was glad to hear from my friends without having to make the effort of answering, when answering was not demanded for practical purposes. My health was not good, and I was absorbed as to my working power, though not as to my interest and sympathy.

You have been in my mind of late, not only on your own account but in affectionate association with our dear Mrs Ruck, whose acquaintance I owe to you.

On my return from abroad I found among my heap of letters a delightful one from her, written, I think, at the end of June, as bright and cheering as the hills under the summer sky. And only a day or two after we saw that sad news in the 'Times.' I think of her beautiful open face, with the marks of grief upon it. Why did you write me such a brief letter, telling me nothing about your own life?

I am a poor correspondent, and have to answer many letters from people less interesting to me than you are. Will you not indulge me by writing more to me than you expect me to write to you? That would be generous. We both came back the better for our three months' journeying, though I was so ill after we had got to the south that we thought of returning, and went northward in that expectation. But Ragatz set me up, so far as I expect to be set up, and we greatly enjoyed our fresh glimpses of Swiss scenery.

Mr Lewes is now printing his third volume of

‘Problems of Life and Mind,’ and is, as usual, very happy over his work. He shares my interest in everything that relates to you; and be assured—will you not?—that such interest will always be warm in us. I shall not, while I live, cease to be yours affectionately.

Letter to
Mrs Wm.
Smith, 14th
Oct. 1876.

Oct. 20.—Looking into accounts *apropos* of an offer from Blackwood for another ten years of copy-right, I find that before last Christmas there had been distributed 24,577 copies of ‘Middlemarch.’

Journal,
1876.

“Evermore thanks” for your last letter, full of generous sympathy that can afford to be frank. The lovely photograph of the grandson will be carefully preserved. It has the sort of beauty which seems to be peculiarly abundant in America, at once rounded and delicate in form.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe,¹ 29th
Oct. 1876.

I do hope you will be able to carry out your wish to visit your son at Bonn, notwithstanding that heavy crown of years that your dear Rabbi has to carry. If the sea voyage could be borne without much disturbance, the land journey might be made easy by taking it in short stages—the plan we always pursue in travelling. You see, I have an interested motive in wishing you to come to Europe again, since I can’t go to America. But I enter thoroughly into the disinclination to move when there are studies that make each day too short. If we were neighbours, I should be in danger of getting troublesome to the revered Orientalist, with all kinds of questions.

¹ This letter is in acknowledgment of a letter from Mrs Beecher Stowe on ‘Daniel Deronda.’

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 29th
Oct. 1876.

As to the Jewish element in 'Deronda,' I expected from first to last, in writing it, that it would create much stronger resistance, and even repulsion, than it has actually met with. But precisely because I felt that the usual attitude of Christians towards Jews is—I hardly know whether to say more impious or more stupid, when viewed in the light of their professed principles, I therefore felt urged to treat Jews with such sympathy and understanding as my nature and knowledge could attain to. Moreover, not only towards the Jews, but towards all Oriental peoples with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable which has become a national disgrace to us. There is nothing I should care more to do, if it were possible, than to rouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs. But towards the Hebrews we western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called "educated" making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek. To my feeling, this deadness

to the history which has prepared half our world for us, this inability to find interest in any form of life that is not clad in the same coat-tails and flounces as our own, lies very close to the worst kind of irreligion. The best that can be said of it is, that it is a sign of the intellectual narrowness—in plain English, the stupidity—which is still the average mark of our culture.

Letter to
Mrs H. B.
Stowe, 29th
Oct. 1876.

Yes, I expected more aversion than I have found. But I was happily independent in material things, and felt no temptation to accommodate my writing to any standard except that of trying to do my best in what seemed to me most needful to be done; and I sum up with the writer of the Book of Maccabees—"If I have done well, and as befits the subject, it is what I desired; and if I have done ill, it is what I could attain unto."

You are in the middle of a more glorious autumn than ours, but we, too, are having now and then a little sunshine on the changing woods. I hope that I am right in putting the address from which you wrote to me on the 25th September, so that my note may not linger away from you, and leave you to imagine me indifferent or negligent.

Please offer my reverent regard to Mr Stowe.

We spent three months in East Switzerland, and are the better for it.

Any one who knows from experience what bodily infirmity is—how it spoils life even for those who have no other trouble—gets a little impatient of healthy complainants, strong enough for extra work and ignorant of indigestion. I at least should be

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1876.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
22d Nov.
1876.

inclined to scold the discontented young people who tell me in one breath that they never have anything the matter with them, and that life is not worth having—if I did not remember my own young discontent. It is remarkable to me that I have entirely lost my *personal* melancholy. I often, of course, have melancholy thoughts about the destinies of my fellow-creatures, but I am never in that *mood* of sadness which used to be my frequent visitant even in the midst of external happiness. And this, notwithstanding a very vivid sense that life is declining and death close at hand. We are waiting with some expectation for Miss Martineau's Autobiography, which, I fancy, will be charming so far as her younger and less renowned life extends. All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity—or some reputation that hardly comes up to celebrity. But autobiography at least saves a man or woman that the world is curious about from the publication of a string of mistakes called "Memoirs." It would be nice if we could be a trio—I mean you, Cara, and I—chatting together for an hour as we used to do when I had walked over the hill to see you. But that pleasure belongs to "the days that are no more." Will you believe that an accomplished man some years ago said to me that he saw no place for the exercise of *resignation*, when there was no personal divine will contemplated as ordaining sorrow or privation. He is not yet aware that he is getting old, and needing that unembittered compliance of soul with the inevitable which seems to

me a full enough meaning for the word "resignation."

Dec. 1.—Since we came home at the beginning of September, I have been made aware of much repug- Journal,
1876.
nance, or else indifference, towards the Jewish part of 'Deronda,' and of some hostile as well as adverse reviewing. On the other hand, there have been the strongest expressions of interest—some persons adhering to the opinion, started during the early numbers, that the book is my best. Delightful letters have here and there been sent to me; and the sale both in America and in England has been an unmistakable guarantee that the public has been touched. Words of gratitude have come from Jews and Jewesses, and these are certain signs that I may have contributed my mite to a good result. The sale hitherto has exceeded that of 'Middlemarch,' as to the £2, 2s. four-volume form, but we do not expect an equal success for the guinea edition, which has lately been issued.

Dec. 11.—We have just bought a house in Surrey, and think of it as making a serious change in our life—namely, that we shall finally settle there and give up town.

This was a charming house—the Heights, Witley, near Godalming. It stands on a gentle hill, overlooking a lovely bit of characteristic English scenery. In the foreground green fields, prettily timbered, undulate up to the high ground of Haslemere in front, with Blackdown (where Tennyson lives) on the left hand, and Hind Head on the right—"Heights that

laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September." Below, the white steam-pennon flies along in the hollow. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are enchanting. A land of pine-woods and copses, village greens and heather-covered hills, with the most delicious old red or grey brick, timbered cottages nestling among creeping roses — the sober-coloured tiles of their roofs, covered with lichen, offering a perpetual harmony to the eye. The only want in the landscape is the want of flowing water. About the house there are some eight or nine acres of pleasure-ground and gardens. It quite fulfilled all expectations, as regards beauty and convenience of situation, though I am not quite sure that it was bracing enough for health.

Journal,
1876.

Dec. 15.—At the beginning of this week I had deep satisfaction from reading in the 'Times' the report of a lecture on 'Daniel Deronda,' delivered by Dr Hermann Adler to the Jewish working men, —a lecture showing much insight, and implying an expectation of serious benefit. Since then I have had a delightful letter from the Jewish Theological Seminary at Breslau, written by an American Jew, named Isaacs, who excuses himself for expressing his feeling of gratitude on reading 'Deronda,' and assures me of his belief that it has even already had an elevating effect on the minds of some among his people —predicting that the effect will spread.

I have also had a request from Signor Bartolommeo Aquarone, of Siena, for leave to translate

'Romola,' and declaring that, as one who has given special study to the history of San Marco, and has written a life of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, he cares that 'Romola' should be known to his countrymen, for their good. *Magnificat anima mea!* And last night I had a letter from Dr Benisch, editor of the 'Jewish Chronicle,' announcing a copy of the paper containing an article written by himself on reading 'Deronda' (there have long ago been two articles in the same journal reviewing the book), and using strong words as to the effect the book is producing. I record these signs, that I may look back on them if they come to be confirmed.

Journal,
15th Dec.
1876.

Dec. 31.—We have spent the Christmas with our friends at Weybridge, but the greater part of the time I was not well enough to enjoy greatly the pleasures their affection prepared for us.

Farewell 1876!

Jan. 1.—The year opens with public anxieties. First, about the threatening war in the East; and next, about the calamities consequent on the continued rains. As to our private life, all is happiness, perfect love, and undiminished intellectual interest. G.'s third volume is about half-way in print.

Journal,
1877.

I don't know that I ever heard anybody use the word "meliorist" except myself. But I begin to think that there is no good invention or discovery that has not been made by more than one person.

Letter to
James Sully,
19th Jan.
1877.

The only good reason for referring to the "source" would be, that you found it useful for the doctrine of meliorism to cite one unfashion-

able confessor of it in the face of the fashionable extremes.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
Jan. 1877.

What are we to do about 'Romola'? It ought to range with the cheap edition of my books—which, *exceptis excipiendis*, is a beautiful edition—as well as with any handsomer series which the world's affairs may encourage us to publish. The only difficulty lies in the illustrations required for uniformity. The illustrations in the other volumes are, as Mr Lewes says, not queerer than those which amuse us in Scott and Miss Austen, with one exception—namely, that where Adam is making love to Dinah, which really enrages me with its unctuousness. I would gladly pay something to be rid of it. The next worst is that of Adam in the wood with Arthur Donnithorne. The rest are endurable to a mind well accustomed to resignation. And the vignettes on the title-pages are charming. But if an illustrator is wanted, I know one whose work is exquisite—Mrs Allingham.

This is not a moment for new ventures, but it will take some time to prepare 'Romola.' I should like to see proofs, feeling bound to take care of my text; and I have lately been glancing into a book on Italian things, where almost every citation I alighted on was incorrectly printed. I have just read through the cheap edition of 'Romola,' and though I have only made a few alterations of an unimportant kind—the printing being unusually correct—it would be well for me to send this copy to be printed from. I think it must be nearly ten years since I read the book before, but there is no

book of mine about which I more thoroughly feel that I could swear by every sentence as having been written with my best blood, such as it is, and with the most ardent care for veracity of which my nature is capable. It has made me often sob with a sort of painful joy as I have read the sentences which had faded from my memory. This helps one to bear false representations with patience; for I really don't love any gentleman who undertakes to state my opinions well enough to desire that I should find myself all wrong in order to justify his statement.

I wish, whenever it is expedient, to add "The Lifted Veil" and "Brother Jacob," and so fatten the volume containing "Silas Marner," which would thus become about 100 pp. thicker.

Mr Lewes feels himself innocent of dialect in general, and of Midland dialect in especial. Hence I presume to take your reference on the subject as if it had been addressed to me. I was born and bred in Warwickshire, and heard the Leicestershire, North Staffordshire, and Derbyshire dialects during visits made in my childhood and youth. These last are represented (mildly) in 'Adam Bede.' The Warwickshire talk is broader, and has characteristics which it shares with other Mercian districts. Moreover, dialect, like other living things, tends to become mongrel, especially in a central, fertile, and manufacturing region, attractive of migration; and hence the Midland talk presents less interesting relics of elder grammar than the more northerly dialects.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
Jan. 1877.

Letter to
William
Allingham
8th March
1877.

Letter to
William
Allingham,
8th March
1877.

Perhaps, unless a poet has a dialect ringing in his ears, so as to shape his metre and rhymes according to it at one jet, it is better to be content with a few suggestive touches; and I fear that the stupid public is not half grateful for studies in dialect beyond such suggestions.

I have made a few notes, which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you in the absence of more accomplished aid:—

1. The vowel always a double sound, the *y* sometimes present, sometimes not; either *aïl* or *yaïl*. *Hither* not heard except in *e'moother*, addressed to horses.

2. *Thou* never heard. In general, the 2d person singular not used in Warwickshire except occasionally to young members of a family, and then always in the form of *thee*—i.e., 'ee. For the *emphatic* nominative, *yo*, like the Lancashire. For the accusative, *yer*, without any sound of the *r*. The demonstrative *those* never heard among the common people (unless when caught by infection from the parson, &c.) *Self* pronounced *sen*. The *f* never heard in *of*, nor the *n* in *in*.

3. Not *gear* but 'ear. On the other hand, with the usual "compensation," head is pronounced *yead*.

4. "A gallows little chap as e'er ye see."

5. Here's *to* you, maäster.

Saäm to yo.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
20th March
1877.

You must read Harriet Martineau's 'Autobiography.' The account of her childhood and early youth is most pathetic and interesting; but, as in

all books of the kind, the charm departs as the life advances, and the writer has to tell of her own triumphs. One regrets continually that she felt it necessary not only to tell of her intercourse with many more or less distinguished persons—which would have been quite pleasant to everybody—but also to pronounce upon their entire merits and demerits, especially when, if she had died as soon as she expected, these persons would nearly all have been living to read her gratuitous rudenesses. Still I hope the book will do more good than harm. Many of the most interesting little stories in it about herself and others she had told me (and Mr Atkinson) when I was staying with her, almost in the very same words. But they were all the better for being told in her silvery voice. She was a charming talker, and a perfect lady in her manners as a hostess.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
20th March
1877.

We are only going to bivouac in our Surrey home for a few months, to try what alterations are necessary. We shall come back to this corner in the autumn. We don't think of giving up London altogether at present, but we may have to give up life before we come to any decision on that minor point.

Pray bring Madame Mario to see us again. But bear in mind that on Sunday the 27th—which probably will be our last Sunday in London—Holmes the violinist is coming to play, with Mrs Vernon Lushington to accompany him. Don't mention to any one else that they are coming, lest the audience should be larger than he wishes.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th May
1877.

We are working a little too hard at "pleasure" just now. This morning we are going for the third time to a Wagner rehearsal at 10 o'clock.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th May
1877.

I have not read, and do not mean to read, Mrs Chapman's volume, so that I can judge of it only by report. You seem to me to make a very good case for removing the weight of blame from her shoulders, and transferring it to the already burthened back of Harriet Martineau. But I confess that the more I think of the book, and all connected with it, the more it deepens my repugnance—or rather, creates a new repugnance in me—to autobiography, unless it can be so written as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeachment of others. I like that the "*He, being dead, yet speaketh,*" should have quite another meaning than that. But however the blame may be distributed, it remains a grievously pitiable thing to me that man, or woman, who has cared about a future life in the minds of a coming generation or generations, should have deliberately, persistently mingled with that prospect the ignoble desire to perpetuate personal animosities, which can never be rightly judged by those immediately engaged in them. And Harriet Martineau, according to the witness of those well acquainted with facts which she represents in her Autobiography, was quite remarkably apt to have a false view of her relations with others. In some cases she gives a ridiculously inaccurate account of the tenor or bearing of correspondence held with her. One would not for a moment want to dwell on the weakness of a character on the whole

valuable and beneficent, if it were not made need-
ful by the ready harshness with which she has in-
fllicted pain on others.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
15th May
1877.

No; I did not agree with you about the Byron case. I understand by the teaching of my own egoism—and therefore I can sympathise with—any act of self-vindicating or vindictive rage under the immediate infliction of what is felt to be a wrong or injustice. But I have no sympathy with self-vindication, or the becoming a proxy in vindication, deliberately bought at such a price as that of vitiating revelations—which may even possibly be false. To write a letter in a rage is very pardonable—even a letter full of gall and bitterness, meant as a sort of poisoned dagger. We poor mortals can hardly escape these sins of passion. But I have no pity to spare for the rancour that corrects its proofs and revises, and lays it by chuckling with the sense of its future publicity.

Hardly, since I became an author, have I had a deeper satisfaction—I may say, a more heartfelt joy—than you have given me in your estimate of ‘Daniel Deronda.’

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
31st May
1877.

I must tell you that it is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in me. For far worse than any verdict as to the proportion of good and evil in our work, is the painful impression that we write for a public which has no discernment of good and evil.

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aufmann,
st May
77.

Certainly if I had been asked to choose *what* should be written about my books, and *who* should write it, I should have sketched—well, not anything so good as what you have written, but an article which must be written by a Jew who showed not merely a sympathy with the best aspirations of his race, but a remarkable insight into the nature of art and the processes of the artistic mind.

Believe me, I should not have cared to devour even ardent praise if it had not come from one who showed the discriminating sensibility, the perfect response to the artist's intention, which must make the fullest, rarest joy to one who works from inward conviction, and not in compliance with current fashions.

Such a response holds for an author not only what is best in "the life that now is," but the promise of "that which is to come." I mean, that the usual approximative narrow perception of what one has been intending and profoundly feeling in one's work, impresses one with the sense that it must be poor perishable stuff, without roots to take any lasting hold in the minds of men; while any instance of complete comprehension encourages one to hope that the creative prompting has foreshadowed, and will continue to satisfy, a need in other minds.

Excuse me that I write but imperfectly, and perhaps dimly, what I have felt in reading your article. It has affected me deeply; and though the prejudice and ignorant obtuseness which has met

my effort to contribute something towards the ennobling of Judaism in the conceptions of the Christian community, and in the consciousness of the Jewish community, has never for a moment made me repent my choice, but rather has been added proof that the effort was needed—yet I confess that I had an unsatisfied hunger for certain signs of sympathetic discernment, which you only have given.

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
31st May
1877.

I may mention, as one instance, your clear perception of the relation between the presentation of the Jewish elements and those of English social life.

I write under the pressure of small hurries. For we are just moving into the country for the summer, and all things are in a vagrant condition around me. But I wished not to defer answering your letter to an uncertain opportunity.

I am greatly indebted to you for your letter. It has done something towards rousing me from what I will not call self-despair, but resignation to being of no use.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
14th June
1877.

I wonder whether you at all imagine the terrible pressure of disbelief in my own { duty } to speak
{ right }

to the public, which is apt with me to make all beginnings of work like a rowing against tide. Not that I am without more than my fair ounce of self-conceit and confidence that I know better than the critics, whom I don't take the trouble to read, but who seem to fill the air as with the smoke of bad tobacco.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
14th June
1877.

But I will not dwell on my antithetic experiences. I only mention them to show why your letter has done me a service, and also to help in the explanation of my mental attitude towards your requests or suggestions.

I do not quite understand whether you have in your mind any plan of straightway constructing a liturgy to which you wish me to contribute in a direct way. That form of contribution would hardly be within my powers. But your words of trust in me as possibly an organ of feelings which have not yet found their due expression, is as likely as any external call could be to prompt such perfectly unfettered productions as that which you say has been found acceptable.

I wasted some time, three years ago, in writing (what I do not mean to print) a poetic dialogue embodying, or rather shadowing very imperfectly, the actual contest of ideas. Perhaps what you have written to me may promote and influence a different kind of presentation. At any rate, all the words of your letter will be borne in mind, and will enter into my motives.

We are tolerably settled now in our camping, experimental fashion. Perhaps before the summer is far advanced, you may be in our neighbourhood, and come to look at us. I trust that Mrs Harrison is by this time in her usual health. Please give my love to her, and believe me always, with many grateful memories, yours sincerely.

It was a draught of real comfort and pleasure to have a letter written by your own hand, and one so

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d July
1877.

altogether cheerful.¹ I trust that you will by-and-by be able to write me word of continued progress. Hardly any bit of the kingdom, I fancy, would suit your taste better than your neighbourhood of the Land's End. You are not fond of bushy midland-fashioned scenery. We are enjoying the mixture of wildness and culture extremely, and so far as landscape and air go, we would not choose a different home from this. But we have not yet made up our minds whether we shall keep our house or sell it.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
2d July
1877.

Some London friends are also occasional dwellers in these parts. The day before yesterday we had Mr and Mrs Frederic Harrison, whose parents have a fine old Tudor house—Sutton Place—some three miles beyond Guildford. And do you remember Edmund Gurney? He and his graceful bride lunched with us the other day. And Miss Thackeray is married to-day to young Ritchie. I saw him at Cambridge, and felt that the nearly twenty years' difference between them was bridged hopefully by his solidity and gravity. This is one of several instances that I have known of lately, showing that young men with even brilliant advantages will often choose as their life's companion a woman whose attractions are chiefly of the spiritual order.

I often see you enjoying your sunsets and the wayside flowers.

I hope that this letter may be sent on to you in some delicious nook, where your dear wife is by

Letter to
William
Allingham,
26th Aug.
1877.

¹ Madame Bodichon had been dangerously ill.

Letter to
William
Allingham,
26th Aug
1877.

your side preparing to make us all richer with store of new sketches. I almost fear that I am implying unbecoming claims in asking you to send me a word or two of news about your twofold—nay, fourfold self. But you must excuse in me a presumption which is simply a feeling of spiritual kinship, bred by reading in the volume you gave me before we left town.

That tremendous tramp—"Life, Death; Life, Death"¹—makes me care the more, as age makes it the more audible to me, for those younger ones who are keeping step behind me.

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
12th Oct.
1877.

I trust it will not be otherwise than gratifying to you to know, that your stirring article on 'Daniel Deronda' is now translated into English by a son of Professor Ferrier, who was a philosophical writer of considerable mark. It will be issued in a handsomer form than that of the pamphlet, and will appear within this autumnal publishing season, Messrs Blackwood having already advertised it. Whenever a copy is ready, we shall have the pleasure of sending it to you. There is often something to be borne with in reading one's own writing in a translation, but I hope that in this case you will not be made to wince severely.

In waiting to send you this news, I seem to have deferred too long the expression of my warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translations of Lessing and the collection of Hebrew poems,

¹ Refers to a poem by W. Allingham, "The General Chorus," with a burden—

"Life, Death; Life, Death;
Such is the song of human breath."

—a kindness which I felt myself rather presumptuous in asking for, since your time must be well filled with more important demands. Yet I must further beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure Herr Bacher that I was most gratefully touched by the sympathetic verses with which he enriched the gift of his work

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
12th Oct.
1877.

I see by your last letter that your Theological Seminary was to open on the 4th of this month, so that this too retrospective letter of mine will reach you when you are in the midst of your new duties. I trust that this new institution will be a great good to professor and students, and that your position is of a kind that you contemplate as permanent. To teach the young personally has always seemed to me the most satisfactory supplement to teaching the world through books ; and I have often wished that I had such a means of having fresh living spiritual children within sight.

One can hardly turn one's thought towards Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and dread ; but we mass together distant scenes and events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any time press on you in Hungary with more external misfortune than on us in England.

Mr Lewes is happily occupied in his psychological studies. We both look forward to the reception of the work you kindly promised us, and he begs me to offer you his best regards.

I like to know that you have been thinking of me, and that you care to write to me ; and though

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
17th Oct.
1877.

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
17th Oct.
1877.

I will not disobey your considerate prohibition so far as to try to answer your letter fully, I must content my soul by telling you that we shall be settled in the old place by the end of the first week in November, and that I shall be delighted to see you then. There are many subjects that I shall have a special pleasure in talking of with you.

Let me say now that the passage quoted from your friend's letter is one that I am most glad to find falling in with your own attitude of mind. The view is what I have endeavoured to represent in a little poem called "Stradivarius," which you may not have happened to read—

"I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him."

And next, I think direct personal portraiture—or caricature—is a bastard kind of satire, that I am not disposed to think the better of because Aristophanes used it in relation to Socrates. Do you know that pretty story about Bishop Thirlwall? When somebody wanted to bring to him Forchhammer as a distinguished German writer, he replied, "No; I will never receive into my house the man who justified the death of Socrates!"

"Oh that we were all of one mind, and that mind good!" is an impossible-to-be-realised wish, and I don't wish it at all in its full extent. But I think it would be possible that men should differ speculatively as much as they do now, and yet be "of one mind" in the desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, in the desire to do an honest part towards

the general wellbeing, which has made a comfortable *nidus* for themselves, in the resolve not to sacrifice another to their own egoistic promptings. Pity and fairness—two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life—seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex.

Letter to the
Hon. Mrs
Ponsonby,
17th Oct.
1877.

I am so glad you have been enjoying Ireland in quiet. We love our bit of country, and are bent on keeping it as a summer refuge.

Appropos of authorship, I was a little uneasy on Sunday because I had seemed in the unmanageable current of talk to echo a too slight way of speaking about a great poet. I did not mean to say Amen when the 'Idylls of the King' seemed to be judged rather *de haut en bas*. I only meant that I should value for my own mind 'In Memoriam' as the chief of the larger works; and that while I feel exquisite beauty in passages scattered through the 'Idylls,' I must judge some smaller wholes among the lyrics as the works most decisive of Tennyson's high place among the immortals.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
6th Nov.
1877, from
The Priory.

Not that my deliverance on this matter is of any moment, but that I cannot bear to fall in with the sickening fashion of people who talk much about writers whom they read little, and pronounce on a great man's powers with only half his work in their mind, while if they remembered the other half, they would find their judgments as to his limits flatly contradicted. Then, again, I think

Tennyson's dramas such as the world should be glad of—and would be, if there had been no pre-judgment that he could not write a drama.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 10th
Nov. 1877.

Never augur ill because you do not hear from me. It is, you know, my profession *not* to write letters. Happily I can meet your kind anxiety by contraries. I have for two months and more been in better health than I have known for several years. This pleasant effect is due to the delicious air of the breezy Surrey hills; and further, to a friend's insistence on my practising lawn-tennis as a daily exercise.

We are in love with our Surrey house, and only regret that it hardly promises to be snug enough for us chilly people through the winter, so that we dare not think of doing without the warmer nest in town.

Journal,
1877.

Nov. 10.—We went to The Heights, Witley, at the beginning of June, after a delightful visit to Cambridge, and returned to this old home on the 29th October. We are at last in love with our Surrey house, and mean to keep it. The air and abundant exercise have quite renovated my health, and I am in more bodily comfort than I have known for several years. But my dear husband's condition is less satisfactory, his headaches still tormenting him.

Since the year began several little epochs have marked themselves. Blackwood offered for another ten years' copyright of my works, the previous agreement for ten years having expired. I declined, choosing to have a royalty. G.'s third volume has been well received, and has sold satis-

factorily for a book so little in the popular taste. A pleasant correspondence has been opened with Professor Kaufmann, now Principal of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Pesth; and his "Attempt at an Appreciation of 'Daniel Deronda'" has been translated into English by young Ferrier, son of Professor Ferrier.

Journal,
10th Nov.
1877.

A new Cabinet Edition of my works, including 'Romola,' has been decided on, and is being prepared; and there have been multiplied signs that the spiritual effect of 'Deronda' is growing. In America the book is placed above all my previous writings.

Our third little Hampstead grand-daughter has been born, and was christened Saturday the 3d—Elinor.

Yesterday Mr Macmillan came to ask me if I would undertake to write the volume on Shakspeare, in a series to be issued under the title "Men of Letters." I have declined.

Having a more secure freedom than I may have next week, I satisfy my eagerness to tell you that I am longing for the news of you which you have accustomed me to trust in as sure to come at this time of the year. You will give me, will you not, something more than an affectionate greeting? You will tell me how and where you have been, and what is the actual state of your health and spirits—whether you can still interest yourself in writing on great subjects without too much fatigue, and what companionship is now the most precious to you? We returned from our country home (with

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell.
16th Nov.
1877.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell,
16th Nov.
1877.

which we are much in love) at the beginning of this month, leaving it earlier than we wished because of the need to get workmen into it. Our bit of Surrey has the beauties of Scotland wedded to those of Warwickshire. During the last two months of our stay there, I was conscious of more health and strength than I have known for several years. Imagine me playing at lawn-tennis by the hour together! The world I live in is chiefly one that has grown around me in these later years, since we have seen so little of each other. Doubtless we are both greatly changed in spiritual as well as bodily matters, but I think we are unchanged in the friendship founded on early memories. I, for my part, feel increasing gratitude for the cheering and stimulus your companionship gave me, and only think with pain that I might have profited more by it if my mind had been more open to good influences.

Journal,
1877.

Nov. 26. —The other day we saw in the 'Times' that G.'s name had been proposed for the Rectorship of St Andrews. Blackwood writes me that in less than a month they have sold off all but 400 of the 5250 printed of 'Deronda;' and in October were sold 495 of the 3s. 6d. edition of 'Adam Bede.'

Our friend Dr Allbutt came to see us last week, after we had missed each other for three or four years.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
Dec. 1877.

I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright

bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be to string on a dark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merry-making with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our custom this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question—namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration.

So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning.

I am not afraid of your misunderstanding one word. You know that it is not a little love with which I am yours ever.

Your note yesterday gave me much comfort, and I thank you for sparing the time to write it.

The world cannot seem quite the same to me, as long as you are all in anxiety about her who is most precious to you¹—in immediate urgent

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
Dec. 1877.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
13th Dec.
1877.

¹ The beginning of my mother's last illness.

anxiety, that is. For love is never without its shadow of anxiety. We have this treasure in earthen vessels.

Letter to
Miss Char-
lotte Car-
michael
(now Mrs
Stopes),
26th Dec.
1877.

I thank you most gratefully for your kind greeting and pretty Christmas gifts, and am sympathetically touched by your care for your poor Islanders and Coastmen. The analogy you find between the Celt and the Hebrew seems to me also not fanciful but real. Both have a literature which has been a fount of religious feeling and imagination to other races. But I hardly see how I can do anything, as an author, to further that appreciation of the Celts which is now interesting many highly instructed writers. A sincere author, before he undertakes to handle any subject, must have not only the outward appeal, but the inward vocation which consists in special fitness.

I am delighted to see from your little paper, which gives an affecting picture of the men that must "win the bairnies' bread" by going forth into deep waters, how we are agreed in loving our incomparable Wordsworth.

Journal,
1877.

Dec. 31.—To-day I say a final farewell to this little book, which is the only record I have made of my personal life for sixteen years and more. I have often been helped, in looking back in it, to compare former with actual states of despondency, from bad health or other apparent causes. In this way a past despondency has turned to present hopefulness. But of course, as the years advance, there is a new rational ground for the expectation that my life may become less fruitful. The diffi-

culty is to decide how far resolution should set in the direction of activity, rather than in the acceptance of a more negative state. Many conceptions of work to be carried out present themselves, but confidence in my own fitness to complete them worthily is all the more wanting, because it is reasonable to argue that I must have already done my best. In fact, my mind is embarrassed by the number and wide variety of subjects that attract me, and the enlarging vista that each brings with it.

Journal,
31st Dec.
1877.

I shall record no more in this book, because I am going to keep a more business-like diary. Here ends 1877.

Yes, it is a comfort to me, in the midst of so many dispiriting European signs, that France has come so far through her struggle. And no doubt you are rejoicing too that London University has opened all its degrees to women.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th Jan.
1878.

I think we know no reading more amusing than the 'Times' just now. We are deep among the gravities. I have been reading aloud Green's first volume of his new, larger 'History of the English People;' and this evening have begun Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century'—in fact, we are dull old fogies, who are ill informed about anything that is going on of an amusing kind. On Monday we took a youth to the pantomime, but I found it a melancholy business. The dear old story of "Puss in Boots" was mis-handled in an exasperating way, and every incident as well as pretence of a character turned into a motive for the most vulgar kind of dancing. I came away

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
17th Jan.
1878.

with a headache, from which I am only to-day recovered. It is too cruel that one can't get anything innocent as a spectacle for the children!

Mr Lewes sends his best love, but is quite barren of suggestions about books—buried in pink and lilac periodicals of a physiological sort, and pre-occupied with the case of a man who has an artificial larynx, with which he talks very well.

What do you say to the phonograph, which can report gentlemen's bad speeches with all their stammering?

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 26th
Jan. 1878.

I like to think of you and Mrs Blackwood taking your daughter to Rome. It will be a delightful way of reviving memories, to mingle and compare them with her fresh impressions, and in a spiritual sense to have what Shakspeare says is the joy of having offspring—"to see your blood warm while you feel it cold." I wish that and all other prospects were not marred by the threat of widening war.

Last night I finished reading Principal Tulloch's small but full volume on 'Pascal'—a present for which I am much obliged. It is admirably fair and dispassionate, and I should think will be an acceptable piece of instruction to many readers. The brief and graphic way in which he has made present and intelligible the position of the Port Royalists, is an example of just what is needed in such a series as the Foreign Classics. But of course they are the most fortunate contributors who have to write about the authors less commonly treated

of, and especially when they are prepared to write by an early liking and long familiarity—as in the present case. I have read every line of appreciation with interest. My first acquaintance with Pascal came from his ‘*Pensées*’ being given to me, as a school prize, when I was fourteen; and I am continually turning to them now to revive my sense of their deep though broken wisdom. It is a pity that La Bruyère cannot be done justice to by any merely English presentation. There is a sentence of his which touches with the finest point the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time—“*Le plaisir de la critique nous ôte celui d’être vivement touchés de très belles choses.*” We see that our present fashions are old, but there is this difference, that they are followed by a greater multitude.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 26th
Jan. 1878.

You may be sure I was very much cheered by your last despatch—the solid, unmistakable proof that my books are not yet superfluous.

As to my enjoyment of the “*Two Grenadiers*,” it would have been impossible, but for the complete reduction of it to symbolism in my own mind, and my belief that it really touches nobody now as enthusiasm for the execrable Napoleon I. But I feel that the devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and is full of promise to other and better generations.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 23d
March 1878.

The royalties did themselves much credit.¹ The Crown Prince is really a grand-looking man, whose

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
7th June
1878.

¹ Dinner at Mr Goschen's.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
7th June
1878.

name you would ask for with expectation, if you imagined him no royalty. He is like a grand antique bust—cordial and simple in manners withal, shaking hands, and insisting that I should let him know when we next came to Berlin, just as if he had been a Professor Gruppe, living *au troisième*. She is equally good-natured and unpretending, liking best to talk of nursing soldiers, and of what her father's taste was in literature. She opened the talk by saying, "You know my sister Louise"—just as any other slightly embarrassed mortal might have done. We had a picked party to dinner—Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Peterborough, Lord and Lady Ripon, Dr Lyon Playfair, Kinglake (you remember 'Eothen'—the old gentleman is a good friend of mine), Froude, Mrs Ponsonby (Lord Grey's grand-daughter), and two or three more "illustrations;" then a small detachment coming in after dinner. It was really an interesting occasion.

We go to Oxford to-morrow (to the Master of Balliol).

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
June 1878.

I hope we are not wrong in imagining you settled at Strathtyrum, with a fresh power of enjoying the old scenes after your exile, in spite of the abstinence from work—the chief sweetness of life. Mr Lewes, too, is under a regimen for gout, which casts its threatening shadow in the form of nightly cramps and inward *malaise*. He wants me to tell you something amusing,—a bit of Baboo English, from an Indian journal sent us by Lord Lytton. *Apröpos* of Sir G. Campbell's rash statement that India was no good to England, the accomplished writer says,

“But British House of Commons stripped him to pieces, and exposed his *cui bono* in all its naked hideousness” ! After all, I think the cultivated Hindoo, writing what he calls English, is about on a par with the authors of leading articles on this side of the globe writing what *they* call English—accusing or laudatory epithets and phrases, adjusted to some dim standard of effect quite aloof from any knowledge or belief of their own.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 27th
June 1878.

Letter-writing, I imagine, is counted as “work” from which you must abstain ; and I scribble this letter simply from the self-satisfied notion that you will like to hear from me. You see I have asked no questions, which are the torture-screws of correspondence. Hence you have nothing to answer. How glad I shall be of an announcement that “No further bulletins will be sent, Mr Blackwood having gone to golf again.”

I thought you understood that I have grave reasons for not speaking on certain public topics. No request from the best friend in the world—even from my own husband—ought to induce me to speak when I judge it my duty to be silent. If I had taken a contrary decision, I should not have remained silent till now. My function is that of the *aesthetic*, not the doctrinal teacher—the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge. It is one thing to feel keenly for one’s fellow-beings ; another to say, “This step, and this

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 18th
July 1878.

alone, will be the best to take for the removal of particular calamities."

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 30th
July 1878.

I did hope that by the time your military evolutions were over, we might see our way to enjoying the kind welcome which you and Mrs Blackwood have offered us. No expedition attracts us more than the projected visit to Strathclyde. Unhappily, Mr Lewes continues to be troubled and depressed by symptoms that, with the recollection upon us of the crippling gout which once followed them, quite rob us of the courage to leave home. The journey and the excitement, which would be part of his pleasure if he were tolerably well, seem to him now dangerous to encounter,—and I am not myself robust enough to venture on a risk of illness to him, so that I cannot supply the daring he needs. We begin to think that we shall be obliged to defer our pleasure of seeing you in your own home—so promising of walks and talks, such as we can never have a chance of in London—until we have the disadvantage of counting ourselves a year older. I am very sorry. But it is better to know that you are getting well, and we unable to see you, than to think of you as an invalid, unable to receive us. We must satisfy ourselves with the good we have—including the peace, and the promise of an abundant wheat harvest.

Please ask Mrs and Miss Blackwood to accept my best regards, and assure them that I counted much on a longer, quieter intercourse with them in a few sunny days away from hotels and callers.

Do not write when writing seems a task. Other-

wise you know how well I like to have a letter from you.

We have certainly to pay for all our other happiness, which is a Benjamin's share, by many small bodily miseries. Mr Lewes continues ailing, and I am keeping him company with headache. "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth," and keep a reserve of strength for the more evil days. Especially avoid breaking your neck in hunting. Mr Lewes did once try horseback, some years ago, but found the exercise too violent for him. I think a Highland sheltie would be the suitable nag, only he is very fond of walking; and between that and lawn-tennis he tires himself sufficiently.

I shall hope by-and-by to hear more good news about your uncle's health.

Shall you mind the trouble of writing me a few words of news about you and yours?—just to let me know how things are with you, and deliver me from evil dreams.

We have been so ailing in the midst of our country joys, that I need to hear of my friends being well, as a ground for cheerfulness—a bit of sugar in the cup of resignation. Perhaps this fine summer has been altogether delightful to you. Let me know this good, and satisfy the thirsty sponge of my affection. If you object to my phrase, please to observe that it is Dantesque—which will oblige you to find it admirable.

You remember the case of the old woman of whom her murderers confessed that they had beaten her to death, "partly with crowbars and partly with

Letter to
William
Blackwood,
15th Aug.
1878.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 26th
Aug. 1878.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
26th Aug.
1878.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
26th Aug.
1878.

their fists." Well I have been beaten into silence since your kind letter, partly by visitors and partly by continual headache. I am a shade or two better this morning, and my soul has half awaked to run its daily stage of duty. Happily I was temporarily relieved from headache during our friends' (the Tom Trollopes') visit. We took them to see Tennyson, and they were delighted with the reading which he very amiably gave us. Then the Du Mauriers came to dine with us on the Thursday, and so the time was not, I hope, too languid for our visitors.

Mr Lewes continues to show improvement in health, so that the balance of good is not much altered by my deficit.

We shall be pleased to have any news of you, whether by post or person.

At this time I was in the habit of going over occasionally from Weybridge on Sundays. The shadow of trouble was on both our houses. My mother was in her last illness, and Mr Lewes was constantly ailing, though none of us then thought that he would be taken first. But the sharing of a common anxiety contributed to make our friendship much more intimate. In our drives in the neighbourhood of Witley, Mr Lewes used sometimes to be suddenly seized with severe cramping pains. I think he was himself aware that something was seriously wrong, but the moment the pain ceased the extraordinary buoyancy of his spirits returned. Nothing but death could quench that

bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion, in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through, with great *brio*, though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in the "Barber of Seville"—George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both of them thoroughly enjoying the fun.

They led a very secluded life at Witley—as always in their country retreats—but enjoyed the society of some of their neighbours. Sir Henry and Lady Holland, who lived next door; charming Mrs Thellusson and her daughter, Mrs Greville, who lived between Witley and Godalming, were especial friends. The Tennysons, too, and the Du Mauriers and Allinghams, were all within easy visiting distance. George Eliot's dislike of London life continued to increase with the increasing number of her acquaintance, and consequent demands on time. The Sunday receptions, confined to a small number of intimate friends in 1867, had gradually extended themselves to a great variety of interesting people.

These receptions have been so often and so well described, that they have hitherto occupied rather a disproportionate place in the prevalent conception of George Eliot's life. It will have been noticed that there is very little allusion to them in the letters; but owing to the seclusion of her life, it happened that the large majority

of people, who knew George Eliot as an author, never met her elsewhere. Her *salon* was important as a meeting-place for many friends whom she cared greatly to see, but it was not otherwise important in her own life—for she was eminently *not* a typical mistress of a *salon*. It was difficult for her, mentally, to move from one person to another. Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested her nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain. Fortunately Mr Lewes supplied any qualities lacking in the hostess. A brilliant talker, a delightful *raconteur*, versatile, full of resource in the difficulties of amalgamating diverse groups, and bridging over awkward pauses—he managed to secure for these gatherings most of the social success which they obtained. Many of the *réunions* were exceedingly agreeable and interesting, especially when they were not too crowded, when general conversation could be maintained. But the larger the company grew, the more difficult it was to manage, for the English character does not easily accommodate itself to the exigencies of a *salon*. There is a fatal tendency to break up into small groups.

The entertainment at The Priory was frequently varied by music when any good performer happened to be present. I think, however, that the majority of visitors delighted chiefly to come for the chance of a few words with

George Eliot alone. When the drawing-room door opened, a first glance revealed her always in the same low arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire. On entering, a visitor's eye was at once arrested by the massive head. The abundant hair, streaked with grey now, was draped with lace, arranged mantilla-fashion, coming to a point at the top of the forehead. If she were engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. She had a great dislike to raising her voice, and often became so wholly absorbed in conversation, that the announcement of an incoming visitor sometimes failed to attract her attention; but the moment the eyes were lifted up, and recognised a friend, they smiled a rare welcome—sincere, cordial, grave,—a welcome that was felt to come straight from the heart. Early in the afternoon, with only one or two guests, the talk was always general and delightful. Mr Lewes was quite as good in a company of three as in a company of thirty. In fact, he was better, for his *verve* was not in the least dependent on the number of his audience, and the flow was less interrupted. Conversation was no effort to him: nor was it to her, so long as the numbers engaged were not too many, and the topics were interesting enough to sustain discussion. But her talk, I think, was always most enjoyable *à deux*. It was not produced for effect nor from the lip, but

welled up from a heart and mind intent on the one person with whom she happened to be speaking. She was never weary of giving of her best, so far as the wish to give was concerned. In addition to the Sundays "at home," the Priory doors were open to a small circle of very intimate friends on other days of the week. Of evening entertainments there were very few, I think, after 1870. I remember some charming little dinners—never exceeding six persons; and one notable evening when the Poet Laureate read aloud "Maud," "The Northern Farmer," and parts of other poems. It was very interesting on this occasion to see the two most widely known representatives of contemporary English literature sitting side by side.

George Eliot would have enjoyed much in her London life if she had been stronger in health; but with her susceptible organisation, the *atmosphere* oppressed her both physically and mentally. She always rejoiced in escaping to the country.

The autumn days were beginning to close in now on the beautiful Surrey landscape, not without some dim half-recognised presage to her anxious mind of impending trouble.

Letter to
Miss Maud
Lewes,¹
Witley, 4th
Sept. 1878.

MY DEAR LITTLE MAUDIE,—I was very glad to have a letter from you this morning. I read it aloud to grandpapa before breakfast. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Maudie was talking to us in her letter. We were very happy.

¹ Mr Charles Lewes's little daughter, aged four.

I will kiss baby for you. Her cheeks are pink, and she looks stronger than she did when she first came down. All the servants are fond of her and very good to her. She tries to say a few words, but the only word she is clever in is Papa. There are a great many tall trees all round us, and sometimes there are squirrels with bushy tails running up them so fast that you could hardly catch sight of them. There are little snakes in the cucumber bed. They like to be there because it keeps them warm. Last year there were a great many moles, which are little black creatures with tiny white hands, and with these hands they scratch themselves holes for a long way under the ground, and throw out the earth in little hills above them. That spoils the grass, but the moles do not mean to be naughty. They are only working very hard to make themselves houses.

Letter to
Miss Maud
Lewes,
Witley, 4th
Sept. 1878.

Grandpapa is better than he was, and has not so many pains in his poor toes. You never had any pains in your toes, Maudie. I know you are very sorry that grandpapa should have pains. He sends his love and kisses to you and Blanche, and so do I. And you must kiss papa and mamma for us, and tell them that we long very much to hear that you are all quite settled in Elm Cottage. When we see you again you will be taller than you were when we said "Good-bye" to you at Hampstead. For little girls grow as the flowers do, and get taller and taller, and their faces a little larger. But grandpapa and grandmamma would know you were their little Maudie if they met you quite alone in the street

Letter to
Miss Maud
Lewes,
Witley, 4th
Sept. 1878

without mamma, and they would want you to come with them, and they would take care of you. They would know you because your little nose and mouth and eyes and your hair are not just exactly like other little girls', and still more because they would remember how you say "Grandpapa." I have written this letter quite plainly, as if I thought you could read it. But I know you are not able to read it yet. Miss Smith will be so good as to read it to you. Now good-bye, my dear Maudie. Here are all the kisses you are to give. Mamma, *. *. Papa, *. *. Blanche, *. *. And these *. * you must keep for yourself.—Your loving GRANDMAMMA.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Sept. 1878.

I am not inclined to let you rest any longer without asking you to send me some account of yourself, for it is long since I got my last news from Edinburgh. I should like to know that you have continued to gather strength, and that you have all been consequently more and more enjoying your life at Strathtyrum. It is an ugly theory that happiness wants the contrast of illness and anxiety, but I know that Mrs Blackwood must have a new comfort in seeing you once more with your usual strength.

We have had "a bad time" in point of health; and it is only quite lately that we have both been feeling a little better. The fault is all in our own frames, not in our air or other circumstances; for we like our house and neighbourhood better and better. The general testimony and all other arguments are in favour of this district being thoroughly

healthy. But we both look very haggard in the midst of our blessings.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 24th
Sept. 1878.

Are you not disturbed by yesterday's Indian news? One's hopes for the world's getting a little rest from war are continually checked. Every day, after reading the 'Times,' I feel as if all one's writing were miserably trivial stuff in the presence of this daily history. Do you think there are persons who admire Russia's "mission" in Asia as they did the mission in Europe?

Please write me anything that comes easily to the end of your pen, and make your world seem nearer to me. Good Mr Simpson, I hope, lets you know that he is prospering in his pursuit of pleasure without work—which seems a strange paradox in association with my idea of him.

The days pass by without my finding time to tell you what I want to tell you—how delighted I was to have a good account of you. But every bright day—and we have had many such—has made me think the more of you, and hope that you were drawing in strength from the clear sweet air. I miss so much the hope that I used always to have of seeing you in London, and talking over everything just as we used to do—in the way that will never exactly come with any one else. How unspeakably the lengthening of memories in common endears our old friends! The new are comparatively foreigners, with whom one's talk is hemmed in by mutual ignorance. The one cannot express, the other cannot divine.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Oct.
1878.

We are intensely happy in our bit of country—

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
15th Oct.
1878.

as happy as the cloudy aspect of public affairs will allow any one who cares for them to be, with the daily reading of the 'Times.'

A neighbour of ours was reciting to me yesterday some delicious bits of dialogue with a quaint Surrey woman—*e.g.*, "Oh ma'am, what I have gone through with my husband. He is so unedicated—he never had a tail-coat in his life!"

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 23d
Nov. 1878,
from The
Priory.

When Mr Lewes sent you my MS.¹ the other morning, he was in that state of exhilarated activity which often comes with the sense of ease after an attack of illness which had been very painful. In the afternoon he imprudently drove out, and undertook, with his usual eagerness, to get through numerous details of business, over-fatigued himself, and took cold. The effect has been a sad amount of suffering from feverishness and headache, and I have been in deep anxiety—am still very unhappy, and only comforted by Sir James Paget's assurances that the actual trouble will be soon allayed.

I have been telling the patient about your letter and suggestion that he should send a form of slip as advertisement for the Magazine. He says—and the answer seems to have been a matter of premeditation with him—that it will be better not to announce the book in this way at once—"the Americans and Germans will be down on us." I cannot question him further at present, but I have no doubt he has been thinking about the matter, and we must not cross his wish in any way.

I have thought that a good form of advertise-

¹ 'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such.'

ment, to save people from disappointment in a book of mine not being a story, would be to print the list of contents, which, with the title, would give all but the very stupid a notion to what form of writing the work belongs. But this is a later consideration. I am glad you were pleased with the opening.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Nov. 1878, from The Priory.

For the last week I have been in deep trouble. Mr Lewes has been alarmingly ill. To-day Sir James Paget and Dr Quain pronounce him in all respects better, and I am for the first time comforted. You will not wonder now at my silence. Thanks for your affectionate remembrances.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, Sunday evening, 24th Nov. 1878.

Mr Lewes continues sadly ill, and I am absorbed in nursing him. When he wrote about Parliament meeting, he was thinking that it would be called together at the usual time—perhaps February. The book can be deferred without mischief. I wish to add a good deal, but of course I can finish nothing now, until Mr Lewes is better. The doctors pronounced him in every respect better yesterday, and he had a quiet night, but since five o'clock this morning he has had a recurrence of trouble. You can feel for him and me, having so lately known what severe illness is.

Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Nov. 1878.

Mr Lewes died on the 28th November 1878.

SUMMARY.

MARCH 1876 TO NOVEMBER 1878.

Letter to John Blackwood—Visit to Weybridge—‘Daniel Deronda’—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Meets Sir Garnet Wolseley—Vivisection—Public discussion of ‘Deronda’—Letter to John Blackwood—Motto from Walt Whitman—Letter to Alex. Main on some criticisms—Letter to Mrs Stowe—Thanks for sympathy—Drawbacks to going too much abroad—Mr Lewes’s “*Problems*”—Letter to J. W. Cross on the effect of her writing—Inscription on the MS. of ‘Deronda’—Three months’ trip to Continent—Letter to John Blackwood—Visit to Chambéry and Les Charmettes—Lausanne and Vevey—Ragatz—Return to London—Letter to John Blackwood—Dr Hermann Adler—Letter to Madame Bodichon—St Blasien—Women’s work—Visit to Six-Mile Bottom—Meets Turguenieff—Jewish appreciation of ‘Deronda’—Letter to Mrs William Smith—Mrs Ruck—Letter to Mrs Stowe—Jewish element in ‘Deronda’—Letter to Miss Hennell—Miss Martineau’s Autobiography, and biography in general—Resignation—Gratitude of Jews for ‘Deronda’—Purchase of house at Witley, near Godalming

Dr Hermann Adler’s lectures on ‘Daniel Deronda’—Application to translate ‘Romola’ into Italian—Christmas at Weybridge—Opening of year 1877—Letter to James Sully—The word “*meliorism*”—Letter to John Blackwood—Illustrations of cheap editions—‘Romola’—Letter to William Allingham—Warwickshire dialect—Letter to Mrs Bray—Harriet Martineau’s ‘Autobiography’—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Holmes and Mrs Vernon Lushington playing—Letter to Miss Hennell—Mrs Chapman on Harriet Martineau—Mrs Stowe and the Byron case—Letter to Professor Kaufmann—Gratitude for his estimate of ‘Deronda’—Letter to F. Harrison—Sympathy incentive to production—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Miss Thackeray’s marriage—Letter to W. Allingham on his poems—Letter to Professor Kaufmann—Translation of his article by Mr Ferrier—Letter to Mrs

Ponsonby—Reference to "Stradivarius"—Pity and fairness
—Letter to J. W. Cross—Appreciation of Tennyson's poems
and dramas—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Improvement in
health at Witley—Proposal to write on Shakspeare for
"Men of Letters" series—Letter to Miss Hennell—Gain of
health and strength at Witley—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones
—Christmas plans—Letter to Miss Charlotte Carmichael—
Celts and Hebrews—Farewell to Journal and to year 1877
—Letter to Madame Bodichon—State of France—London
University opening degrees to women—Reading Green's
'History of the English People' and Lecky—The phono-
graph—Letter to John Blackwood—'Pascal'—La Bruyère
—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones on the "Two Grenadiers"—
Letter to Mrs Bray—Meeting with Crown Prince and Prin-
cess of Germany at Mr Goschen's—Visit to Oxford to the
Master of Balliol—Letter to John Blackwood—Indian story
of Lord Lytton's—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Function the
æsthetic, not the doctrinal teacher—Letter to John Black-
wood—Mr Lewes's ill health—Letter to William Blackwood
—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones complaining of health—Letter
to J. W. Cross—Mr Lewes's continued illness—Life at Wit-
ley—Effect of receptions at The Priory—Description of re-
ceptions—Letter to Miss Maud Lewes—Letter to John Black-
wood—Complaining of health—Letter to Madame Bodichon
—Delight in old friends—Letters to John Blackwood—MS.
of 'Theophrastus Such'—Mr Lewes's last illness—Post-
ponement of publication of 'Theophrastus'—Mr Lewes's
death.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR many weeks after Mr Lewes's death, George Eliot saw no one except Mr Charles Lewes, and the very few persons she was obliged to receive on necessary business. She read no letters, and wrote none, but at once began to occupy herself busily with Mr Lewes's unfinished MSS., in the arrangement of which work Mr Charles Lewes was able to assist her. The only entry in her diary on the 1st January 1879 is, "Here I and sorrow sit." At the end of two months this desolation had told terribly on her health and spirits; and on the last day of January she was greatly comforted by a visit from Sir James Paget—a friend for whom she had always had the highest and most cordial regard during the many years she had known him. Meantime she had begun to write a few short notes, and she mentions in her journal of 2d January, "A kind letter from Professor Michael Foster of Cambridge, offering to help me on any physiological point;" and on the 19th January, "Ruminating on the founding of some educational

instrumentality as a memorial to be called by his name." There are the following letters in January and February.

I bless you for all your goodness to me, but I am a bruised creature, and shrink even from the tenderest touch. As soon as I feel able to see anybody I will see *you*. Please give my love to Bessie,¹ and thank her for me—I mean for her sweet letter. I was a long while before I read any letters, but tell her I shall read hers again and again.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
7th Jan.
1879.

It was a long while before I read any letters, and as yet I have written none, except such as business required of me. You will believe that this has not been for want of gratitude to all my friends for their goodness to me. I can trust to your understanding of a sorrow which has broken my life. I write now because I ought not to allow any disproportionate expense to be incurred about my printed sheets.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 13th
Jan. 1879.

To me, now, the writing seems all trivial stuff; but since he wished it to be printed, and you seem to concur, I will correct the sheets (if you will send me the remainder) gradually as I am able, and they can be struck off and laid by for a future time. I submit this proposition to your judgment, not knowing what may be most expedient for your printing-office.

Thank you for all your kind words.

Some time, if I live, I shall be able to see you—perhaps sooner than any one else—but not yet. Life seems to get harder instead of easier.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
22d Jan.
1879.

¹ Madame Belloc.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
30th Jan.
1879.

When I said "some time" I meant still a distant time. I want to live a little time, that I may do certain things for his sake. So I try to keep up my strength, and I work as much as I can to save my mind from imbecility. But that is all at present. I can go through anything that is mere business. But what used to be joy is joy no longer, and what is pain is easier because he has not to bear it.

I bless my friends for all their goodness to me. Please say so to all of them that you know, especially Mr Hall. Tell him I have read his letter again and again.

If you feel prompted to say anything, write it to me.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 4th
Feb. 1879.

Do not believe that your love is lost upon me, dear. I bless you for all your goodness to me, and keep every sign of it in my memory.

I have been rather ill lately, but my head is clearer this morning. The world's winter is going, I hope, but my everlasting winter has set in. You know that, and will be patient with me.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
6th Feb.
1879.

Bless you for your loving thought. But for all reasons, bodily and mental, I am unable to move. I am entirely occupied with his manuscripts, and must be on this spot among all the books. Then, I am in a very ailing condition of body—cannot count on myself from day to day—and am not fit to undertake any sort of journey. I have never yet been outside the gate. Even if I were otherwise able, I could not bear to go out of sight of the things he used and looked on.

Bless you once more. If I could go away with *anybody*, I could go away with you.

I do need your affection. Every sign of care for me from the beings I respect and love, is a help to me. In a week or two I think I shall want to see you. Sometimes, even now, I have a longing, but it is immediately counteracted by a fear. The perpetual mourner—the grief that can never be healed—is innocently enough felt to be wearisome by the rest of the world. And my sense of desolation increases. Each day seems a new beginning—a new acquaintance with grief.

If you happen to be at liberty to-morrow, or the following Friday, or to-morrow week, I hope I shall be well enough to see you. Let me know which day.

On Sunday the 23rd February I saw her for the first time, and there is the following letter next day.

A transient absence of mind yesterday made me speak as if it were possible for me to entertain your thoughtful, kind proposal that I should move to Weybridge for a short time. But I cannot leave this house for the next two months,—if for no other reason, I should be chained here by the need of having all the books I want to refer to.

Pray do not announce ‘Theophrastus’ in any way. It would be intolerable to my feelings to have a book of my writing brought out for a long while to come. What I wish to do is, to correct the sheets thoroughly, and then have them struck off and laid by till the time of publication comes.

Letter to
J. W. Cross.
7th Feb.
1879.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
Saturday,
22d Feb.
1879.

Letter to
J. W. Cross
24th Feb.
1879.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 25th
Feb. 1879.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 25th
Feb. 1879.

One reason which prompted me to set about the proofs—in addition to my scruples about occupying the type—was that I was feeling so ill, I thought there was no time to be lost in getting done everything which no one else would do if I left it undone. But I am getting better, I think; and my doctors say there is nothing the matter with me to urge more haste than the common uncertainty of life urges on us all.

There is a great movement now among the Jews towards colonising Palestine, and bringing out the resources of the soil. Probably Mr Oliphant is interested in the work, and will find his experience in the West not without applicability in the East.

It is a satisfaction to you, I hope, that your son is about to be initiated in George Street. I trust he will one day carry on the good traditions of the name “John Blackwood.”

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th March
1879.

Your letter, which tells me that you are benefiting by the clear sunny air, is very welcome. Yes, here too the weather is more merciful, and I drive out most days. I am better bodily, but I never feel thoroughly comfortable in that material sense, and I am incredibly thin. As to my mind, I am full of occupation, but the sorrow deepens down instead of diminishing. I mean to go to Witley in a few months, that I may look again on the spots that he enjoyed, and that we enjoyed together, but I cannot tell beforehand whether I shall care to go again afterwards.

Everybody is very kind to me, and by-and-by I shall begin to see a few intimate friends. I can

do or go through anything that is business or duty, but time and strength seem lacking for everything else. You must excuse my weakness, remembering that for nearly twenty-five years I have been used to find my happiness in his. I can find it nowhere else. But we can live and be helpful without happiness, and I have had more than myriads who were and are better fitted for it.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th March
1879.

I am really very busy, and have been sadly delayed by want of health. One project I have entered on is to found a studentship, which will be called after his name. I am getting help from experienced men.

I send the corrected sheets of 'Theophrastus,' and shall be much obliged if you will order a complete revise to be sent me before they are struck off. Whenever the book is published (I cannot contemplate its appearing before June, and if that is a bad time it must stand over till the autumn season), I beg you kindly to write for me a notice, to be printed on the fly-leaf, that the MS. was placed in your hands last November, or simply last year.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
March 1879.

I think you will enter into my feeling when I say, that to create a notion on the part of the public of my having been occupied in writing 'Theophrastus' would be repugnant to me. And I shrink from putting myself forward in any way.

I hope you are benefiting by the milder weather. I drive out a little now, but you must be prepared to see me a much changed creature. I think I should hardly know myself.

Journal,
1879.

March 8.—Gertrude¹ and the children came to tea.

March 9.—Mr Henry Sidgwick came to discuss the plan of the studentship.

March 13.—Professor Michael Foster came to discuss the studentship, and we arrived at a satisfactory clearness as to the conditions. He mentioned as men whom he had thought of as suitable trustees, Huxley, Pye Smith, Thiselton Dyer, Francis Balfour, and Henry Sidgwick.

DEAR FRIEND,—When you have time to come to me about six o'clock, I shall love to see you.

March 22.—Mrs Congreve came again. Mrs Burne-Jones came.

I am so dissatisfied with 'Theophrastus' on reading the revise, that I have proposed to suppress it in this original form, and regenerate it whenever— if ever—I recover the power to do so. You see the cruel weather has travelled after you. It makes one feel every grievance more grievously in some respects, though to me the sunshine is in one sense sadder.

March 30.—Mr Bowen (now Lord-Justice Bowen) came, Mr Spencer and J.

After weighing what you have said, I agree to the publication of 'Theophrastus' in May. If you had at all suspected that the book would injure my influence, you would not have wished me to give it forth in its present form, and in the uncertainty of one's inner and outer life it is not well to depend on future capabilities. There are some things in

¹ Mrs Charles Lewes.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 20th
March 1879.

Journal,
1879.

Letter to
Wm. Black-
wood, 25th
March 1879.

Journal,
1879.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
April 1879.

it which I want to get said, and if the book turned out to be effective in proportion to my other things, the form would lend itself to a "second series"—supposing I lived and kept my faculties.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 5th
April 1879.

As to the price for the right of translating—you will judge. If you will kindly undertake these negotiations for me, I shall be thankful. And pray remember that I don't *want* the book to be translated, so that it will be well to wait for the application, and to ask a sufficient sum to put the publisher on his guard as to the selection of a translator. But of course this little book cannot be paid for according to the difficulty of translation.

You see I have been so used to have all trouble spared me, that I am ready to cast it on any willing shoulders. But I am obliged now to think of business in many ways.

I am so glad to know that Mrs Blackwood has the comfort of a good report about you from the doctors. Perhaps it may seem to you the wrong order of sympathy to be glad for your sake in the *second* place.

April 8.—Mrs Stuart came.

Journal,
1879.

Mrs Stuart was a devoted friend whose acquaintance had been formed some years before, through the presentation of some beautiful wood-carving which she had executed as an offering to George Eliot.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Will you come to see me some day? I am always in from my drive and at liberty by half-past four. Please do not say to

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
8th April
1879.

any one that I am receiving visitors generally. Though I have been so long without making any sign, my heart has been continually moved with gratitude towards you.

Your letter was very welcome this morning, for I do not like to be very long without having some picture of you, and your words of affection are always sweet.

The studentship I mention is to supply an income to a young man who is qualified and eager to carry on physiological research, and would not otherwise have the means of doing so. Mr H. Sidgwick, Michael Foster, and other men of kindred mind, are helping me in settling the scheme. I have been determined in my choice of the studentship by the idea of what would be a sort of prolongation of *his* life. That there should always, in consequence of his having lived, be a young man working in the way he would have liked to work, is a memorial of him that comes nearest my feeling. It is to be at Cambridge to begin with, and we thought at first of affiliating it to the University: but now the notion is that it will be well to keep it free, so that the trustees may move it where and when they will. But the scheme is not yet draughted.

I am going to bring out one of the "Problems" in a separate volume at the beginning of May, and am now correcting the proofs.

My going to Witley is an experiment. I don't know how I shall bear being there; but I hope there will be nothing to hinder my *having you*

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
8th April
1879.

there, if you will undertake the troublous journey for my sake.

I enclose the proof of title-page and motto. Whether the motto (which is singularly apt and good) should be on the title-page or fly-leaf, I leave you to judge. Certainly everybody who does not read Latin will be offended by its claiming notice, and will consider that only the deepest-dyed pedantry could have found the motive for it. But I will not leave it out altogether.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 9th
April 1879.

I have had such various letters from time to time, asking me to reprint or write essays, that perhaps some of the public will not be disappointed that the volume is not a story. But that must be as it may; and if you think the acceptance dubious, it is much the better plan not to stereotype.

What energy there is in Mr Kinglake, in spite of the somewhat shattered health that his *Wessex* gives one the impression of! Among incidents of war that one can dwell on with anything like gladness, that account of the rescue of the colours at Isandlana is memorable, is it not?

I go out every day, drive beyond the ranks of hideous houses in the Kilburn outskirts, and get to lanes where I can walk, in perfect privacy, among the fields and budding hedgerows.

I hope Mr Julian Sturgis will take care of his writing, and do something lasting. He seems to me to have a strain above the common in him; and he is not writing for his bread — or even his butter. I don't know why I say this just now, except that I had it in my mind to say long ago,

and it has just come uppermost as I was thinking of the Magazine.

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
17th April
1879.

Your kind letter has touched me very deeply. I confess that my mind had, more than once, gone out to you as one from whom I should like to have some sign of sympathy with my loss. But you were rightly inspired in waiting till now, for during many weeks I was unable even to listen to the letters which my generous friends were continually sending me. Now, at last, I am eagerly interested in every communication that springs out of an acquaintance with my husband and his works.

I thank you for telling me about the Hungarian translation of his '*History of Philosophy*;' but what would I not have given if the volumes could have come, even only a few days, before his death! For his mind was perfectly clear, and he would have felt some joy in that sign of his work being effective.

I do not know whether you will enter into the comfort I feel that he never knew he was dying, and fell gently asleep after ten days of illness, in which the suffering was comparatively mild.

One of the last things he did at his desk was to despatch a manuscript of mine to the publishers. The book (not a story, and not bulky) is to appear near the end of May, and as it contains some words I wanted to say about the Jews, I will order a copy to be sent to you.

I hope that your labours have gone on uninterruptedly for the benefit of others, in spite of public troubles. The aspect of affairs with us is grievous

—industry languishing, and the best part of our nation indignant at our having been betrayed into an unjustifiable war in South Africa.

Letter to
Professor
Kaufmann,
17th April
1879.

I have been occupied in editing my husband's MSS., so far as they are left in sufficient completeness to be prepared for publication without the obtrusion of another mind instead of his. A brief volume on 'The Study of Psychology' will appear immediately, and a further volume of psychological studies will follow in the autumn. But his work was cut short while he still thought of it as the happy occupation of far-stretching months. Once more let me thank you for remembering me in my sorrow.

I am in dreadful need of your counsel. Pray come to me when you can—morning, afternoon, or evening.

Letter to
J. W. Cross,
22d April
1879.

From this time forward I saw George Eliot constantly. My mother had died in the beginning of the previous December—a week after Mr Lewes; and as my life had been very much bound up with hers, I was trying to find some fresh interest in taking up a new pursuit. Knowing very little Italian, I began Dante's "Inferno" with Carlyle's translation. The first time I saw George Eliot afterwards, she asked me what I was doing, and, when I told her, exclaimed, "Oh, I must read that with you." And so it was. In the following twelve months we read through the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" together—not in a *dilettante* way, but with minute and careful examination of the

construction of every sentence. The prodigious stimulus of such a teacher (*cotanto maestro*) made the reading a real labour of love. Her sympathetic delight in stimulating my newly awakened enthusiasm for Dante, did something to distract her mind from sorrowful memories. The divine poet took us into a new world. It was a renovation of life. At the end of May I induced her to play on the piano at Witley for the first time; and she played regularly after that whenever I was there, which was generally once or twice a-week, as I was living at Weybridge, within easy distance.

Besides Dante, we read at this time a great many of Sainte-Beuve's 'Causeries,' and much of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. But I am anticipating. We will return to the correspondence in its order.

When I shall be able to get to Witley is altogether uncertain. The cold winds make one less hungry for the country, but still it will be a relief to me, in some respects, to get away from town. I am much stronger than I was, and am again finding interest in this wonderful life of ours. But I am obliged to keep my doors closed against all but the few until I go away. You, however, I shall hope to see. I am founding a studentship of Physiology, to be called "The George Henry Lewes Studentship." It will be placed in the first instance at Cambridge, where there is the best physiological school in the kingdom. But the trustees (with my consent during my life) will have the power of

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 23d
April 1879.

moving it where they judge best. This idea, which I early conceived, has been a great stay to me. But I have plenty to think of—plenty of creatures depending on me, to make my time seem of some value. And there are so many in the world who have to live without any great enjoyment.

April 26. —Mr and Mrs Hall came.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 23d
April 1879.

If you can come to me next week for a parting word, will you try to learn beforehand whether and when your husband can give me half-an-hour at the end of his working-day? I should like to see him before I go, which I hope to do soon after the 13th.

Journal,
1879.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
May 1879.

May 6.—Mr and Mrs Call, Eleanor and Florence (Cross) came.

Journal,
1879.

May 8.—Mr Burne-Jones came.

May 10. —Edith Simcox and Mr Pigott came.

May 13.—Dr Andrew Clark came, and gave me important suggestions about the studentship.

May 21.—Saw Mr Anthony Trollope.

May 22.—Came down to Witley—lovely mild day.

Mr Lewes always wrote the dramatic criticisms in the 'Leader,' and for a year or two he occasionally wrote such criticisms in the 'Pall Mall.' Of the latter, the chief were reprinted in the little book on 'Actors, and the Art of Acting.' What was written in the 'Fortnightly' (1865-66) is marked by signature. The most characteristic contributions to the 'Cornhill' (1864-65) were "The Mental Condition of Babies," "Dangers and Delights of Tobacco," "Was Nero a Monster?"

Letter to
James Sully,
28th May
1879.

Letter to
James Sully,
28th May
1879.

"Shakspeare in France," and "Miserics of a Dramatic Author."

But after 1866 his contributions to any periodical were very scanty—confined to a few articles in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' one on "The Reign of Law," in the 'Fortnightly,' and the series on Darwin, now incorporated in 'The Physical Basis of Mind.' After these, his sole contributions were an article on Dickens (1872), two on Spiritualism and Mesmerism (1876), and one on "The Dread and Dislike of Science" (1878).

Charles, I think, mentioned to you my desire that you should do me the valuable service of looking over the proofs of the remaining volume of "Problems," and you were so generous as to express your willingness to undertake that labour. The printing will not begin till after the 16th,—Dr Michael Foster, who has also kindly offered to help me in the same way, not being sufficiently at leisure till after that date.

I have been rather ill again lately, but am hoping to benefit by the country quietude. You, too, I am sorry to hear, are not over strong. This will make your loan of mind and eyesight all the more appreciated by me.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
June 1879.

Your letter full of details—just the sort of letter I like to have—has been among my comforts in these last damp, chill days. The first week I was not well, and had a troublesome attack of pain; but I am better, and try to make life interesting by always having something to do.

I am wishing Margaret many happy returns of

this day, and am making a picture of you all keeping the little *fête*. A young birthday, when the young creature is promising, is really a happy time: one can hope reasonably, and the elder ones may be content that gladness has passed onward from them into newer vessels. I should like to see the blue-eyed maid with her bangles on her arms.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 3d
June 1879.

Please give my love to all and sundry who make any sign of love for me; and any amount you like is ready for you to draw upon.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the paper you are to read to-day; and I appreciate it the more highly, because your diligence is in contrast with the general sluggishness of readers about any but idle reading. It is melancholy enough that to most of our polite readers the Social Factor in Psychology would be a dull subject; for it is certainly no conceit of ours which pronounces it to be the supremely interesting element in the thinking of our time.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
10th June
1879.

I confess the word "factor" has always been distasteful to me as the name for the grandest of forces. If it were only mathematical, I should not mind, but it has many other associated flavours which spoil it for me.

Once more—ever more—thanks.

You will like to know that Mr Frederic Harrison has sent me a brief paper, which is to be read to-day at the Metaphysical Society, on the Social Factor in Psychology, opening with a quotation from the 'Study of Psychology,' and marking throughout his high appreciation of your father's work. Also the

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 10th
June 1879.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 10th
June 1879.

Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, kindly sent (with his initials only) to Trübner four errata which he had found in reading the 'Study of Psychology.' Trübner did not know who was the kind corrector, and very properly sent the paper to me, offering to have the corrections made on the plates if I wished it. I said, "By all means," and have written to thank the Rector. What a blessing to find a man who really reads a book!

I have received the enclosed letter, with other papers (about country lodgings at Sevenoaks for poor children). Will you look out a single copy of as many of my books (poems included) as you can find, and send them in a parcel, saying that they come from me for the Free Library? Please not to mind this trouble, as it is for the *impecunious* readers. (You know I am nothing if not "sesquipedalian" and scientific; and a word of five syllables will do for both qualities.)

I wish you could see Coquelin in "Tabourin." He is a wonderful actor, when he gets the right part for him. He has a penetrating personality that one cannot be indifferent to, though possibly it may be unpleasant to some people.

I was beginning, with my usual apprehensiveness, to fear that you had no good news to tell me, since I did not hear from you, and I should have gone on fearing till to-morrow morning if I had not happened to drive to Godalming and ask for the second post. We only get one post a-day at the benighted Witley, so that if you want me to get a letter quickly, it must be posted early at Edinburgh.

Letter to
Wm. Black-
wood, 12th
June 1879.

I am heartily glad to know that the invalid is going on well, and I trust that the softer air we are having now will help him forward.

Letter to
Wm. Black-
wood, 12th
June 1879.

'Theophrastus' seems to be really welcomed by the public. Mr Blackwood will be amused to hear that one gentleman told Charles, or implied, that 'Theophrastus' was a higher order of book, and *more difficult to write*, than a novel. Wait long enough, and every form of opinion will turn up. However, poor 'Theophrastus' is certainly not composed of "chips" any more than my other books.

Another amusing bit of news is, that the other day Mrs Pattison sent me an extract from the *Irret* of the Paris *Salon*, describing a picture painted by a French artist from "The Lifted Veil," and representing the moment when the resuscitated woman, fixing her eyes on her mistress, accuses her of having poisoned her husband. I call this amusing—I ought rather to have said, typical of the relation my books generally have with the French mind.

Thank you for sending me the list of orders. It does interest me to see the various country demands. I hope the movement will continue to cheer us all, and you are sure to let me know everything that is pleasant, so I do not need to ask for that kindness.

The weather is decidedly warmer, and Tuesday was a perfectly glorious day. But rain and storm have never let us rest long together. I am not very bright, and am ready to interpret everything in the saddest sense, but I have no definite ailment.

My best regards to the convalescent, who, I have

no doubt, will write to me when he is able to do so. But I am only one of many who will be glad to hear from him.

Letter from
Madame
Bodichon to
Miss Bon-
ham-Carter,
12th June
1879.

"I spent an hour with Marian (5th June). She was more delightful than I can say, and left me in good spirits for her—though she is wretchedly thin, and looks in her long, loose, black dress like the black shadow of herself. She said she had so much to do that she must keep well—'the world was so *intensely interesting*.' She said she would come *next year* to see me. We both agreed in the great love we had for life. In fact, I think she will do more for us than ever."

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 20th
June 1879.

I have been having my turn of illness of rather a sharp kind. Yesterday, when your letter came, I was in more acute pain than I have ever known in my life before, but before the morning was over I was sufficiently relieved to read your pleasant news. I am writing in bed, but am in that most keenly conscious ease which comes after unusual suffering. The way in which the public takes 'Theophrastus' is really a comfort to me. I have had some letters, not of the complimentary but of the grateful kind, which are an encouragement to believe in the use of writing. But you would be screamingly amused with one, twenty-three pages long (from an Edinburgh man by-the-by), who has not read the book, but has read of it, and thinks that his own case is still more worthy of presentation than Merman's.

I think a valuable series (or couple of volumes) might be made up from 'Maga' of articles written

hot by travellers and military men, and not otherwise republished—chronicles and descriptions by eye-witnesses—which might be material for historians.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 20th
June 1879.

What a comfort that the Afghan war is concluded ! But on the back of it comes the black dog of Indian finance, which means, alas ! a great deal of hardship to poor Hindus. Let me hear more news of you before long.

Your description of the effects you feel from the restless tormenting winds would serve well to represent my experience too. It seems something incredible written in my memory that when I was a little girl I loved the wind—used to like to walk about when it was blowing great guns. And now the wind is to me what it was to early peoples—a demon-god, cruelly demanding all sorts of human sacrifices. Thank you, dear, for caring whether I have any human angels to guard me. None are permanently here except my servants, but Sir James Paget has been down to see me, I have a very comfortable country practitioner to watch over me from day to day, and there is a devoted friend who is backwards and forwards continually to see that I lack nothing.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 29th
June 1879.

It is a satisfaction to me that you felt the need for "*Debasing the Moral Currency*" to be written. I was determined to do it, though it might make me a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to all the comic tribe.

Do not rate my illness too high in the scale of mortal misery. I am prone to make much of my

ailments, and am among the worst at enduring pain.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 29th
June 1879.

Thank you for sending me the pretty little book.¹ I am deeply touched by the account of its origin, and I remember well everything you said to me of Mr Brown in old days, when he was still with you. I had only cut a very little way into the volume when a friend came and carried it off, but my eyes had already been arrested by some remarks on the character of Harold Transome, which seemed to me more penetrating and finely felt than almost anything I have read in the way of printed comment on my own writing. When my friend brings back the volume I shall read it reverentially, and most probably with a sense of being usefully admonished. For praise and sympathy arouse much more self-suspicion and sense of short-coming than all the blame and depreciation of all the Pepins.

I am better, and I hope on the way to complete recovery, but I am still at some distance from that goal. Perhaps if the winds would give one some rest from their tormenting importunity, both you and I should get on faster.

I am looking forward to reading the "Recollections of Ekowe" in 'Maga,' which came to me yesterday, with its list of my own doings and misdoings on the cover.

Does not this Zulu war seem to you a horribly bad business?

¹ 'The Ethics of George Eliot's Works,' by J. C. Brown. Blackwood: 1879.

Sir Henry Maine has sent me the one letter that has rejoiced my heart about the 'Study of Psychology.' He says: "In this branch of Mr Lewes's studies I am almost as one of the ignorant, but I think I have understood every sentence in the book, and I believe I have gained great knowledge from it. It has been the most satisfactory piece of work I have done for a long time." I have written to tell him that he has rescued me from my scepticism as to any one's reading a serious book except the author or editor.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 30th
June 1879.

The sight of your handwriting on the pamphlet sent me, urges me to do the sooner what I should have already done but for a rather sharp illness, which has kept me chiefly in bed for nearly a fortnight, and from which I am not yet quite free.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon
2d July
1879.

I enclose a copy of Michael Foster's draught of conditions for the studentship, which I put into the lawyer's hands some ten or twelve days ago, and which is now come to me drawn up in legal form. You said it would interest you to see the draught, and I have been bearing this in mind, but have not been able to go to the desk where the copy lay.

I hope to hear that you have been going on well, despite the cruel restless winds and sad intermitance of sunshine. On the 12th I am going to have two daughters-in-law, *five* grandchildren, and servant for a week—if I can get well enough, as I have good hope now that I shall. The strawberries will be ripe then, and as I don't eat any myself, it would be dolorous not to be able to have the children, and see them enjoy the juicy blessing.

Letter to
John Black-
wood, 16th
July 1879.

I was beginning to want some news of you, and was almost ready to ask for it. It is the more welcome for having had time to ripen into a decidedly good report of your condition. About myself I have a very poor story to tell, being now in the fifth week of a troublesome illness, in which, like you, I have been partly fed on "poisonous decoctions." To-day, however, happens to show a considerable improvement in my symptoms, and I have been walking in the warmer air with more ease than hitherto. Driving I have not been able to manage for some time, the motion of the carriage shaking me too much. The best of care has been taken of me. I have an excellent country doctor (Mr Parson of Godalming) who watches me daily; and Sir James Paget and Dr Andrew Clark have been down to add their supervision. I begin to think that if I can avoid any evil condition, such as a chill that would bring on a relapse, I may soon be pretty well again. The point to be achieved is to stop the wasting of my not too solid flesh.

I am glad to hear that the third edition of 'Theophrastus' has had so lively a movement. If the remainder should be sold off, I think it would be well just to print a small number of copies to carry on, and avoid bringing out a cheaper edition too soon after people have been paying for the expensive one.

I have been always able to write my letters and read my proofs, usually in bed before the fatigue of dressing, but the rest of my time has been very unprofitable—spent chiefly in pain and languor.

I am feeling easy now, and you will well understand that after undergoing pain, this ease is opening paradise. Invalids must be excused for being eloquent about themselves.

I feel a perhaps too selfish need to tell you that things have gone ill with me since I last wrote to you. Why do I want to let you know this not agreeable news about myself? Chiefly because I want you to be quite clear that if I do not write to say, "When can you come to me?" it is not from indifference, but from misfortune of another sort. Meanwhile it will do me good to have little items of news from you, when you can find half an hour for the kind deed of writing me a letter. What helps me most is to be told things about others, and your letters are just of the sort I like to have.

I am just now in one of my easier hours, and the demon wind has abated. He seems to enter into my pains with hideous rejoicing.

I was very much pleased to have a letter from you, and to know all about your birthday.

'Evenings at Home' is a very pretty book. I read it when I was at school, and I think you will like to read many stories in it over and over again till you know them almost by heart. That is very nice, to carry pretty things in your mind so that you can say them to yourself in the dark.

I am sure you must have liked being on the river in the steamboat for the first time. The wide river and the bridges, and the great buildings that can be

Letter to
Mrs Burne
Jones, 22d
July 1879.

Letter to
Miss
Blanche
Lewes,¹
Witley, 24th
July 1879.

¹ Mr Charles Lewes's daughter; aged seven.

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ily 1879.

seen a long way by the waterside are all very beautiful, are they not? It would seem to you like another and grander sort of picture, after seeing the small pictures on the wall of the Exhibition.

Only think! this was your seventh birthday, and when you have lived three times seven years you will be a tall woman, aged twenty-one, able to do almost everything for dear mamma, so that she may rest after doing so much as she does for you and Maud and Elinor.

Please give my love to Maud, and tell her that I am very glad to hear of her having been at the head of her class.

Yesterday there was sunshine here, the trees made pretty shadows on the grass, and the flowers lifted up their little faces and looked very happy. But this morning it rains again, and the hay that should be nice and dry, ready for the horses to eat, will all be wet through again. This makes people sorry.

I am writing this letter in bed, not being very well, and my paper lies a long way off on a flat board, so it is not easy for me to write well. But I hope the letter is written plainly enough for you to read it without much trouble.

Give my love to papa and mamma, and tell them that I feel a little better.

And now, good-bye, my dear Blanche. Whenever you think of me remember that I am your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

Thank you for your kind note. There are to be more than as many proofs as you have already had,

Letter to
James Sully,
7th Aug.
1879.

for which I must crave the valuable aid of your reading.

Letter to
James Sully,
7th Aug.
1879.

You will understand all the better how much comfort it is to me to have your help as well as Professor Foster's, when I tell you that for the last eight weeks I have been seriously out of health, and have often been suffering much pain—a state which I imagine you know by experience to heighten all real anxieties, and usually to create unreal.

It cheers me to be told by you that you think the volume interesting. In reading the MS. again and again, I had got into a state of tremor about it which deprived me of judgment—just as if it were writing of my own, which I could not trust myself to pronounce upon.

I hope that your own health, and Mrs Sully's too, will have been benefited by your change from south to north.

I think that I am really getting better, and shall have to stay among the minority in this world a little longer than I had expected.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 11th
Aug. 1879.

Will you send me word how long you shall be at liberty, and whether you would think it worth while to come down to me one morning and stay till the afternoon of the following day? Your letter is delightful to me. Several spiritual kisses for it.

Thank you for your sweet affection. I have had rather a trying illness, which lasted, without great relief, for nearly eight weeks. But I hope that I am now out of it—that is, so far established that I may go on without a relapse. The cold weather

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 19th
Aug. 1879.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 19th
Aug. 1879.

was against me, as it was and is against much more important matters. The days of warmth and sunlight which have now and then blessed us have been my best medicine, though I acknowledge the benefit of pepsine and steel, and many other drugs. The grey skies and recurring rain are peculiarly dispiriting to me, and one seems to feel their influence all the more for the wide, beautiful view of field and hill which they sadden and half conceal. In town one thinks less of the sky.

If you are ever writing to our dear Mrs William Smith, do give my love to her, and tell her I am very grateful to her for the letter she wrote me with the post-mark *Ventnor* upon it. With her usual delicacy of feeling she did not send her address, so that I could not write in return.

Letter to
Wm. Black-
wood, 3d
Sept. 1879.

I am much obliged to you for writing me your letter of pleasant news.

It is wonderful how 'Theophrastus' goes on selling in these bad times, and I have only to hope in addition that the buyers will be the better for it. Apparently we shall get through this last edition before Christmas, and then perhaps you will think of adding the volume to the Cabinet Edition. I am especially rejoiced to hear that your uncle is better again, and I trust that *Strathtyrum* is sharing our sunshine, which will be the best cure for him as for me. I am getting strong, and also am gaining flesh on my moderate scale. It really makes a difference to one's spirits to think that the harvest may now possibly be got in without utter ruin to the produce and unhappy producers. But this year

will certainly prove a serious epoch, and initiate many changes in relation to farming. I fear, from what I have read, that the rich Lothians will have to be called compassionately the poor Lothians. By the way, if you happen to want any translation done from the French, and have not just the right person to do it, I think I can recommend a Miss Bradley Jenkins, of 50 Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, as one who has an unusually competent knowledge of French. We sat side by side on the same form translating Miss Edgeworth into French when we were girls.

Letter to
Wm. Black-
wood, 3d
Sept. 1879.

I have not seen her for many years, but I know that she has been engaged in a high order of teaching, and I have lately heard from her that she is anxious to get work of the kind in question. She already spoke French well when we were pupils together, and she has since been an unintermitting student.

I wonder, talking of translators, how the young Mr Ferrier is going on, who translated Kaufmann's pamphlet on 'Deronda.' What Mr Blackwood told me of him interested me about his future.

Oblige us all by not falling into another accident when the next hunting season comes.

Before I received your letter the other day, I was intending to write to you to ask whether, now that I am stronger and the fine weather shows some signs of permanence, you feel any revival of the inclination to come and see me for a couple of days. I hardly like to propose your taking the journey, now that you are not being brought near me by

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
3d Sept.
1879.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
3d Sept.
1879.

other visits—for the railway from you to us is, I think, rather tiresome. But if your inclination really lies towards coming, you will be affectionately welcomed.

About the seaside I am hopeless. The latter part of October is likely to be too cold for me to move about without risk of chills; and I hope to be back in town before the end of the month. I am not very fond of the seaside, and this year it is likely to be crowded with people who have been hindered by the bad weather from going earlier. I prefer the Surrey hills and the security from draughts in one's own home. The one attraction of a coast place to me is a great breadth of sand to pace on when it is in its fresh firmness after the fall of the tide. But the sea itself is melancholy to me—only a little less so under warm sunlight, with plenty of fishing smacks changing their shadows. All this is to let you know why I do not yield to the attraction of being with you, where we could chat as much or as little as we liked. I feel very much your affectionateness in wishing to have me near you.

Write me word soon whether you feel able to come as far as this for my sake.

Letter to
James Sully,
10th Sept.
1879.

I have read the article¹ with very grateful feelings. I think that he would himself have regarded it as a generally just estimate. And I am much obliged to you for sending it to me in proof.

Your selection of subjects for remark, and the remarks themselves, are in accordance with my

¹ Article on G. H. Lewes. *New Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1879.

feeling to a comforting extent; and I shall always remain your debtor for writing the article.

Letter to
James Sully,
16th Sept.
1879.

I trust you will not be forced to omit anything about his scientific and philosophical work, because that is the part of his life's labour which he most valued.

Perhaps you a little underrate the (original) effect of his 'Life of Goethe' in Germany. It was received with enthusiasm, and an immense number of copies, in both the English and German form, have been sold in Germany since its appearance in 1854.

I wish you were allowed to put your name to the article.

I am getting strong now, after a long spell of medical discipline. All these long months I have been occupied with my husband's manuscripts: also with the foundation of a Physiological Studentship, which is my monument to his memory, and which is now all settled, as you may perhaps have seen by advertisements.¹ But I am not yet through the

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 17th
Sept. 1879.

¹"George Henry Lewes Studentship."—This Studentship has been founded in memory of Mr George Henry Lewes, for the purpose of enabling the holder for the time being to devote himself wholly to the prosecution of original research in physiology. The Studentship, the value of which is slightly under £200 per annum, paid quarterly in advance, is tenable for three years, during which time the student is required to carry on, under the guidance of a director, physiological investigations to the complete exclusion of all other professional occupations. No person will be elected as a "George Henry Lewes Student" who does not satisfy the Trustees and Director, first, as to the promise of success in physiological inquiry; and second, as to the need of pecuniary assistance. Otherwise all persons of both sexes are eligible. Applications, together with such information concerning ability and circumstances as the candidate may think proper, should be sent to the present Director, Dr Michael Foster, New

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 17th
Sept. 1879.

proof-reading of the final volume of 'Problems of Life and Mind,' which will contain the last sheets he ever wrote.

I hear very good accounts of Madame Bodichon, who is coming to me for a couple of days on the 29th.

You are wonderful for life and energy, in spite of your delicate looks. May you have all the strength you need for your sympathetic tasks!

Letter to
James Sully,
7th Oct.
1879.

I have not yet thanked you—and I do so now very gratefully—for the help you have given me in my sad and anxious task. Your eyes have been a most precious aid, not only as a matter of fact, but as a ground of confidence. For I am not at all a good proof-reader, and have a thorough distrust of myself.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 18th
Oct. 1879.

I cannot wish not to have been cheered by your triple letter, even though I have caused you to rise earlier in the morning, and to feel a disproportionate remorse. "Maggior difetto men vergogna lava," as says Virgil to the blushing Dante. And you have given me the fuller measure because I had to wait a little.

Your legend of 'Fair Women' interests me very much. I feel a citizen of the world again, knowing all the news. But the core of good news in your letter is that your husband is well again, and again happy in his work. Your collapse is what I feared for you; and you must call the getting change

Museums, Cambridge, not later than October 15, 1879. The appointment will be made and duly advertised as soon as possible after that date

of air and scene—I was going to say “a duty,” but are you one of those wonderful beings who find everything easier under that name? But at least one prefers doing a hard duty to grimacing with a pretence of pleasure in things that are no pleasure.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 18th
Oct. 1879.

I am greatly comforted this morning by the fact that the (apparently) right man is found for the George Henry Lewes Studentship—an ardent worker, who could not have carried on his pursuit without this help. I know you are not unmindful of what touches me deeply.

Go on your visit, dear, and come back well—then show yourself without unnecessary delay to your loving friend.

I have had a delightful bit of news from Dr Foster this morning. He had mentioned to me before, that there was an Edinburgh student, whom he had in his mind as the right one to elect. This morning he writes—“The trustees meet to-morrow to receive my nomination. I have chosen Dr Charles Roy, an Edinburgh man, and Scotchman—not one of my own pupils. He is, I think, the most promising—by far the most promising—of our young physiologists, putting aside those who do not need the pecuniary assistance of the studentship. And the help comes to him just when it is most needed: he is in full swing of work, and was casting about for some means of supporting himself which would least interfere with his work, when I called his attention to the studentship. I feel myself very gratified that I can, at the very outset,

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes,
Saturday,
20th Oct.
1879.

recommend just the man, as it appears to me, for the post."

This is a thing your father would have chosen as a result of his life.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
25th Nov.
1879.

I am deeply obliged to you for your affectionate sympathy, and to my dear venerated "Maman" for still bearing me in her heart.

I returned from the country at the beginning of this month, much restored in health after rather a painful illness, which occupied most of the summer. I have nevertheless completed the two chief objects I had in mind—the editing of the final volume of my husband's work, which will appear in December; and the founding of a Studentship of Physiology, which bears his name, and will perpetuate it in connection with the researches which most deeply interested him.

It seems wonderful to me that Madame D'Albert is more than eighty years of age! The years shrink as I look back through them and recall my first interview with her and you. It is very blessed that her mind is tranquil as well as clear. And your family is apparently a source of continual interest and satisfaction. What I should most dread for you is that solitude that will come when your beloved charge no longer needs your care. Imperative duties—such as leave us in no doubt as to what we shall do next—are the only condition that makes life easy—though we ignorantly rebel against those benignant bonds while we still have them.

My friends are very good to me, and I have many

blessings. I try to interest myself in life, and to keep my faculties in activity.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
25th Nov.
1879.

'Theophrastus Such' has had a very large sale in England, and in the next edition will make the twentieth volume of the Cabinet Edition of my works. I can well imagine that it is difficult to translate.

I have just had some news that grieves me. Mr Blackwood is dangerously ill, and I fear, from Mr William's letter, that there is little hope of recovery. He will be a heavy loss to me. He has been bound up with what I most cared for in my life for more than twenty years; and his good qualities have made many things easy to me that, without him, would often have been difficult.¹

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, Tues-
day, 27th
Oct. 1879.

I wrote to Mr Trübner to tell him that the printing of the "Problems" being finished, I should be glad if he would arrange with you about the conditions of publication. Bear in mind your father's wish that the volumes should not be made dearer than necessary.

I am going to Weybridge on Friday, and I intend to be at The Priory by Saturday before dusk. But it is *just possible* I may be detained till Monday morning. So if you have any good occupation for Sunday, you had better call on your way home on Monday.

Your affectionate note would quite have determined me to do what, when your brother kindly proposed it, raised a certain longing in me. I thought that I should like to see you all in the

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 29th
Oct. 1879.

¹ Mr John Blackwood died on 29th October 1879.

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 29th
Oct. 1879.

remembered home again. But I have had a little check in health, and I am feeling so depressed that I shrink from making any engagement which involves others.

A visitor to-day and my own languor threaten to throw me backward in my arrangements for leaving, and I have a sense of impossibility about everything that, under other conditions, would be a pleasure. I am afraid lest a fit of sadness should make me an oppression to you all; and my conclusion this morning is, that I must give up the few hours' happiness of feeling your family love around me as I used to do, and simply go straight up to town with my servants.

But if Friday morning brings me better hopes I will telegraph to you, since you allow me to wait till the eleventh hour. If you receive no telegram, you will understand that I am still too down-hearted to venture on a visit even to those who are amongst the best loved of my friends. In that case you must all make me amends for my loss by coming to see me in the old place in town.

Came to Weybridge on 31st October, and returned to The Priory on 1st November.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 8th
Nov. 1879.

I came here just a week ago, and I had a superstition that you would come to me yesterday. But I used no enchantments—and so you didn't come.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Honnell, 22d
Nov. 1879.

I am very grateful to you for your kind letter. News about you all had been much desired by me; but I have now so many business letters to write that I am apt to defer such as are not absolutely necessary. The careful index is a sign of your

effective industry, and I have no doubt that it will be a great help to yourself as well as to your readers. One very often needs an index to one's own writing. My chief objects are quite completed now. The Dr Roy appointed to the Studentship is held by competent persons to be the most hopeful of our young physiologists: and there is a volume of 501 pages (the last) of 'Problems of Life and Mind' ready to appear next month. I am quite recovered from the ailment which made me good for little in the summer, and indeed am stronger than I ever expected to be again. People are very good to me, and I am exceptionally blessed in many ways; but more blessed are the dead who rest from their labours, and have not to dread a barren, useless survival.

Letter to
Miss Sara
Hennell, 22d
Nov. 1879.

I am very well, dear kind friend, all things considered. One cannot help getting occasional chills and headaches in this hard wintry time.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 6th
Dec. 1879.

Oh yes, I read the 'Times' with great interest, and am much concerned to know what my contemporaries are doing. My time is very fully occupied, for I have now to write a great many letters, such as used to be written for me, and I would willingly spend the time thus taken up in another sort of reading and writing.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your book entitled 'Jesus of Nazareth,' which I have read with much interest both in its purpose and in its execution. I had hardly thought, before, that we had among us an author who could treat Biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from

Letter to
E. Clodd,
4th Jan.
1880.

Letter to
E. Clodd,
4th Jan.
1880.

the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures, not in the least resembling the creatures within.

My mind cannot see the Gospel histories in just the same proportions as those you have given. But on this widely conjectural subject there may and must be shades of difference which do not affect fundamental agreement.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 5th
Jan. 1880.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for your tender New Year's greeting and inquiries. I have passed well from "under the saws and harrows" of the severe cold, and am better, both in apparent organic soundness and in strength for all occupation, than I once thought was possible for me.

Our dear Barbara is painting in water-colours again from her window—just as of old. I know you will be glad to hear of this. And I am now seeing many other friends, who interest me and bring me reports of their several worlds. The great public calamities of the past year have helped to quiet one's murmuring spirit in relation to private sorrows, and the prospect for the future is not yet very bright. One thinks of mothers like Mrs Ruck whose best-loved sons are in Afghanistan. But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness of it may help us in striving to remedy them.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 19th
Jan. 1880.

Life has seemed worse without my glimpses of you. And now I have not the amends of thinking that you are out of our Egyptian darkness, and

getting health in the country. I must drive over to ask about you as soon as I can.

As the year went on, George Eliot began to see all her old friends again. But her life was nevertheless a life of heart-loneliness. Accustomed as she had been for so many years to solitude *à deux*, the want of close companionship continued to be very bitterly felt. She was in the habit of going with me very frequently to the National Gallery, and to other exhibitions of pictures, to the British Museum sculptures, and to South Kensington. This constant association engrossed me completely, and was a new interest to her. A bond of mutual dependence had been formed between us. On the 28th March she came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 30th; and on the 9th April it was finally decided that our marriage should take place as soon, and as privately, as might be found practicable.

You can hardly think how sweet the name sister is to me, that I have not been called by for so many, many years.

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 13th
April 1880.

Without your tenderness I do not believe it would have been possible for me to accept this wonderful renewal of my life. Nothing less than the prospect of being loved and welcomed by you all could have sustained me. But now I cherish the thought that the family life will be the richer and not the poorer, through your brother's great gift of love to me.

Yet I quail a little in facing what has to be gone through—the hurting of many whom I care for. You are doing everything you can to help me, and

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 13th
April 1880.

I am full of gratitude to you all for his sake as well as my own. The springs of affection are reopened in me, and it will make me better to be among you—more loving and trustful.

I valued Florence's little visit very much. You and she will come again—will you not!—to your sister.

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
19th April
1880.

I have found the spot in "The Prelude" where the passage I mentioned occurs. It is in Book viii. "The Retrospect," towards the end :—

"The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and revered with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations."

The bit of brickwork in the rock is

"With aid derived of evidence."

I think you would find much to suit your purpose in "The Prelude," such as—

"There is
One great society alone on earth :
The noble Living and the noble Dead."

Except for travelling, and for popular distribution, I prefer Moxon's one-volumed edition of Wordsworth to any selection. No selection gives you the perfect gems to be found in single lines, or in half a dozen lines, which are to be found in the "dull" poems.

I am sorry Matthew Arnold has not included the sonnet beginning—

Letter to
Frederic
Harrison,
19th April
1880.

“I griev’d for Buonaparté with a vain
And an unthinking grief ;”

and which has these precious lines—

“’Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood,
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees.”

Has he the magnificent sonnet on Toussaint l’Ouverture? I don’t know where there is anything finer than the last eight lines of it.

Please don’t acknowledge this note, else you will neutralise my pleasure in sending it by making me feel that I have given you trouble.

The beautiful photograph has reached me safely, and I am very grateful to you for your kindness in sending it to me. In comparing it with the photograph which you gave me seven or eight years ago, I see the effect of a saddening experience which the years must bring to us all, but to my feeling the face is the more endearing because of that effect.

Letter to the
Hon. Lady
Lytton, 24th
April 1880.

You have been very often in my thoughts, because I have associated you with public affairs, and have imagined sympathetically how they must have affected your private life. I am sure that this momentous experience in India has been a hard discipline both for you and for Lord Lytton. I can imagine he has often been sick at heart with

Letter to the
Hon. Lady
Lytton, 24th
April 1880.

the near vision which his post forces on him, of human meanness and rancour. You, too, must have gathered some melancholy knowledge of that sort, which has perhaps changed a little the curves of the mouth and the glance of the eyes since those Vienna days, when the delightful M. de Villers helped to make the hours pleasant to us.

I saw the photographs of your daughters, which gave me an idea how fast the dramatic authoress has developed physically as well as mentally. When I first saw her at Vienna she was the prettiest little rosebud.

Mrs Strachey called the other day when I was out, and among other reasons for my being sorry not to have seen her, was the having missed some authentic news about your probable movements. What happens to you will always have interest for me, since I have long been, with sincere regard, yours most truly.

On the 24th April George Eliot came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 26th.

Letter to
James Sully,
26th April
1880.

I am deeply obliged to you for the care with which you have treated the final volume of the "Problems" in the 'Academy,' which you have kindly sent me. I think you could hardly have written more effectively towards exciting an interest in the work in the minds of the comparatively few who really care for the study of Psychology. You have added one more to the obligations which will make me always yours gratefully.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th May
1880.

I have something to tell you which will doubtless be a great surprise to you ; but since I have found

that other friends, less acquainted with me and my life than you are, have given me their sympathy, I think that I can count on yours. I am going to do what not very long ago I should myself have pronounced impossible for me, and therefore I should not wonder at any one else who found my action incomprehensible. By the time you receive this letter I shall (so far as the future can be matter of assertion) have been married to Mr J. W. Cross, who, you know, is a friend of years, a friend much loved and trusted by Mr Lewes, and who, now that I am alone, sees his happiness in the dedication of his life to me. This change in my position will make no change in my care for Mr Lewes's family, and in the ultimate disposition of my property. Mr Cross has a sufficient fortune of his own. We are going abroad for a few months, and I shall not return to live at this house. Mr Cross has taken the lease of a house, No. 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall spend the winter and early spring, making Witley our summer home.

I indulge the hope that you will some day look at the river from the windows of our Chelsea house, which is rather quaint and picturesque.

Please tell Bessie¹ for me, with my love to her. I cannot write to more than two or three persons.

A great, momentous change is going to take place in my life. My indisposition last week, and several other subsequent circumstances, have hindered me from communicating it to you, and the time has

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
5th May
1880.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve,
5th May 1880.

¹ Madame Belloc.

been but short since the decision was come to. But with your permission Charles will call on you and tell you what he can on Saturday.

Journal,
1880.

May 6.—Married this day at 10.15 to John Walter Cross at St George's, Hanover Square. Present, Charles, who gave me away, Mr and Mrs Druce, Mr Hall, William, Mary, Eleanor, and Florence Cross. We went back to The Priory, where we signed our wills. Then we started for Dover, and arrived there a little after five o'clock.

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 9th
May 1880,
from Paris.

Your letter was a sweet greeting to us on our arrival here yesterday.

We had a millennial cabin on the deck of the Calais-Douvres, and floated over the Strait as easily as the saints float upward to heaven (in the pictures). At Amiens we were very comfortably housed, and paid two enraptured visits, evening and morning, to the Cathedral. I was delighted with J.'s delight in it. And we read our dear old cantos of the "Inferno" that we were reading a year ago, declining afterwards on 'Eugénie Grandet.' The nice woman who waited on us made herself very memorable to me by her sketch of her own life. She went to England when she was nineteen as a lady's maid—had been much *ennuyée de sa mère*, detested *les plaisirs*, liked only her regular everyday work and *la paix*.

Here we have a very fair *appartement*, and plenty of sunlight *au premier*. Before dinner we walked up to the Arc de l'Étoile and back again, enjoying the lovely greenth and blossoms of the horse-

chestnuts, which are in their first glory, innocent of dust or of one withered petal. This morning at twelve o'clock we are going to the Russian church, where J. has never been, and where I hope we shall hear the wonderful intoning and singing as I heard it years ago.

Letter to
Miss Eleanor
Cross, 9th
May 1880,
from Paris.

This is the chronicle of our happy married life, three days long—all its happiness conscious of a dear background in those who are loving us at Weybridge, at Thornhill, and at Ranby.

You are all inwoven into the pattern of my thoughts, which would have a sad lack without you. I like to go over again in imagination all the scene in the church and in the vestry, and to feel every loving look from the eyes of those who were rejoicing for us. Besides Professor Sellar's letter, which touched J. with grateful surprise, we have had one to him from Mr Frederic Harrison, saying everything affectionate; and two very finely felt letters from Edith Simcox—one to him enclosing the one to me. Certainly she has a rare generosity and elevation which find their easy channel in writing. My love to Henry and to the gentle Berthe,¹ who was an invisible presence at our wedding.

I think I must thank Florence, too, for her letter to J.; for we accept to the full the principle of "what is mine is thine" on each side. What most comforted him this morning was a letter from Albert Druce about the Chelsea house. His usual exclamation over anything from Albert is

¹ Mrs Hall.

that his brother-in-law is the most satisfactory of men!

Write us word about everything, and consider yourselves all very much loved and spiritually petted by your loving sister.

This place is so magnificently situated, in a smiling valley, with the Isère flowing through it, and surrounded by grand and various lines of mountains, and we were so enraptured by our expedition yesterday to the Grande Chartreuse, that we congratulate ourselves greatly on our choice of route. I think it unlikely that we shall want to wander beyond the second week in July. We shall begin to long for home just when the rest of the London world are longing for travel. We are seeing nature in her happiest moment now: the foliage on all the tremendous heights, the soft slopes, and the richly clad valleys on the way to the Chartreuse, is all fresh and tender, shone through by a sunlight which cherishes and does not burn us. I had but one regret in seeing the sublime beauty of the Grande Chartreuse. It was that the Pater had not seen it. I would still give up my own life willingly if he could have the happiness instead of me. But marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self. I was getting hard, and if I had decided differently, I think I should have become very selfish.

Glorious weather always, and I am very well—quite amazingly able to go through fatigue.

Our life since we wrote to you has been a chapter of delights—Grenoble—Grande Chartreuse—

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 21st
May 1880,
from
Grenoble.

Letter to
Miss Flor-
ence Cross,
25th May
1880.

Chambéry—paradisiacal walk to Les Charmettes—roses gathered in Jean Jacques' garden—Mont Cenis Tunnel, and emergence into Italian sunshine. Milan, comfortable *appartement*, delicious privacy, and great minds condescending to relax themselves! We got here yesterday, and of course our first walk was to the post, where we found your delightful budget and other letters, which we took to a *café* in the grand *galleria*, and read at our ease to the accompaniment of tea.

Letter to
Miss Flor-
ence Cross,
25th May
1880.

Two of my letters yesterday touched me very gratefully. One was from "Brother Jimmy"—the prettiest letter possible. The other letter that moved me was one from my own brother. Then J. had a graceful letter of congratulation from Mr Henry James, who is still at Florence. I think you did not send that letter of Mr Edmund Gurney's which you mention. I am fond of seeing the letters which put my friends in an amiable light for my imagination. And now that I have had that charming letter from my new brother in America, I feel that my family initiation is complete. No woman was ever more sweetly received by brothers and sisters than I have been; and it is a happy new longing in my life that I may return into their bosoms some of the gladness they have poured into mine.

I have been uninterruptedly well, and feel quite strong with all sorts of strength except strong-mindedness. We are going to hear the music in the Duomo at eleven, and after that we intend to pay our first visit to the Brera gallery. It is our

Letter to :
Miss Flor-
ence Cross,
25th May
1880.

present plan to stay here for some days, and we enjoy the thought of a little stationary life such as we have not had since we left Paris. We often talk of our sisters, oftener think of them. You are our children, you know.

Letter to
Isaac P.
Evans, 26th
May 1880.

Your letter was forwarded to me here, and it was a great joy to me to have your kind words of sympathy, for our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones. My husband, too, was much pleased to read your letter. I have known his family for eleven years, and they have received me amongst them very lovingly. The only point to be regretted in our marriage is that I am much older than he, but his affection has made him choose this lot of caring for me rather than any other of the various lots open to him.

Emily Clarke has lately sent me rather a sad account of Sarah's¹ health. I trust that it is now better, for I think it is her lungs that chiefly trouble her, and summer may act beneficently on them. Please give my love to her, and tell her that I like the assurance of her share in the good wishes you send me.

I have often heard of Frederick² through the admiration of those who have heard him preach; and it has been a happy thought to me that you and Sarah must feel it a great comfort to have him as well as Walter settled near you.

Edith is the only one of your children whom I

¹ Mrs Isaac Evans (since deceased).

² Rev. Frederick Evans, Rector of Bedworth.

have seen since they have been grown up, and I thought her a noble-looking woman.

Letter to
Isaac P.
Evans, 26th
May 1880.

We are going to remain abroad until some time in July, and shall then return to The Heights, Witley, Surrey. Our home in London will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, looking on a very picturesque bit of the river.

I hope that your own health is quite good now, and that you are able to enjoy the active life which I know you are fond of.—Always your affectionate sister.

Many thanks for your delightful letter, which came to me yesterday, with a loving though brief letter from Mrs Congreve to keep it company in making the day agreeable.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 28th
May 1880.

We arrived here on Monday, and have been induced by a nice quiet apartment and pleasant attendance to carry out our plan of resting here, and deliberately seeing what is to be seen in this cheerful, prosperous city. I am glad to find that the Luini pictures come up to my remembrance, and that J. is much impressed by his introduction to them. I continue remarkably well, and am every day surprising myself by the amount of walking, standing, and looking that I can go through. To-morrow or the next day we intend to go on to Verona; then after a sufficient pause to enjoy that glorious place we shall move on to Padua and Venice, where it will be best for you to send anything you may have to send. I like to see the letters. They make one realise the fact of one's home and little world there amid the dreaminess of foreign travel.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 28th
May 1880.

We take our meals in our own apartment and see nothing of our fellow-guests in the hotel—only hear their British and American voices when they air themselves in the *cortile* after their dinner.

The weather has hitherto been delicious, not excessively warm, always with a pleasant movement in the air; but this morning there is a decided advance in heat, and we shall both have our theory of great heat being the best thing for us well tested in the next month.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
29th May
and 1st June
1880, from
Verona.

The change I make in the date of this letter is a sign of the difficulty you well know that one finds in writing all the letters one wants to write while travelling. Ever since Charles forwarded to me your dear letter while I was in Paris, I have been meaning to write to you. That letter was doubly sweet to me because it was written before you received mine, *intended* to inform you of my marriage before it appeared in the newspapers. Charles says that my friends are chiefly hurt because I did not tell them of the approaching change in my life. But I really did not finally, absolutely decide—I was in a state of doubt and struggle—until only a fortnight before the event took place, so that at last everything was done in the utmost haste. However, there were four or five friends, of whom you were one, to whom I was resolved to write, so that they should at least get my letter on the morning of the 6th.

I had more than once said to Mr Cross that you were that one of my friends who required the least explanation on the subject—who would spontane-

ously understand our marriage. But Charles sends me word that my friends in general are very sympathetic, and I should like to mention to you that Bessie¹ is one whose very kind words he has sent to me, for you may have an opportunity of giving my love to her, and telling her that it is very sweet to me to feel that her affection is constant to me in this as it was in other crises of my life. I wish, since you can no longer come in and out among us as you used to do, that you already knew my husband better. His family welcome me with the uttermost tenderness. All this is wonderful blessing falling to me beyond my share, after I had thought that my life was ended, and that, so to speak, my coffin was ready for me in the next room. Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness, but this must always be with those who have lived long—and I am able to enjoy my newly reopened life. I shall be a better, more loving creature than I could have been in solitude. To be constantly, lovingly grateful for the gift of a perfect love, is the best illumination of one's mind to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet.

We leave Verona to-day, and stay a little at Padua on our way to Venice. Hitherto we have had delightful weather, and just the temperature we rejoice in. We are both fond of warmth, and could bear more heat than we have the prospect of at present.

Yesterday we had a drive on the skirting heights

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
29th May
and 1st June
1880, from
Verona.

¹ Madame Belloc.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
29th May
and 1st June
1880, from
Verona.

of Verona, and saw the vast fertile plain around, with the Euganean hills, blue in the distance, and the Apennines just dimly visible on the clear margin of the horizon. I am always made happier by seeing well-cultivated land.

We came into Italy by way of Grenoble (seeing the Grande Chartreuse), Chambéry, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel; since then we have been staying at Milan, and enjoying the Luini frescoes and a few other great things there. The great things are always by comparison few, and there is much everywhere one would like to help seeing, after it has once served to give one a notion of historical progression.

We shall stay at Venice for ten days or a fortnight; so if you have a scribe, or would write yourself, to tell me that all is going on well with you, the letter would not, as the Scotch say, "go amissing."

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 9th
June 1880,
from Venice.

We both enjoyed reading your letter on the morning after our arrival at this enchanting city, where the glorious light, with comparative stillness and total absence of dust, makes a paradise much more desirable than that painted by Tintoretto on the wall of the Consiglio Maggiore. Nothing but the advent of mosquitoes would make it easy for us to tear ourselves away from this place, where every prospect pleases, but also where one is obliged to admit that man is somewhat vile. I am sadly disappointed in the aspect of the Venetian populace. Even physically they look less endowed than I thought them when we were here under

the Austrian dominion. We have hardly seen a sweet or noble woman's face since we arrived, but the men are not quite so ill-looking as the women. The singing here (by itinerant performers in gondolas) is disgraceful to Venice and to Italy. Coarse voices, much out of tune, make one shudder when they strike suddenly under the window.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 9th
June 1880,
from Venice

Our days here are passed quite deliciously. We see a few beautiful pictures or other objects of interest, and dwell on them sufficiently every morning, not hurrying ourselves to do much; and afterwards we have a *giro* in our gondola, enjoying the air and the sight of marvellous Venice from various points of view and under various aspects. Hitherto we have had no *heat*, only warmth with a light breeze. To-day, for the first time, one thinks that violent exercise must be terribly trying for our red-skinned fellow-mortals at work on the gondolas and the barges. But for us it is only pleasant to find the air warm enough for sitting out in the evening. We shall not soon run away from Venice unless some plague—*e.g.*, mosquitoes—should arise to drive us. We edify ourselves with what Ruskin has written about Venice, in an agreeable pamphlet shape, using his knowledge gratefully, and shutting our ears to his wrathful innuendoes against the whole modern world. And we are now nearly at the end of Alfieri's autobiography, which is a deeply interesting study of character.

It may well seem incredible to you, for it is hardly credible to myself, that while I have been

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 10th
June 1880.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 10th
June 1880.

longing to write to you ever since I received your dear letter, I have not found the time to satisfy my longing. Perhaps you are more able than most people to conceive the difficulty of getting a clear half hour between the business of travelling and the attention to little details of packing and toilette, over and above the companionship of talk and reading. Certainly I have thought of you all the more, but you have not known that, and I have lost my claim to hear about you—a use and wont which I would not willingly part with.

I wonder whether you have imagined—I believe that you are quick to imagine for the benefit of others—all the reasons why it was left at last to Charles to tell you of the great, once undreamed-of change in my life. The momentous decision, in fact, was not made till scarcely more than a fortnight before my marriage; and even if opportunity had lent itself to my confiding everything to you, I think I could hardly have done it at a time when your presence filled me rather with a sense of your and Emily's trouble¹ than with my own affairs. Perhaps Charles will have told you that the marriage deprives no one of any good I felt bound to render before—it only gives me a more strenuous position, in which I cannot sink into the self-absorption and laziness I was in danger of before. The whole history is something like a miracle-legend. But instead of any former affection being displaced in my mind, I seem to have recovered the loving sympathy that I was in danger of losing. I

¹ Mr Geddes's death.

mean that I had been conscious of a certain drying-up of tenderness in me, and that now the spring seems to have risen again. Who could take your place within me or make me amends for the loss of you? And yet I should not take it bitterly if you felt some alienation from me. Such alienation is very natural where a friend does not fulfil expectations of long standing.

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 10th
June 1880.

We have already been ten days at Venice, but we hope to remain as long again, not fearing the heat, which has hitherto been only a false alarm in the minds of English travellers. If you could find time to send me word how you all are—yourself, Dr Congreve after his holiday, and Emily, with all her cares about removal—a letter sent to the Poste Restante here would reach me, even if we had left before the next ten days were over. We shall hardly be at Witley before the middle of July: but the sense of neighbourhood to you at Witley is sadly ended now.

We thought too little of the heat, and rather laughed at English people's dread of the sun. But the mode of life at Venice has its peculiar dangers. It is one thing to enjoy heat when leading an active life, getting plenty of exercise in riding or rowing in the evenings; it is another thing to spend all one's days in a gondola—a delicious, dreamy existence,—going from one church to another—from palaces to picture-galleries—sight-seeing of the most exhaustively interesting kind—traversing constantly the *piccoli rei*, which are nothing more than drains,

and with bedroom-windows always open on the great drain of the Grand Canal. The effect of this continual bad air, and the complete and sudden deprivation of all bodily exercise, made me thoroughly ill. As soon as I could be moved we left Venice, on the 23d of June, and went to Innspruck, where we stayed for a week, and in the change to the pure sweet mountain air I soon regained strength.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 7th
July 1880,
from
Stuttgart.

I was made very glad by Gertrude's letter, which assured me that Witley had been enjoyed by you and the little ones. We stayed six days at Innspruck, finding it more and more beautiful under the sunshine which had been wanting to it during our first two days. Then we went on to Munich, and yesterday we arrived here, as a temporary resting-place on our way to Wildbad, which, we hope, will put the finishing-touch to J.'s recovery of his usual health.

I wish I had been able to let you know in time that you could have remained a little longer at Witley, as I think we shall hardly be at home before the 20th if we find Wildbad what we want. Your *Mutter* is marvellously well and strong. It seems more natural to her to have anxiety than to be free from it. Let us hope that she will not run down like a jelly-fish, now that her anxiety is over.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 13th
July 1880,
from
Wildbad.

I received your welcome letter yesterday morning, and felt inclined to answer it the next minute. J. is quite well again, but is inclined to linger a little in the sweet air of the Schwarzwald, which comes

to one on gently-stirred wings, laden with the scent of the pine forests. We mean to drive from here to Baden, which is within easy distance.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 13th
July 1880,
from
Wildbad.

Yesterday we sallied forth for a walk over the mountain, to a place where we could rest and lunch, returning in the afternoon. The sky was brilliant. But in half-an-hour the clouds gathered and threatened a storm. We were prudent enough to turn back, and by the time we were in the hotel again, the thunder was rolling and the rain pouring down. This continued till about two o'clock, and then again the sky became clear. I never saw so incalculable a state of weather as we have in this valley. One quarter of an hour the blue sky is only flecked by lightest cirrus clouds, the next it is almost hidden by dark rain clouds. But we are going to start on our promised expedition this morning, the sunshine flattering us that it is quite confirmed.

I think you had better address your next letter *Poste Restante*, Strasburg, as I am uncertain how long we shall rest at Baden.

Left Wildbad on the 17th July, and had a delightful drive through the Black Forest by Herrenalb to Baden, and thence by Strasburg, Metz, Luxemburg, and Brussels, arriving at Witley on Monday the 26th of July.

We arrived here in all safety last Monday, and if I had not had your welcome little note this morning, I think I should soon have written to you without any such extra stimulus.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon
1st Aug.
1880.

Mr Cross had a sharp but brief attack at Venice, due to the unsanitary influences of that wondrous

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
1st Aug.
1880.

city, in the later weeks of June. We stayed a little too long there, with a continuous sirocco blowing, and bad smells under the windows of the hotel; and these conditions found him a little below par from long protracted anxiety before our marriage. But ever since we left Venice (on the 23d of June) he has been getting strong again, and we have enjoyed a leisurely journey through Germany in constant warmth and sunshine, save for an occasional thunderstorm. The climate in this beloved country of ours is a sad exchange, and makes one think of a second bad harvest with all its consequences. Still it is a delight to be at home, and enjoy perfect stillness after the noisiness of foreign bells and foreign voices indoors and out. It would be very pretty to pay you a visit next April, if we are all alive, and I think Mr Cross would like it very much. He sends you, hoping you will accept them, his best remembrances, which have been kept up by our often talking about you. I have been amazingly well through all the exertion of our travels, and in the latter half of the time have done a great deal of walking.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 2d
Aug. 1880.

How sweet of you to write me a little welcome as soon as you knew that I was at home again.

Yes, we are both well now, and *glad* to be at home again, though the change of climate is not of the exhilarating sort. One is so sorry for all the holiday makers, whose best enjoyment of these three days would have been in the clear air and sunshine.

Do not reproach me for not telling you of my

marriage beforehand. It is difficult to speak of what surprises ourselves, and the decision was sudden, though not the friendship which led to the decision.

Letter to
Mrs Peter
Taylor, 2d
Aug. 1880.

My heart thoroughly responds to your remembrance of our long—our thirty years' relation to each other. Let me tell you this once what I have said to others—that I value you as one of the purest-minded, gentlest-hearted women I have ever known; and where such a feeling exists, friendship can live without much aid from sight.

We shall probably not be in town again till the beginning of November. Our address then will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall have an outlook on the river and meadows beyond. Just now we have the prospect of going on family visits to married sisters, which prevents us from feeling quite settled.

I expected your letter, and expected, too, just the sort of letter I have received, telling me everything delightfully. I can follow you everywhere in your journeying except to Ober Wesel. I hope you will have enjoyed St Blasien and some of the walks there consecrated by the beloved Pater's footsteps. We reversed your drive and went to Freiburg, so that I can enter into your enjoyment of the Höllenthal. I am glad that your weather has been temperate. Here we have now had four sunny and really hot days, and this morning promises to be the fifth. That is consolatory as to the harvest, and is very agreeable as to our private life. The last two evenings we have walked in the garden after eight

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 12th
Aug. 1880.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 12th
Aug. 1880.

o'clock —the first time by starlight, the second under a vapoury sky, with the red moon setting. The air was perfectly still and warm, and I felt no need of extra clothing.

Our life has had no more important events than calls from neighbours and our calls in return. Tomorrow we pay our visit to the Druces at Sevenoaks, where, you may remember, Mr Druce has built a beautiful house. At the beginning of September we are to visit Mr and Mrs Otter at Ranby, and after that we shall go to Six-Mile Bottom for a day or two. Then our wanderings will be over.

I went to The Priory the other day, and found a treatise on Blood Pressure, by Dr Roy, which he had sent me there, and which he has published as the "George Henry Lewes" student. I imagine that he has come to pursue his studies in England, as he intended to do. Delbœuf's article on the last volume of the "Problems" (in the Belgian 'Athenæum') is very nicely done. He has read the book.

I am pretty well, but find myself more languid than I was when abroad. I think the cause is perhaps the moisture of the climate. There is something languorous in this climate, or rather in its effects. J. gets a little better every day, and so each day is more enjoyable.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 9th
Sept. 1880.

We have just come home after paying family visits in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, else I should have answered your letter earlier. The former one reached me in Venice, when I was in great trouble on account of Mr Cross's illness. I

had had reason to believe that my letters, ordered to be posted on the 5th of May, had not been delivered; so I asked Charles to inquire about the letter I wrote to you—not because it demanded an answer, but because I wished you to know that I had written.

Letter to
Mrs Burne-
Jones, 9th
Sept. 1880.

I am so glad to know that you have been enjoying our brief English summer. The good harvest makes the country everywhere cheerful, and we have been in great even districts where the fields, full of sheaves or studded with ricks, stretch wide as a prairie. Now, we hope not to leave this place again till November, when we intend to go to Chelsea for the winter and earliest spring.

I almost envy you the opportunity of seeing Wombwell's Menagerie. I suppose I got more delight out of that itinerant institution when I was nine or ten years old, than I have ever got out of the Zoological Gardens. The smells and the sawdust mingled themselves with my rapture. Everything was good.

It was very dear of you to write to me before you finished your holiday. My love attends you all.

Your letter this morning is a welcome assurance about you. We have been away in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, paying visits to the Otters and the Halls. The weather, which is now broken, was glorious through all our wandering, which we made very interesting by pausing to see Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln Cathedrals. The Otters have a very pretty, happy household. He is a country gentleman now, acting as a magistrate, and glancing

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
14th Sept
1880.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
14th Sept.
1880.

towards Parliament. But he keeps up his reading, and is delightful to talk to. Emily looks very pretty in her matronly position, with three little children. The Halls, too, are very pleasant to behold in their home-life. He has done wonders in building nice cottages and schools, and sinking wells where they were wanted, and founding a co-operative store—and, in general, doing whatever opportunity allows towards slowly improving this confused world. We saw (at Six-Mile Bottom) Mr and Mrs Sidgwick. Perhaps you know that they have had, and have, the admirable public spirit to let their house and arrange to live for a year in the new Newnham House, in order to facilitate matters for the double institution.

We are very well. Mr Cross gets stronger and brighter every day. We often mention you, because you are associated with so many of my memories.

Our only bugbear—it is a very little one—is the having to make preliminary arrangements towards settling ourselves in the new house (4 Cheyne Walk). It is a quaint house; and a Mr Armitage of Manchester, of whom you may have heard, has been superintending the decoration and furnishing, but not to the exclusion of old things, which we must carry and stow; especially wallings of books. I am become so lazy that I shrink from all such practical work.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 23d
Sept. 1880.

I have been, and am, suffering under an attack of a comparatively mild sort, but I expect to be well in two or three days, and am just going to drive to Godalming to meet my husband. Hence

I write this hurriedly. We should like to see you and Gertrude from Saturday to Monday some week next month, if it would be pleasant to you.

This attack was a recurrence of the renal disorder of the previous year. On the 29th September we went for ten days to Brighton, as the most accessible place for a bracing change. The first effects of the sea breezes were encouraging, but the improvement was not maintained. Shortly after our return to Witley, Dr Andrew Clark,¹ "the beloved physician," came down to consult with Mr Parson of Godalming on 22d October. From that time there was gradual but slow improvement, and, during November, a decided recovery of strength. But an English autumn was not favourable to the invalid. Her sensibility to climatic influences was extreme. It will have been noticed in the preceding letters how constantly change of air and scene was required. I had never seen my wife out of England, previous to our marriage, except the first time at Rome, when she was suffering. My general impression, therefore, had been that her health was always very low, and that she was almost constantly ailing. Moreover, I had been with her very frequently during her long severe illness at Witley in 1879. I was the more surprised, after our marriage, to find that from the day she set her foot on Continental soil, till the day she returned to Witley, she

¹ Now Sir Andrew Clark.

was never ill—never even unwell. She began at once to look many years younger. During the eleven years of our acquaintance I had never seen her so strong in health. The greater dryness and lightness of the atmosphere seemed to have a magical effect. At Paris we spent our mornings at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, looking at pictures or sculpture, or seeing other sights—always fatiguing work. In the afternoons we took long walks in the Bois, and very often went to the theatre in the evening. Reading and writing filled in all the interstices of time: yet there was no consciousness of fatigue. And we had the same experience at all the places we stayed at in Italy. On our way home she was able to take a great deal of walking exercise at Wildbad and Baden. Decrease of physical strength coincided exactly with the time of our return to the damper climate of England. The specific form of illness did not declare itself until two months later, but her health was never again the same as it had been on the Continent. Towards the middle of October she was obliged to keep her bed, but without restriction as to amount of reading and talking, which she was always able to enjoy, except in moments of acute pain.

During her illness I read aloud, amongst other books, Comte's '*Discours Préliminaire*,' translated by Dr Bridges. This volume was one of her especial favourites, and she delighted in making me acquainted with it. For all Comte's writing

she had a feeling of high admiration, intense interest, and very deep sympathy. I do not think I ever heard her speak of any writer with a more grateful sense of obligation for enlightenment. Her great debt to him was always thankfully acknowledged. But the appreciation was thoroughly selective, so far as I was able to judge. Parts of his teaching were accepted and other parts rejected. Her attitude towards him, as the founder of a new religion, may be gathered from the references and allusions in the foregoing correspondence, and from the fact that for many years, and up to the time of her death, she subscribed to the Comtist Fund, but never, so far as I am aware, more directly associated herself with the members of the Positivist Church. It was a limited adherence.

We generally began our reading at Witley with some chapters of the Bible, which was a very precious and sacred Book to her, not only from early associations, but also from the profound conviction of its importance in the development of the religious life of man. She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St Paul's Epistles. With a naturally rich, deep voice, rendered completely flexible by constant practice; with the keenest perception of the requirements of emphasis; and with the most subtle modulations of tone,—her reading threw a glamour over indifferent writing, and gave to the

greatest writing fresh meanings and beauty. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required, for their full effect, a certain solemnity and majesty of rhythm. Her reading of Milton was especially fine; and I shall never forget four great lines of the "Samson Agonistes" to which it did perfect justice—

"But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,—
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty."

The delighted conviction of justice in the thought—the sense of perfect accord between thought, language, and rhythm—stimulated the voice of the reader to find the exactly right tone. Such reading requires for its perfection a rare union of intellectual, moral, and physical qualities. It cannot be imitated. It is an art, like singing a personal possession that dies with the possessor, and leaves nothing behind except a memory. Immediately before her illness we had read, together, the First Part of 'Faust.' Reading the poem in the original with such an interpreter was the opening of a new world to me. Nothing in all literature moved her more than the pathetic situation and the whole character of Gretchen. It touched her more than anything in Shakspeare. During the time that we were reading the 'Faust,' we were also constantly reading together, Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth: some of Scott's novels and Lamb's essays

too, in which she greatly delighted. For graver study we read through Professor Sayce's 'Introduction to the Science of Language.' Philology was a subject in which she was most deeply interested; and this was my first experience of what seemed to me a limitless persistency in application. I had noticed the persistency before, whilst looking at pictures, or whilst hearing her play difficult music; for it was characteristic of her nature that she took just as great pains to play her very best to a single unlearned listener, as most performers would do to a room full of critical *cognoscenti*. Professor Sayce's book was the first which we had read together requiring very sustained attention (the 'Divina Commedia' we had read in very short bits at a time), and it revealed to me more clearly the depth of George Eliot's mental concentration. Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour: the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied.

Her memory held securely her great stores of reading. Even of light books her recollections were always crisp, definite, and vivid. On our way home from Venice, after my illness, we were reading French novels of Cherbuliez, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Droz, George Sand. Most of these books she had read years before, and I was astonished to find what clear-cut, accurate impressions had been retained, not only of all the principal characters, but also of all the

subsidiary personages—even their names were generally remembered. But, on the other hand, her verbal memory was not always to be depended on. She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it.

In foreign languages, George Eliot had an experience more unusual amongst women than amongst men. With a complete literary and scholarly knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, she *spoke* all four languages with difficulty, though accurately and grammatically: but the mimetic power of catching intonation and accent was wanting. Greek and Latin she could read with thorough delight to herself; and Hebrew was a favourite study to the end of her life. In her younger days, especially at Geneva, inspired by Professor de la Rive's lectures, she had been greatly interested in mathematical studies. At one time she applied herself heartily and with keen enjoyment to geometry, and she thought that she might have attained to some excellence in that branch if she had been able to pursue it. In later days, the map of the heavens lay constantly on her table at Witley, and she longed for deeper astronomical knowledge. She had a passion for the stars; and one of the things to which we looked forward, on returning to London, was a possible visit to Greenwich Observatory, as she had never looked through a great telescope of the first class. Her knowledge of wild flowers gave a fresh interest each day to our walks in the Surrey lanes, as

every hedgerow is full of wonders—to “those who know”: but she would, I think, have disclaimed for herself real botanical knowledge, except of an elementary sort.

This wide and varied culture was accompanied with an unaffected distrust of her own knowledge,—with the sense of how little she really knew, compared with what it was possible for her to have known, in the world. Her standard was always abnormally high—it was the standard of an expert; and she believed in the aphorism that to know any subject well, we must know the details of it.

During our short married life, our time was so much divided between travelling and illness that George Eliot wrote very little, so that I have but slight personal experience of how the creative effort affected her. But she told me that, in all that she considered her best writing, there was a “not herself” which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in ‘*Middlemarch*’ between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had, sooner or later, to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond’s drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an

intense state of excitement and agitation, feeling herself entirely possessed by the feelings of the two women. Of all the characters she had attempted, she found Rosamond's the most difficult to sustain. With this sense of "possession," it is easy to imagine what the cost to the author must have been of writing books, each of which has its tragedy. We have seen the suffering alluded to in the letters on the 'Mill on the Floss,' 'Felix Holt,' and 'Romola.'

For those who would know the length and the breadth of George Eliot's intellectual capacity, she has written her books. Here I am only putting down some of my own personal impressions or recollections, which must be taken for what they are worth. In doing this, I should like to dwell on the catholicity of her judgment. Singularly free from the spirit of detraction, either in respect of her contemporaries or her predecessors, she was always anxious to see the best and the most noble qualities of human beings or of books, in cases where she felt some general sympathy notwithstanding particular disagreements. And it was this wide sympathy, this understanding of so many points of view, that gained for her the passionate devotion not only of personal friends, but also of literary admirers from the most widely sundered sections of society. Probably few people have ever received so many intimate confidences from confidants of such diverse habits of thought.

This many-sidedness, however, makes it ex-

ceedingly difficult to ascertain, either from her books or from the closest personal intimacy, what her exact relation was to any existing religious creed or to any political party. Yet George Eliot's was emphatically a religious mind. My own impression is that her whole soul was so imbued with, and her imagination was so fired by, the scientific spirit of the age—by the constant rapid development of ideas in the Western world—that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any religious formula sufficient nor any known political system likely to be final. She had great hope, for the future, in the improvement of human nature by the gradual development of the affections and the sympathetic emotions, and “by the slow stupendous teaching of the world's events”—rather than by means of legislative enactments. Party measures and party men afforded her no great interest. Representative government, by numerical majorities, did not appeal to her as the last word of political wisdom. Generally speaking, she had little patience with talk about practical politics, which seemed to her under our present system to be too often very unpractically handled by ignorant amateurs. The amateur was always a “stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence.” Her wrath used often to be roused, in late years, by the increased bitterness in the language of parties, and by the growing habit of attributing, for political effect, the most shameful motives to distinguished statesmen.

She was keenly anxious to redress injustices to women, and to raise their general status in the community. This, she thought, could best be effected by women improving their work—ceasing to be amateurs. But it was one of the most distinctly marked traits in her character, that she particularly disliked everything generally associated with the idea of a “masculine woman.” She was, and as a woman she wished to be, above all things feminine—“so delicate with her needle, and an admirable musician.” She was proud, too, of being an excellent house-keeper—an excellence attained from knowing how things ought to be done, from her early training, and from an inborn habit of extreme orderliness. Nothing offended her more than the idea that because a woman had exceptional intellectual powers, therefore it was right that she should absolve herself, or be absolved, from her ordinary household duties.

It will have been seen from the letters that George Eliot was deeply interested in the higher education of women, and that she was amongst the earliest contributors to Girton College. After meeting Mr and Mrs Henry Sidgwick, in September 1880, when they had gone to reside at the new hall of Newnham College for a time, she was anxious to be associated in that work also, but she did not live to carry out the plan herself. The danger she was alive to in the system of collegiate education, was the possible weakening of the bonds of family

affection and family duties. In her view, the family life holds the roots of all that is best in our mortal lot ; and she always felt that it is far too ruthlessly sacrificed in the case of English *men* by their public school and university education, and that much more is such a result to be deprecated in the case of women. But, the absolute good being unattainable in our mixed condition of things, those women especially who are obliged to earn their own living, must do their best with the opportunities at their command, as “they cannot live with posterity,” when a more perfect system may prevail. Therefore George Eliot wished God-speed to the women’s colleges. It was often in her mind and on her lips that the only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is, that human beings should love one another better. Culture merely for culture’s sake can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.

In her general attitude towards life, George Eliot was neither optimist nor pessimist. She held to the middle term, which she invented for herself, of “meliorist.” She was cheered by the hope and by the belief in gradual improvement of the mass ; for in her view each individual must find the better part of happiness in helping another. She often thought it wisest not to raise too ambitious an ideal, especially for young people, but to impress on ordinary

natures the immense possibilities of making a small home circle brighter and better. Few are born to do the great work of the world, but all are born to this. And to the natures capable of the larger effort, the field of usefulness will constantly widen.

In her personal bearing George Eliot was seldom moved by the hurry which mars all dignity in action. Her commanding brows and deep penetrating eyes were seconded by the sweet, restrained, impressive speech, which claimed something like an awed attention from strangers. But to those very near to her there was another side of her nature, scarcely suspected by outside friends and acquaintances. No one could be more capable of enjoying and of communicating genuine, loving, hearty, uncontrollable laughter. It was a deep-seated wish, expressed in the poem of "Agatha"—"I would have young things merry." And I remember, many years ago, at the time of our first acquaintance, how deeply it pained her when, in reply to a direct question, I was obliged to admit that, with all my admiration for her books, I found them, on the whole, profoundly sad. But sadness was certainly not the note of her intimate converse. For she had the distinctively feminine qualities which lend a rhythm to the movement of life. The quick sympathy that understands without words; the capacity for creating a complete atmosphere of loving interest; the detachment from outside

influences; the delight in everything worthy—even the smallest thing—for its own sake; the readiness to receive as well as to give impressions; the disciplined mental habit which can hold in check and conquer the natural egoism of a massive, powerful personality; the versatility of mind; the varied accomplishments;—these are characteristics to be found more highly developed amongst gifted women than amongst gifted men. Add to these the crowning gift of genius, and, in such companionship, we may possess the world without belonging to it.

The November days had come now—cold and clear. My wife was able again to enjoy the daily drives and walks, on which she was very dependent for health. The letters continue.

Since I wrote to you I have been much more ill, and have only, during the last few days, begun to feel myself recovering strength. But I have been cared for with something much better than angelic tenderness. The fine clear air, if it lasts, will induce us to linger in the country; and indeed I am not yet quite fit to move; for though I appear to be quite cured of my main ailment, half my bodily self has vanished. We are having deliciously clear days here, and I get out for short drives and walks. I really have nothing to complain of now except a little lack of strength. I play on the piano again, and walk with perfect ease. There is a long chapter about myself!

Three weeks ago I had a rather troublesome attack, but I am getting well now, though still

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 3d
Nov. 1880.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
7th Nov
1880.

Letter to
Madame
Bodichon,
7th Nov.
1880.

reduced and comparatively weak. We shall probably linger here till near the end of the month, for the autumnal landscape is very beautiful, and I am not yet quite fit for the exertion of moving. It is a comfort to think that you can be very snug through the winter in your nice house. What a pity we are not within an easy driving distance from you!

Mr Hall is here to-day. He gave a lecture on Leclaire, the house-painter in Paris who initiated an excellent plan of co-operative sharing for his workmen. It has been printed, and when I have another copy I will send it you. Leclaire is mentioned by John S. Mill in the notes to his 'Political Economy,' but had not been otherwise taken much notice of. Still you may know all about him.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
15th Nov.
1880.

I thank you with great feeling for sending me an account of my revered Maman's peaceful falling asleep. Blessed are the dead, who rest from the struggles of this difficult life. The pitiable are those who survive in loneliness; and I feel sorrowfully that, notwithstanding the numerous friends whose respectful regard you have won, your loneliness will press on you with a weight proportioned to the devoted care which has for years sanctified your life, and made you cherish it in order that you might bless another life to its close. That Maman should have retained full possession of her sweet mind through all her increasing weakness, will always give perfection to your remembrance of her. There will be nothing to blot out from the sacred record.

I trust that your health will continue to bear up, and that you will be able to relieve the weary days by some gentle activity such as you have been accustomed to.

Letter to
M. D'Albert,
15th Nov.
1880.

I have been rather ill lately, but am getting well again.

Thanks for your loving remembrance of me. We have been kept in the country by two sufficient causes: I have been ill, and the house at Cheyne Walk has not been ready to receive us. I suppose we shall not be there till the end of the month instead of the beginning. One of the good things I look forward to is the sight of your dear face again. You will see little more than half of me, for nearly half has been consumed. But I have been nursed with supreme tenderness, and am daily gaining some strength. Much love to both.

Letter to
Mrs Burne
Jones, 18th
Nov. 1880.

We are lingering here for three reasons—the beauty of the weather, the unreadiness of the house, and my unfitness to bear the hurry of moving. I am getting better, but have not yet been able to bear much exertion.

Letter to
Charles L.
Lewes, 23d
Nov. 1880.

Thanks for your pretty letter. I do not think I shall have many returns of Novembers, but there is every prospect that such as remain to me will be as happy as they can be made by the devoted tenderness which watches over me. Your years will probably be many, and it is cheering to me to think that you have many springs of happiness in your lot that are likely to grow fuller with advancing time.

Letter to
Mrs Bray,
23th Nov.
1880.

I have thought of you all the more because I have not even heard anything of you for several months. You will wonder less why I have not written, as a consequence of those thoughts, when I tell you that I have been ill, and not allowed to do anything but indulge myself and receive indulgence. I am very well now, and am every day consciously gathering strength, so that if I could like giving trouble, I should look back on my illness as a great opportunity of enjoying the tenderest watching and nursing. I kept my bed only about a week, and have always been equal, except at short intervals, to much reading and talking, so that there is no fair cause for any grumbling on my part. It has not been so bad an illness as that of last summer. You see we are not yet at Cheyne Walk, but we are to be settled there by the end of next week. I have had no trouble, but have remained here on my cushions while Mr Cross has gone early for several mornings running, to superintend the removal. It is difficult to give you materials for imagining my "world." Think of me as surrounded and cherished by family love—by brothers and sisters whose characters are admirable to me, and who have for years been my friends. But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own hearth is chiefly that of dual companionship. If it is any good for me that my life has been prolonged till now, I believe it is owing to this miraculous affection which has chosen to watch over me.

Journal,
1880.

Dec. 3.—Came to 4 Cheyne Walk.

Dec. 4. Went to Popular Concert at St James's

Hall. Heard Madame Neruda, Piatti, and Miss Zimmermann.

Only on Friday evening did we get into this new house, and I had deferred writing to you till I could say, "Come and see me." I can say so now, but on reflection I have come to the conclusion that you would like yourself to fix a time beforehand, the journey here being rather long. Perhaps you will like to choose a day on which you could go to Emily also, her house being less formidably distant—across the Park and down Sloane Street would be an easy way to us. This week we shall be much engaged in household matters, such as the reduction to order of the chaos which still reigns in certain places least obvious to visitors, and the procuring of small objects, either necessary or desirable. But after this week I shall be most glad if you and Dr Congreve will come to see us just *as* and *when* you would find the least inconvenience in doing so—either at lunch-time (half-past one) or at a later hour.

I find myself in a new climate here—the London air and this particular house being so warm compared with Witley. I hope that you too find the air mild, for I know that suits you best.

Dr and Mrs Congreve paid their promised visit the week after this letter was written; and Madame Belloc lunched with us the following day. Order was beginning to reign in the new house. The books had all been arranged as nearly as possible in the same order that they had occupied at The Priory, Mr Radermacher

Letter to
Mrs Congreve, 6th
Dec. 1880,
from Cheyne
Walk.

of the Pantechnicon having given his personal attention to this arrangement of some thousands of volumes, for which George Eliot was particularly grateful. Notwithstanding all this care, however, there were many unforeseen details of furnishing still to be completed, which caused a considerable expenditure of time. We continued reading aloud Max Müller's 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' and Duffield's translation of 'Don Quixote': we were also reading 'Hermann and Dorothea,' Tennyson's last volume of poems, just published, and Mr Frederic Myers's volume on Wordsworth. In the evenings we had always a little feast of music, and were becoming in every way reconciled to town life, notwithstanding the loss of country quiet, light, and beauty. On the afternoon of Friday the 17th December we went to see the "Agamemnon" performed in Greek by Oxford undergraduates. The representation was a great enjoyment—an exciting stimulus—and my wife proposed that during the winter we should read together some of the great Greek dramas. The following afternoon we went to the Saturday Popular Concert at St James's Hall. It was a cold day. The air in the hall was over-heated, and George Eliot allowed a fur cloak which she wore to slip from her shoulders. I was conscious of a draught, and was afraid of it for her, as she was very sensitive to cold. I begged her to resume the cloak, but, smiling, she whispered that the room was really too hot. In

the evening she played through several of the pieces that we had heard at the concert, with all her accustomed enjoyment of the piano, and with a touch as true and as delicate as ever. On Sunday there was very slight trouble in the throat, but not sufficient to prevent her from coming down-stairs to breakfast as usual. In the afternoon she was well enough to receive visits from Mr Herbert Spencer and one or two other friends. Afterwards she began the following letter to Mrs Strachey. It was left unfinished in her writing-case, and is printed as it stands.

I have been thinking so much of Lady Colville, and yet I shrank from troubling even your more indirect sympathetic sorrow with a letter. I am wondering how far her health is in a state to endure this loss—a loss which extends even to me, who only occasionally saw, but was always cheered by, the expression of a wise and sweet nature, which clearly shone in Sir James Colville's manner and conversation. One great comfort I believe she has—that of a sister's affection.

Letter
to Mrs
Strachey,
19th Dec.
1880.

Here the letter is broken off. The pen which had carried delight and comfort to so many minds and hearts, here made its last mark. The spring, which had broadened out into so wide a river of speech, ceased to flow.

Little more remains to be told. On Monday the doctor treated the case as one of laryngeal sore throat; and when Dr Andrew Clark came for consultation on Wednesday evening, the pericardium was found to be seriously affected.

Whilst the doctors were at her bedside, she had just time to whisper to me, "Tell them I have great pain in the left side," before she became unconscious. Her long illness in the autumn had left her no power to rally. She passed away, about ten o'clock at night, on the 22d December 1880.

She died, as she would herself have chosen to die, without protracted pain, and with every faculty brightly vigorous.

Her body rests in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to Mr Lewes. In sleet and snow, on a bitter day—the 29th December—very many whom she knew—very many whom she did not know—pressed to her grave-side with tributes of tears and flowers.

Her spirit joined that choir invisible "whose music is the gladness of the world."

The loss is too recent—and in any case it would be inappropriate for me—to say anything here of the massive influence George Eliot exerted on the minds and on the hearts of her contemporaries. That influence is still present with us.

The place that may belong to her in the minds and in the hearts of future generations will be finally adjudged on the merits of her works. We who write and we who read to-day will never know that final verdict, but I think that those of us who loved her may trust to it with confidence.

SUMMARY.

JANUARY 1879 TO DECEMBER 1880.

First weeks of loneliness—Sees no one but Mr Charles Lewes—First letters to Madame Bodichon—John Blackwood—J. W. Cross—Mrs Burne-Jones—Sees Mr Cross—Letter to John Blackwood delaying announcement of ‘Theophrastus’—Interest in Jewish colonisation of Palestine—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Project of Physiological Studentship entertained—Visits from a few friends—Letter to John Blackwood—Corrected sheets of ‘Theophrastus’—Letter to William Blackwood—Dissatisfaction with ‘Theophrastus’—Agrees to publication in May—Letter to F. Harrison—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Help from Mr H. Sidgwick and Professor Foster for Studentship—Bringing out volume of “Problems”—Letter to John Blackwood—‘Theophrastus’—Isandlana—Mr Julian Sturgis—Letter to Professor Kaufmann—Hungarian translation of Mr Lewes’s ‘History of Philosophy’—Alleviating circumstances in manner of Mr Lewes’s death—War in South Africa—Letter to J. W. Cross asking counsel—Reading Dante together—Letter to John Blackwood—The Studentship—Seeing more friends—Goes to Witley—Letter to Mr James Sully with information about Mr Lewes’s articles in periodicals—Asking him to read proofs of “Problems”—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—Attack of pain—Letter to F. Harrison on the social factor in psychology—Letter to Charles Lewes on Mr Frederic Harrison’s paper on the social factor in psychology—Correction of errata by Rector of Lincoln—Coquelin in “Tabourin”—Letter to William Blackwood—‘Theophrastus’s’ reception by public—Letter from Madame Bodichon to Miss Bonham Carter with account of visit to Witley—Letters to John Blackwood—Serious renal attack—The ‘Ethics of George Eliot’s Works’ by J. C. Brown—The Zulu War—Letter to Charles Lewes—Sir Henry Main on Mr Lewes’s study of psychology—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Draught of conditions for the Studentship—Letter to John Blackwood—

Improvement in health under Sir James Paget's and Dr Andrew Clark's advice—Third edition of 'Theophrastus'—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones inviting her to Witley—Letter to Miss Blanche Lewes—Letter to Mr James Sully thanking him for help with the "Problems"—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—Improvement in health—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Letter to William Blackwood—Good sales of 'Theophrastus'—Letter to Madame Bodichon inviting her to Witley—Letter to James Sully on his article in the 'Quarterly Review' on Mr Lewes—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Advertisement of the Physiological Studentship—Letter to Mr James Sully of thanks—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—Renewed interest in social news—Letter to Charles Lewes—Nomination of Dr Roy to Studentship—Letter to M. D'Albert—Mr John Blackwood's last illness—Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross—Visit to Weybridge—Letter to Miss Sara Hennell—Appointment of Dr Roy to Studentship—The last volume of "Problems"—Letter to E. Clodd, on receiving his book—Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor—Living for human joy—Sees more of her friends—Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones—Visits picture-galleries—Two days' stay at Weybridge—Marriage decided on with J. W. Cross—Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross on engagement—Letter to Frederic Harrison on Wordsworth—Letter to Lady Lytton on Lord Lytton's experience in India—Visit to Weybridge—Letter to James Sully on his article in the 'Academy' on the final volume of "Problems"—Letters to Madame Bodichon and Mrs Congreve announcing marriage—Marriage—Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross from Paris—Amiens—The Champs Elysées—Loving memory of marriage ceremony—Letter to Charles Lewes from Grenoble—Marriage seems to restore her to her old self—Letter to Miss Florence Cross from Milan—Les Charmettes—Letters from her brother and from Mr R. J. Cross, New York—Family reception—Feeling well and strong—Letter to Mr Isaac P. Evans from Milan—Joy in renewal of relations with brother—Letter to Mr Charles Lewes—The Luni pictures—Letter to Madame Bodichon—Satisfaction in her and in Madame Belloc's sympathy with marriage—Effect of marriage as compared with solitude—Verona—Letter to Charles Lewes from Venice—Life in a gondola—Seeing pictures—Reading Ruskin and Alfieri's auto-

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